MAN

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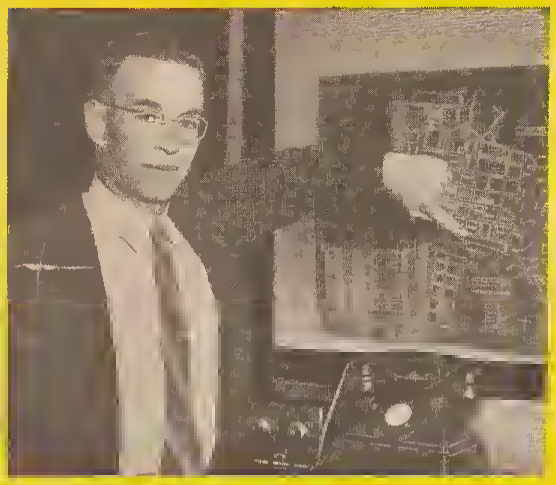

Mr. K. MADDEN, Taxi Proprietor, Goulburn, N.S.W. — shown with a map of Goulburn of his own making. "I didn't think it possible that Super Cushions would effect such a change in riding comfort. The cab has done 9,000 miles on Super-Cushions, over all kinds of roads, but no matter how rough the roads, the passengers and myself enjoy comfortable riding. Strain and stress on the driver's nerves have been eliminated, and vibrations and rattles are now practically non-existent."

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Conventional Tyre	Super-Cushion
Regular size "footprint" — ordinary traction	Bigger "footprint" New, greater traction

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THE NEW *Super Cushion* by GOODYEAR

MAN

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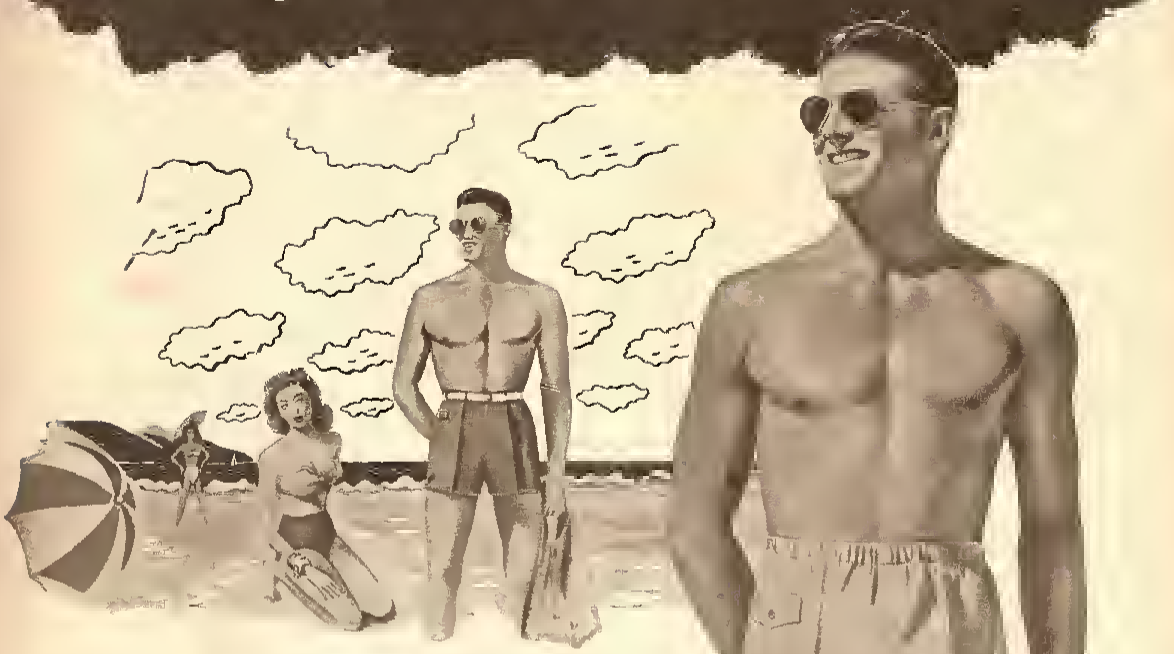

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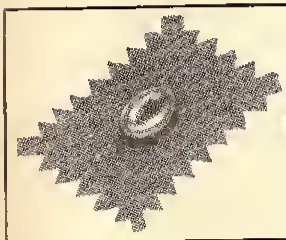

"Velanised" fabric is ***water-repellent*** *. . . specially treated so that the water just* **rolls off** *and the garment dries in a jiffy without* **clinging!** *Beachwear by Speedo is first to feature "Velanised" fabric . . . water-repellent, cool, and silky smooth*

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Speedo

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Nationhood

NO CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT can work miracles. There is no one-syllable answer to the economic problems of a nation. The stories of history being changed by a stroke of the pen are, like the famous report of Mark Twain's death, greatly exaggerated.

It is true that a good government can solve problems more easily, quickly and painlessly than a bad government. But the problems themselves are the first concern, and their solution will not admit of any easy way.

Reports from every country in the world show that Australia has suffered the inflationary trend least of all.

To stay at home Australians this may seem strange when they count the post-war prices of most commodities; but it will show them how much more difficult is the business of living overseas.

It will show them, too, that they have no cause to be ashamed of the last five years of their history. The last Government went out of office leaving a well-stocked treasury.

TODAY it is a question of what the future holds in this same sphere: whether or not the tendency to inflation can be arrested, prices modified, and earning power maintained so that wages buy more.

More money is no good unless it represents the power to purchase more goods.

The new Government has pledged itself that this will be the case.

The ordinary man is beginning to realise that every wage increase is passed back to him as a price increase, so that he has more money yet he cannot buy any greater quantity of goods.

If this ordinary man were asked how goods could be cheapened without his wages being pruned, he might think quickly of company taxation.

He might reason that the taxation on the earnings of big organisations is indeed heavy, and that part of the price he pays for each commodity goes towards paying that tax.

He might believe that a reduction in company taxation would mean that the firms concerned could afford to reduce prices instead of increasing dividends. Not simply by handing the money back to the customers, but by improving the efficiency of the plant and building up the reserves necessary for the inevitable rainy day.

But he must realise that ultimately price reduction is forced by competition—and there can be no competition while the market is undersupplied with goods. An increased supply of goods would bring about competitive selling, and competitive selling would force the price reduction which would at once curb the inflationary spiral and increase the spending-power of money.

There are two ways of dealing with burdensome labour costs.

One way is, of course, to reduce wages. But that would defeat the aim and wish of every person in the country.

The other way is to get a bigger return in work for the wages paid.

That would be no hardship to anybody: it would maintain the level of the wages, and it would increase the output of goods, and it would therefore cheapen the production of individual items.

If a man's wage is £1 a day, he is paid £1 whether he makes five items or six. But if for £1 he makes six items, then the cost on each of those items is cheaper than if he only made five.

This is self-evident, and it is the reason why increased production is the primary factor in reduced costs.

Playing about with company taxation would help—it would enable a small reduction in cost. But working harder at the bench would be a bigger help, and would enable a bigger reduction in cost.

There is no other ultimate answer to checking the inflation spiral than increased production.

And that is an answer every wage-earner and salary-earner in Australia can give—and feel the benefit.

Frank S. Greenop

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WORLD AFFAIRS

J. M. Prentice

These notes were accurate when MAN went to press. Any alteration in the world position while they were being printed will be discussed in subsequent reviews

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

Shape of Things to Come . . .

The gathering of Commonwealth Statesmen held in Colombo last month changed in complexion in the interval between the date when it was called and when it asembled. Elections in New Zealand and Australia had swept Labour governments from office, so that these important Dominions were represented by men of a different persuasion from that which the British Socialist government had expected.

The principal reason for the gathering was the discussion of future policy in the Far East Malaya and Burma are under threat from the advancing Red Asiatic tide. Burma is playing a curious game—although not now a member of the British Commonwealth, and therefore not invited to send a delegation, the Foreign Minister of Premier Thakin Nu attended, not officially recognised as an observer, yet given every possible courtesy—a game which involves getting every possible support which could be given to a Dominion, yet giving nothing tangible in return Burma is a liability Thakin Nu's representative had to explain (unofficially, of course) what the Karen tribesmen, under the command of a good-looking Rangoon lawyer Saw Ba U Gyi, were up to.

These Karens are religious and number one-and-a-half out of Burma's seventeen millions They are so well trained in guerrilla warfare and such hard hitters that during the whole time they have been in open revolt—and this is ever since Burma got independence—they have had the Burmese terrified They got this training from British Commando officers as anti-Japanese units during the war and they have forgotten nothing

The Dominion statesmen had to assess their value if Mao Tse-Tung saw fit to hurl his special force of men trained in jungle warfare into Burma

Mao Tse-tung was an unbidden guest who said he had been to Moscow to pay his respects to Marshal Stalin on his seventieth birthday (December 21st) Actually the fine finish was given to plans which cover the whole of the Far East. The groundwork laid at Siberian Chita in May last, and in Pekin in November, was gone over, improved upon and stamped with approval

There must have been speculation as to whether or not the Third World War was being prepared for—in Asia Would Gromyko, up-and-coming man in the Politburo and more pacifically minded than most of his colleagues, swing the Soviet Union into the way of peace? Would Malenkov, when and if he succeeds Stalin, be as bloody-minded in a big way as he had been in his smaller sphere? What about French Indo-China? The Philippines? What about the new United States of Indonesia? Where could any real aid be found?

UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA

Newest Nation . . .

Three and a half centuries of beneficent rule came to an end and Indonesia became a nation when Queen Juliana signed away all sovereign rights in the closing days of last year. Holland emerges with flying colours, but is faced with poverty such as she has not known for many a long century as the outcome. The vast and enormously rich Dutch Colonial Empire shrinks to a few islands in the Caribean Sea, a fever-haunted handkerchief-sized area in South America, and an uneasy hold on half of New Guinea It is a dolorous outlook, but the Dutch have faced greater problems in the past and won through There is a semblance of relationship, the Crown of the Netherlands is the link, something on the lines of the British Crown and the Dominions, but not nearly so close nor so real

Indonesia is more an expression than a reality The term covers more than the three thousand islands ruled by the

THAKIN NU
. . not officially recognised

Dutch, it covers an area from Sumatra to the Philippines, and is based entirely on speech A similarity of spoken language runs right across the Indian Ocean up into the Pacific Only the Dutch-held islands are included in the new Republic. The area which now becomes independent is north and north west of Australia and is of vital importance When friendly relations are fully established—and much has been done which must be undone before this will happen—there will be a rich field for commercial expansion, vast markets capable of absorbing secondary as well as primary products All this will have to be exploited, using that word in its best sense. But of far more outstanding importance is the fact that Indonesia is a bastion and a barrier between Australia and the Red Menace which is the China of Mao Tse-tung

The new President, Dr. Sukarno (the Dutch spelling is Soekarno but the pronunciation is the same) is a fascinating individual He was born in Java, the largest and most densely populated as well as the richest of the islands which were Dutch territory for three hundred and forty-seven years, and he received a first class education in one of the technical institutes which the Dutch provided. He knows his Indonesian history—he remembers that there have been seventy major revolts in less than three centuries He has led a couple of them. He fancied himself as a Javanese Mahatma Gandhi, although he comes from a Moslem family and is still a reasonably devout Mohammedan He used the traditional Gandhi tactics when he opposed the Dutch—the boycott and non-cooperation. He ended in gaol, not once but three times.

The Japs liberated him when they invaded Sumatra in 1942. Then followed a mysterious period in which he undoubtedly collaborated, although he says it was a means to an end, and this end was to preserve his party organisation intact, against the day of liberation. He was called to Tokyo to meet the Emperor in person, the thanks of Japan were expressed in the Order of the Sacred Treasure. Sukarno was disappointed when he found that he had been fobbed off with the Second Class. In the long and bitter negotiations with the Dutch, extending over four years, he has played an increasingly important part and comes out as the President of a new nation of 80,000,000 people

Much of the future rests with the Premier Mohammed Hatta He is a life-long anti-imperialist, who knows Pandit Nehru since they met at some rally in Brussels, just over twenty years ago He is to Nehru what Sukarno is to Gandhi, which

explains a lot Hatta has been a strong supporter of Nehru's wide vision of a great and united Asia There have been three such visions When the cordon sanitaire was devised to save Europe from Bolshevism in the early twenties, the Politburo turned its face to the East and said "Asia for the Asiatics!"

Since then umbrage has been taken to the word "Asiatic" and so we now say "Asian"

Japan caught the drift and appropriated it, so that it blossomed as the ill-fated madness known once and now almost forgotten as the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere Nehru has such a vision, with India in the forefront of an enlightened and awakened Asia Hatta has given this concept his complete allegiance This may make it hard for the West to establish close and cordial relations

The doubt which lingers like a maggot in the brain is whether or not the Indonesians are politically mature enough to exploit their independence Once more the mind reverts to Burma, with its Buddhist Burmese, its Christian Karens, its three different schools of Communism, all mutually antagonistic, and fighting each other as the nation goes bankrupt Will history be repeated?

Indonesia is predominantly Mohammedan A recent speech by the young Sultan of Jogjakarta emphasised what he said when independence was proclaimed that "the republic of Indonesia would gladly accept the assistance of other nations, especially the Netherlands, which was skilled, experienced, and imbued with the sincere wish to aid the Indonesians." If this spirit is maintained the future may be brighter than MAN ever anticipated. The Sultan said that the Republic was under a Constitution which was based upon five principles humanity, nationalism, democracy, social justice, and divine omnipotence If these five principles are upheld—and there is both a Christian and an Islamic flavour in the one named last —then there is every reason to believe that Indonesia may indeed be the barrier against Communism, based as it is on the denial of the Divine omnipotence which the Sultan revered For the moment, however, the final word has been spoken by Jan Herman van Royen, the Dutch career-diplomat whose efforts saved the Round Table Conference at the Hague from utter failure He said "The fortunate thing is that Dutch and Indonesian interests run parallel; they can't do without us, and we can't do without them!"

It cannot be forgotten that Australian interests cannot be divorced from developments in Indonesia. These islands constitute our nearest foreign neighbours, and their plans and developments in every direction must, because of their very nearness, have an importance which Australia cannot possibly ignore. Australian policy in the immediate future will have an important bearing on Indonesia-Australian, and consequently on Pacific, affairs for centuries to come

THE PHILIPPINES

Brief Vista . . .

There had been a pious hope in the United States of America that after half a century of American tutoring the Philippines were closer to a real understanding of democratic principles than any other nation or country in Asia A presidential election shattered it

This election took place last November and saw Elpidio Quirino returned as President It also showed that, outside a few major voting centres presidential elections could be marked by fraud, intimidation and naked violence

President Quirino had taken office six months before on the death of Manuel Roxas. His breezy and genial personality created the impression that he was a Filipino replica of President Truman He visited the United States; he was visited by Chiang Kai-shek and was earbashed about the future of China; in the election he downed Jose Laurel, whose mooratory hardly indicates his Yale education. Laurel was the Japanese puppet - president during the occupation In this regard he made his position clear He said: "If collaboration means helping your people to live and survive I would do it over again!" This did not count against him so much as his reputation for being anti-American

What the world wants to know is where the Philippines will stand in an Asian struggle

QUIRINO
. . Filipino replica of Truman?

The Filipinos as a whole are overwhelmingly pro-American and democratic They want to go on living in a democracy They are awake to the possibilities of political corruption In this very fact can be seen how deeply rooted is their faith in democracy. It is a hope that in any future time of stress the Filipinos will be with us to a man The next presidential election promises to be different

SIAM

Cheerful, threatened people . . .

In these days of utilitarian education the most that average man knows about Siam is that its capital provided inspiration for Noel Coward when he wrote "In Bangkok at 12 o'clock, mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun" Otherwise most people are comfortably ignorant. Yet Siam is a key point in the intricate plans woven in silence and secrecy in Chita, Pekin and Moscow.

Siam is still the one country in Asia where there is comparative peace Far away from the rest of the nightmarish unreality that is Asia today, life goes on like a dream Any hint of unrest comes down the scented air that blows across rich rice fields and richer rubber plantations Siam is a wedge-shaped country where the people have every reason to be satisfied It is rich in natural resources and is not overcrowded as are most Asian countries; the population is a bare 18,000,000 Since about 1750 no foreign Power has attempted to control it, if we pass lightly over the Japanese occupation during the late war. Therefore there is no smouldering resentment to be blown into flame

Yet the Siamese Government, headed by Premier Phibun Songgram, knows that Siam is the cross-roads for any Chinese movement into Burma, Malaya or Indo-China, with all of which she has common frontiers There has been a moderate invasion of Chinese labourers and coolies, amounting now to 3,000,000 or so, who do most of the rough work and who are fertile soil for Communist propaganda, who may become an insidious fifth column There is a Siamese Communist Party of 30,000 members, which has had legal status since 1946, when Siam needed Russian help in gaining membership in the United Nations These are negligible as compared with the Red underground sapping which goes on continuously A watchful eye should be kept on a Chinese Communist veteran named Ku Kip, who trained under

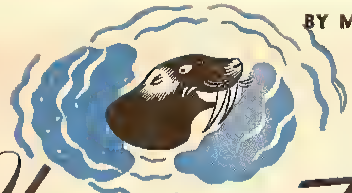
HATTA
. . . sees a strong Asia.

Michael Borodin, the notorious Politburo agent who was accredited to Chiang Kai-shek after the Communist revolution and was outplayed by Chen Li, who made such a monkey of him that Moscow was glad to withdraw him. Under Ku Kip's tuition Chinese who came to Siam to become Siamese citizens decided to remain Chinese nationals, especially when China became one of the Big Five. Now he is wooing them to support Mao Tse-tung. As well as all this there has been Chinese finance in abundance to buy up newspapers, which go Red under their new ownership Ku Kip is the power behind a number of clubs and night schools where Eureka Youth tactics are indulged in.

The general feeling amongst Phibun Songgram's administration seems to be that Siam is rich enough and economically sound enough to handle Communism as an internal factor But should armed Communists invade the country there is very little that could be done without outside assistance, which means the United States of America The Siamese would like to know where they stand in this regard Last month the American Ambassador at Large, Dr. Philip Jessup, dropped into Bangkok Maybe he told them. His visit coincided with the conference in Colombo; some people might see the long arm of coincidence happily at work

In the event of trouble perhaps the greatest aid to patriotism would be the return of the twenty-one year old King from his voluntary exile in Switzerland His name is Phumiphon and he is a poet of merit in his native tongue. The divinity which doth hedge a king is still recognised by the Siamese, who are Buddhist by religion and who have astrology as a side-line So far their studies of the stars have not indicated what will be their ultimate fate

BY MARSHALL KIRBY



..Of many things

Some people are never happy ● They remove your sons ● Secret ceremonies recorded ● Canoes and the young fry ● Australian, and good ●

Can't Win . . .

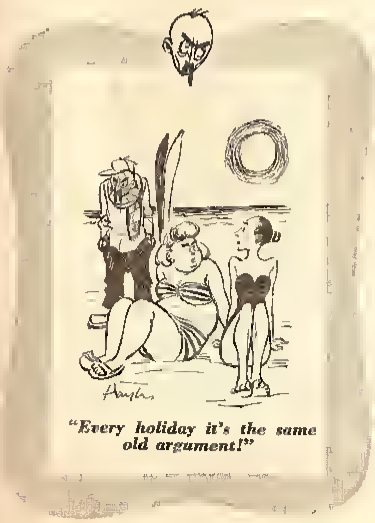
I hereby and now emphatically register my heated protest against people. Not people who sit quietly and admit they are only people, but people who open their big mouths as though they were special people. And most of all against People Who Know, with capitals.

To take a case in point. There is a very energetic and deserving cause which aims at helping children and spends thousands (tens of thousands) a year in its worthy work. Speaking of it one day a bloke I know was asked for a donation. Sure, he said, it was all right with him, he'd have given one sooner if he'd known about it. Why didn't these people get themselves known? The idea of getting their work known seemed a good one, so they had a pamphlet—a very nice pamphlet, too—prepared and published. It explained what they did and how their money was spent, and asked for donations.

Recently another bloke told me he didn't see why he should give that bunch any money—they spent it all glorifying themselves with publicity. the money they spent on the pamphlet should have been devoted to their work . See what I mean about people? If you take any notice of them you cop it both ways.

Eliminators? . . .

My early morning announcer has care of a furniture removalists' radio announcements. The other morning he advised in a quite happy voice, that "Blank and Furniture will remove your sons at a remarkably low cost." He might like to know that I'm not the only bachelor who's ringing them for a quote.



"Every holiday it's the same old argument!"

Record . . .

To perpetuate our knowledge of the fast dying race of aborigines Sydney University's Professor of Anthropology, A. P. Elkin, finds nothing too much trouble. The trip to Arnhem Land late last year to witness tribal ceremonies was one that could have scared many an adventurer. With him Prof. Elkin took a movie cameraman, a sound recording expert and others. He brought back to Sydney a permanent record of aboriginal ceremonies. 1800 feet of colour film and eight hours' playing time of aboriginal chants and music on the wire. Both films and music are to be copied so that they are available to interested people all over the world: part of the programme will be to synchronise sound to the films, to produce a "talkie" version of ceremonies so remote and secret that if this were not done white men would never see them.

Where We Live . . .

Down by the sea a friend of mine lives beside a sheltered cove where there is a shark proof swimming pool and happy children scamper all the week-end. An enterprising citizen recently started a canoe-hire service for the local children and my friend's small son was anxious to be Hiawatha in a real canoe. My friend, however, forbade the boy to go into the canoes until he had satisfied himself they were safe and had given his fatherly imprimatur. Came the week-end and as the fatherly inspection was satisfactory the boy was given money to hire a canoe and a fatherly lecture about what to do. The parent looked on while the boy clambered aboard, grasped a paddle and took off like a veteran.

"I could see in a moment that he'd had a good deal of practice I knew nothing about," father told me. "He swears it was his first time in a canoe, and I've either to frankly disbelieve him or think of him as a sporting genius. What father can disbelieve his own son?" he asked passionately, adding, "I can!"

Believe Me! . . .

I've just had the joh of refuting the rumour that E. V. Timms is an English writer. A friend of mine borrowed a copy of "Forever to Remain," which Timmie published last year, and happened to notice that it was autographed to me. "Where did you meet up with him?" asked the hook borrower, and proceeded with his theory that Timms was an English author. I had to find quick, and convincing proof that he lives in Sydney, and managed to carry my point by showing the sceptic the author's name in the 'phone hook. Convinced against his will, it seemed the sceptic said, "Hm! I thought he was too good to be a Sydney bloke!"

Actually you can't afford to laugh. Why is it that some people find it hard to believe that Sydney, or other Australian places, can produce good work?

Rounds . . .

About to go the rounds of the town is the story of the fellow who died. A few days later his mate called round and expressed his sympathy to the widow.

"We were great mates," he said. "Is there something I could have to remember him by?"

The widow raised sorrowful but hopeful eyes and whispered softly, "Would I do?"

Looker On . . .

Being (though some people dispute it hotly) a journalist, I take interest in talking to everybody. Recently I had a few words with a bus conductress on a run to one of our more fashionable suburbs. Her part of the conversation.—

- "I wonder whether the men who bully their way on to the bus every morning behave like that at parties?"
- "A lot of these fashionably dressed people never say 'thank you' for ticket change, information given, or anything else?"
- "Why do people who live in £5000 houses try every morning to evade paying their fares?"
- "I don't live their lives. unless they're very different at home I wouldn't want to."

Hangover . . .

I'm not pretending I have friends in the old-fashioned meaning of that quaint old word, but for convenience I'll say that it was one of my friends whose schoolgirl daughter (six) came home the other day and said that playmate, Sadie, had skipped school. "I hope Sadie isn't sick," my friend's wife later said to the child's mother. "Oh, no, not really!" mother answered. "She got to the fridg. while I was shopping and cooled herself off with two bottles of father's beer!"

Two bottles of beer at six seems to me a capacity which shows promise.

At My Cafe Table . . .

There's a growing tendency in Sydney to cafes which serve English and Chinese food. Some of these I like and a friend (sic! see above) and I have the habit of frequenting one occasionally. We are more or less used to Europeans who order dishes with exotic names, then look over the plate and say "Oh, I couldn't eat that!" Then send for steak or chops. But the other day we had (1) an Australian eating Chiness food with chopsticks and doing very well; (2) an Australian eating Chinese food with a spoon and fork and looking as if he were doing a stern duty nohly; (3) a Chinese fastening his teeth around a steak and two eggs and looking really happy about it.

"All rights—don't get impatient, I'm not trying to deceive you,
I'm really waiting patiently, all ready to receive you;
Don't rattle the door handle or come before I call; you dare!
I'm taking one last moment to adjust my erring hair."

—Posing by David Wright

BY JACK CRAWFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HART AMOS

Even mediocre players dislike teaming with somebody whose score is forever love. So MAN presents some pictorial hints that will enable you to go on the court without making the rest of the players shudder.

GET OUT OF THE "LOVE" CLASS

The Standard Eastern Forehand Grip used in association with all strokes described in this article.

THE SERVE:—

START OF THE SERVE: Left foot few inches from baseline, right foot 12" to 18" behind it; right foot forms angle of approx. 45 degrees with left. Body sideways, weight evenly distributed.

RACQUET MOVING TO TOP OF BACKSWING: Weight has been shifted to back leg, at peak, wrist and elbow are dropped and racquet cocked ready for forward swing. Racquet head should always be kept square on with the ball.

CONTACT: Left arm has been dropped behind body, back has been arched and now body has come around into stroke. Arm is at full stretch and ball is met slightly in front of forward shoulder.

FOLLOW-THROUGH: After impact, right leg is swung forward and body put behind shot. Swing is continued, right leg is down and racquet brought across body and to left side of left leg.

THE FOREHAND DRIVE:—

START OF BACKSWING: Approach to ball should bring you about five feet behind where ball will bounce and an arm's length inside line of flight. As racquet goes back, weight goes on back foot.

PEAK OF BACKSWING: Weight is now fully on right leg; knees are slightly bent, forward leg relaxed to enable you to direct shot to any part of court. Elbow is kept away from body for freedom.

CONTACT: Now, racquet is at waist-level and weight is on left leg; elbow well away from body. Transference of weight from one leg to the other must be rhythmic, or timing will suffer.

FOLLOW-THROUGH: Arc of swing will bring racquet well-around left shoulder. Right leg in line with left, and body should finish up square on with the net, and poised for return of your shot.

BACK-HAND DRIVE:

START OF BACKSWING: Body has been turned to left, with left foot pointing towards sideline. Racquet is at waist-level and left hand holds shaft of racquet. Elbow is well out from body.

END OF BACKSWING: Body pivoted so that it is half-turned to net. Elbow pushed out from body and positioned to pivot back to right with smooth movement. Weight is completely on left leg.

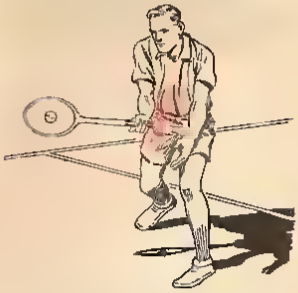
CONTACT: Ball is hit about a foot ahead of the right hip, well out from the body and at waist-level. Weight is now coming on to the front leg, hips are pivoting.

FOLLOW-THROUGH: After impact, the racquet comes on up and across the body and weight has smoothly been shifted to right leg. Hips have been pivoted until body is squarely facing the net.

FOREHAND VOLLEY:—

START OF BACKSWING: This shot is played before the ball bounces; grip is similar to drive, but backswing is shortened according to speed of return. Often, it will be less than 12 inches.

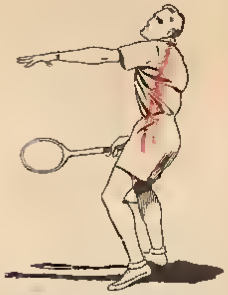
STANCE BEFORE IMPACT: If time permits it is best to stand sideways to the net, though circumstances may demand a square-on stance. Racquet should be positioned so that the ball will be hit squarely. This will ensure accuracy.



CONTACT: Wrist is tightened, elbow bent towards body and, except for a low-returned ball, wrist is below level of racquet head. The ball is "punched" rather than hit, and taken as far in front of the body as possible.

FOLLOW-THROUGH: Because of the necessarily shortened backswing and the fact that the ball is punched, follow-through is more than in other shots abbreviated.

THE SMASH:—

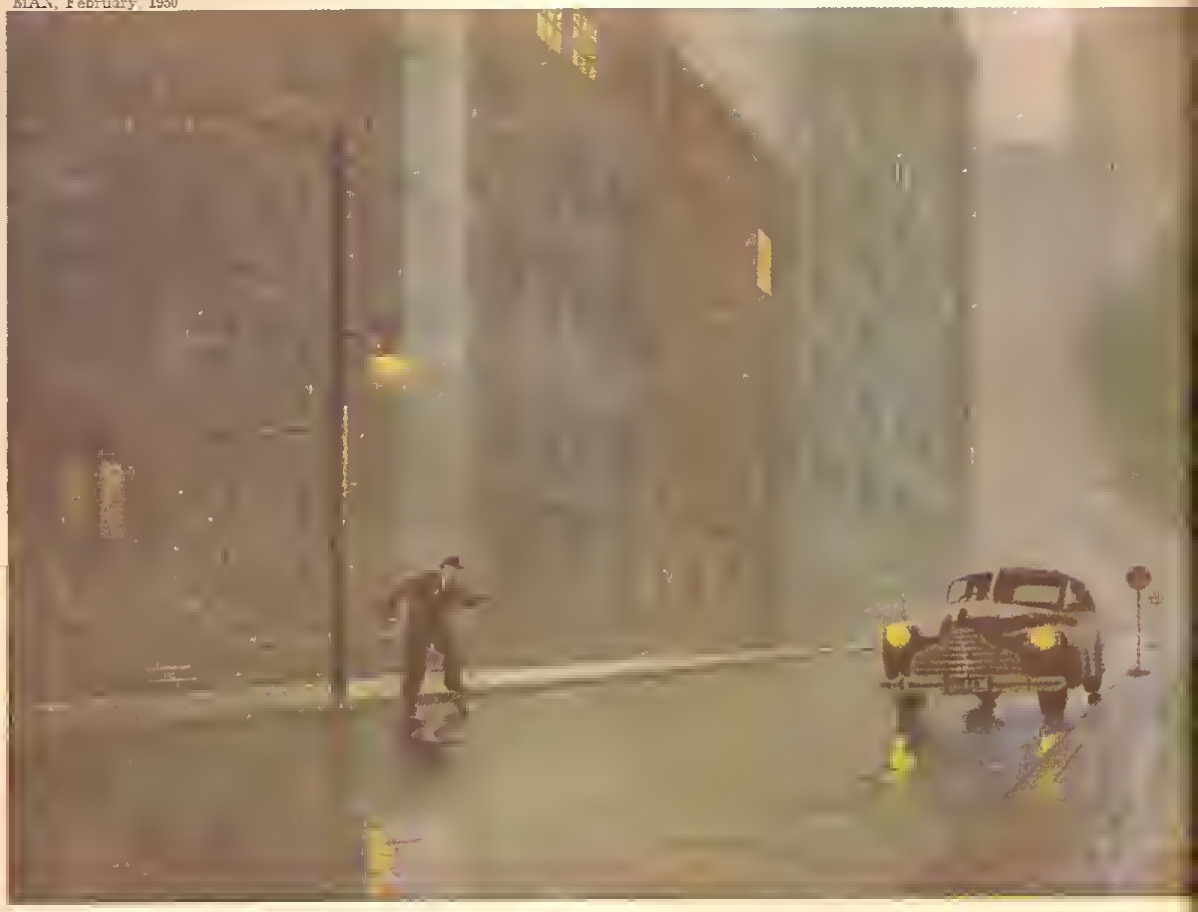


APPROACH: Most often used between net and service line after ball has been lobbed back. Drop back to get under the ball, with knees bent and weight moving to right foot as racquet moves back.

BACKSWING: As racquet is swung to back of head, body is lifted on right foot. Backswing should be made well ahead of moment of contact, and if forced to run back, watch the ball over your shoulder.

CONTACT: As arm straightens out, weight is transferred to left foot. The ball is hit a little farther forward than in the serve, and off the left toe. Sometimes, it may be necessary to leap.

FOLLOW-THROUGH: As in the serve, racquet continues downward movement directed in line with the spot at which ball is aimed. Racquet ends up across body and slightly below left knee.



The Fighting

JOHN LANE • FICTION

Three were too many to share a wealthy business when two were at each other's throats all the time, so two had to die.

THE sound of the angry voices came through the thin wall so that John Murdock could have sworn his partners were fighting in his lap He sat staring at his fists in cold rage, staring rigidly at the blotter on the desk before him

The door swung open and the customer stormed out He paused just long enough to snarl at John

"Believe me, the next time I come into this madhouse, they'll have to carry me in a strait-jacket! I'm not fooling."

With him went the thousands that meant a respectable profit to the firm of Murdock, Harris & Fisher, Investments

Murdock sat turned to stone by the fury he felt

He rose stiffly from his desk and strode into the other office.

Harris stood at the window, his face apoplectic "Just say that once more," he yelled, "and I'll wring your stinking neck!"

Fisher leaned across the desk "Oh,, you will, will you! Let me tell you this I'll beat out your brains with the telephone!"

Harris prowled around the desk He waved a pair of scissors like a sabre

"I'll slice off your ears!" he howled, intoxicated by the sound of his own voice

Murdock leaned against the door wishing they would get close enough to accomplish the mutual destruction

"Cut it out, both of you," he growled "We just lost another customer Why I ever went into business with a pair of lunk—"

Harris whirled. "Who asked you to stick your nose into this?" he snarled

Fisher cracked back into his chair "That's all we needed!" he screamed, his eyes blazing "You!"

Murdock stamped out

The receptionist, behind the door, quickly ducked her blonde head and rapidly began to type . . . ? In a fracas like this, she had learned, it was the innocent bystander who got it in the neck

Murdock paused at his desk and put out his hand as if to steady himself Too much was too much

"Miss Georgius," he said heavily, "I'm going downstairs for a cup of coffee If

His stomach turned and a wave of nausea rose in his throat. He had not counted on seeing Harris again—alive.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN

Partners

there are any calls for me, please do not give them to either Mr. Harris or Mr. Fisher"

He plodded out of the office. He walked down the stairs to the first floor He was seething when he started By the third floor, the grim knowledge of *what* had to be done was firmly planted in his mind

Murder

No: just the impulse to murder Real murder had to be done if the business was to survive. If *he* was to survive.

He had made up his mind Harris and Fisher had to die

By the time he had finished coffee Murdock had the [illegible] firmly set in his mind Harris would die and Fisher would be blamed for it

They were all bachelors, and in the spirit of momentary [illegible] they had exchanged keys to their apartments There had been other tokens of amity, too—little gifts

Murdock went back to the office, the very picture of a staid businessman Harris was gone Harris always disappeared after a scrap

A few minutes after Murdock had seated himself at his desk, Fisher staggered from his office, his face as grey as a weathered skull

"I have to see the doctor, John," he gasped "I feel terrible"

A scene with Murdock or Harris always set his ulcers to jumping like popcorn on a hot griddle

"You ought to take better care of yourself," Murdock said ironically

Fisher's gaunt face twitched "John, he stammered, "I can't tell you how sorry I am about that little tiff we had I apologise I want to see you later and apologise more fully I feel like an absolute dog, John I want to—"

"You'd better get to the doctor's," Murdock said drily

Fisher staggered out, holding his stomach Murdock could not decided which was worse, Harris' drinking or Fisher's ulcers

Miss Georgius, had left Murdock locked the door and went into Fisher's office In the bottom drawer of the steel file was a bottle of whisky that Fisher kept for customers Murdock lifted it out carefully with his handkerchief It was covered with Fisher's fingerprints and they were going to be very valuable in the very near future Murdock slipped the bottle into his briefcase

Before taking a cab to his own apartment, he went into the bar across the street He was not surprised to see fat Harris standing there, hunched over his glass, bitter and silent

He looked up when Murdock stopped beside him "So he's driving you to drink, too, eh?" he said darkly "Him and his stinking apologies"

Murdock murmured, "Poor Fisher."

Harris made a harsh noise in his throat "He came in here to beg my pardon, no less! But would he have a friendly drink with me? Not him He just stood there holding his lousy belly and snivelling until I told him to get out and leave me alone You're next, Murdock," he said sardonically. "He'll be up to apologise to you Just wait"

Murdock could have laughed aloud Harris and Fisher had now had a public scrap The bartender would remember that when he was asked

"Why don't you go out and get yourself something to eat, Harris," Murdock said persuasively "The way you keep drinking, you're going to end up with ulcers, too"

"And why don't you drop dead?" Harris said nastily. You're crazy You and Fisher both Leave me alone"

Murdock walked out of the bar, grinning with satisfaction Harris would now stubbornly stay there for the rest of the evening

Murdock was a methodical man and the next step was to go home

The elevator operator greeted him cheerily "A touch of spring in the air, hey, Mr Murdock?"

Murdock shook his head "Maybe that's what's wrong with me, Jake," he said lugubriously, but I guess it's just a touch of spring fever."

"Sulphur and molasses, Mr Murdock Best thing for it."

"I think I'll just go to bed, Jake If anyone drops in to see me tonight, tell them I'm not in, will you?"

The operator said, "Sure," and folded his fingers around the dollar bill Murdock slipped into his hand.

That would take care of Fisher, if he came around to apologise Also, the operator would now swear that Mr. Murdock spent the entire murder evening in his apartment —if it came to that

Inside his own apartment, he went quickly into the kitchen and took down a small container of potassium cyanide. He tipped a more than lethal amount into the bottle of whisky that he had taken from Fisher's office He sbook it and held it to the light

The stage, he thought, was set. There was poison in the bottles, and Fisher's finger-

MEAL-MAKERS: 1

Jay Stanley's Poulet Marguerita

Profile: Man's First Chef is an Australian farmer, who does things with chicken and almonds, a pint of wine and knowledge that makes even Apollo look a piker. His name is Jay Stanley. He hails from Buxton, an obscure village in the lower ranges. He is a hedonist living completely the rich life, savouring with an exquisite palate the bursting years. He is noted for his wit, his savage irony, his charm of conversation; he is respected as a fine chef.

POULET MARGUERITA

For each person choose with some circumspection one poussin (a chicken in any man's language) weighing about ¾ lb.
For each bird you need a small cup of rice. Fry the rice in 2 tablespoons of olive oil until pale brown. Add 1 onion, 2 shallots and 2 cloves of garlic, all finely chopped.
Fry a few minutes, add 1 cup of good meat stock, 1 cup tomato juice and ½ cup of chopped cherries. (Preferably brandied cherries—and as chef you are entitled, by divine precedent, to drink the brandy whilst cooking.)
Simmer gently for 20 minutes or until the rice is tender.
Cool slightly, add 2 yolks of eggs, teaspoon fresh thyme, salt and pepper to your taste. STIR the seasoning well and stuff your birds.
Place the birds in a closed casserole, pour over 1 cup of dry white wine (you should always include a bottle of dry white and dry red cooking wine when you order the ole Colonel's Sherry), scatter across the birds some cherries, capers and finely chopped onion.
Cook moderately for about 1 hour. Serve with delectable sauce you find remaining in the casserole.
Vegetables, with the exception of potatoes, cut to golf ball size fried in butter would be gilding the lily.
A nice Lucullus touch for those who can manage it is to pour a ¼ pint of cream over the birds 15 minutes before serving and just prior to serving pour over two tablespoons of good brandy and light it. Serve as the flame expires.
Whilst concentrating on this exquisite luxury, give some attention to the full-bodied Hunter River dry white you are drinking. We recommend a dated Hunter wine—Traminer Riesling of 1946, Auceroi-Riesling of 1940, or Morris-Madeira of 1946, all named from the grape varieties from which they are made.

prints were on the bottle. There only remained the simple task of putting the bottle in Harris' apartment — simple because Harris would be out and because Murdock had the key to the door.

Harris' apartment was but five minutes away by cab, but a twenty-minute walk. Murdock walked. There was no sense in taking a chance that an obscure cab driver would pop up at an inconvenient moment and recall that he had taken Murdock to the murder apartment on the night in question.

Murdock had thought of everything.

Twenty minutes later, he let himself cautiously into Harris' apartment. He walked into the kitchen. Harris' liquor cache was in the cabinet over the sink, and Murdock carefully removed every bottle. He emptied them in the bathroom, then replaced them—putting among them the one he had loaded with cyanide.

No matter how much he drank outside, Harris always had a nightcap before he went to bed. Or two, or three. Tonight, Murdock thought grimly, he would be restricted to one.

As he walked slowly homeward, he wondered, in a detached way, if he'd be called to testify in court. Miss Georgius, the receptionist, would of course testify that Harris and Fisher were always quarrelling. The bartender, from the tavern across the street, would add the little bit that Fisher and Harris had scrapped. Perhaps it would be better, Murdock mused, if he himself tried to minimize the tiffs between the two men, to say that these things always occurred in business. That would create sympathy for himself—and would have no effect on the final verdict. For Fisher's fingerprints were on the murder bottle. Yes, that would be the best way to work it.

He approached his own apartment with warmness. It would not do to have anyone see him on the street now—and a moment later he had reason to congratulate himself for his caution. Fat Harris staggered from the apartment, teetered on the curb, wildly waving his arms at the cab that cruised slowly down the opposite side of the street.

That was a bad moment. Murdock leaned weakly against the side of the dark doorway, in which he stood concealed. His stomach turned. He had not counted on seeing Harris again—alive. Murder by poison had seemed, somehow, impersonal. But seeing Harris there, knowing what was going to happen when he got there—it suddenly became horribly personal.

He was glad then that he had told Jake, the elevator operator, not to let anyone into his apartment that night.

He had come out through the rear entrance of the apartment, and he crept back the same way. He was half-way up the stairs when a darting beam of light shot up from the bottom of the steps and a hard voice yelled, "Here he is, sneaking down the back way!"

Murdock whirled, galvanized by fear. Caught? So soon? Frantically, he turned and leaped up the stairs. A burly figure pounded after him, and two policemen hurtled down at him. Murdock sagged fainting, against the wall, wondering what had gone wrong.

He felt himself seized and roughly rushed up the stairs.

Above the confusion, he heard the elevator operator bleating hysterically, "He asked me not to let anybody up to his apartment, because he felt sick. But this fella came, and he looked sick, too. He said he had to apologize to Mr. Murdock because he wanted to be friends with him again, and he couldn't sleep unless he apologised. He looked so sick, I let him up to Mr. Murdock's apartment. Then right after, I heard all this yelling and fighting, and then somebody shot off a gun, and the voices stopped all of a sudden. I knew right then I better call the cops . . ."

Somebody gave Murdock a rough shove and said with satisfaction, "Caught him trying to sneak down the back way, Lieutenant."

By this time, Murdock had recovered sufficiently to realize that this could not possibly have anything to do with the poison bottle in Harris' apartment.

"I was not sneaking out of the apartment," he said indignantly. "I was coming in."

A tall, man appeared in the doorway of Murdoch's apartment, and Murdoch addressed him.

"I simply went down to the corner and was returning," he amplified.

The tall man turned to the elevator operator, "Does he usually go down the back way?" he demanded.

The operator shook his head.

They shoved Murdock into the apartment. The tall man held out a gun.

"Yours?" he asked.

The fleeting glance that Murdock gave the gun told him that it was his, but his eyes had fled to the still and bloody figure of Fisher, lying on the rug.

He started to babble, "H-Harris . . ."

And then, and only then, did he realize that the only man who could save him from the electric chair was Harris, who by now would have been dead for several minutes.

HOW SOME MODERN INVENTIONS MAY BE ABUSED.

Pity more men cannot afford a
Lovely modern wire recorder
To take down terms of praise emphatic
From lasses who talk in words ecstatic
When receiving some kind of loving gift
Which gives their morale a decent lift—
The record to be played back again
Whenever they winge with fancied pain:
But should some enterprising fellow
Try like this his lass to mellow,
He'd face one prospect far from nice—
He'd have to listen to her TWICE!

—MacKegg

"Then, continuing to gaze stonily into space, remove the right glove, one finger at a time, e-e-e-ver so slow-w-w-wly . . ."

ANDY KNOX'S BIGGEST HOUR

ANDY KNOX • SPORT

One of Australia's leading jockeys reviews a racing life and nominates the biggest thrill of a colourful turf career.

JOCKEYING is a sophisticated business, and I guess I know as many answers as the next hoop I began riding in races when I was 14, and I finished my career 25 years later I have ridden winners in the Melbourne Cup, the Caulfield Cup, the Derby, and the Australian Cup, and I have shaken hands with Royalty—once when I was introduced to the Duke of Gloucester after I won the Caulfield Cup on Jowinal, and again when I met the Prince of Wales after winning the Canterbury Gold Cup on Earl Derby

I have matched myself against famous jockeys: McLachlan, Miles Connell, Jim Pike, and Jim Munro among them, and if I'm tied down to nominating the best of them, my pick would be the last-named.

The applause of the crowd has rung in my ears as I rode back to scale, but for every handclap I have heard ten hoots, for it had been taken for granted amongst racegoers that most of the riders at the old pony meetings weren't always honest And I was a graduate of the pony meetings.

The result of it all is that I am very tired of racing. I was tired of it in August, 1944, when I was disqualified for 10 years I had been a leading jockey for nearly 25 years, and in my time had ridden in 17 races in one day. I had had spells on the "outer," and I had had my share of accidents I was lucky that I was a natural lightweight and didn't have to waste, but the life of any jockey is gruelling He rises early and his hours are irregular. Even in his leisure hours, the talk is eternally of racing and racehorses—and, believe me, some of the talk is so silly that it would kill anyone's love of the game

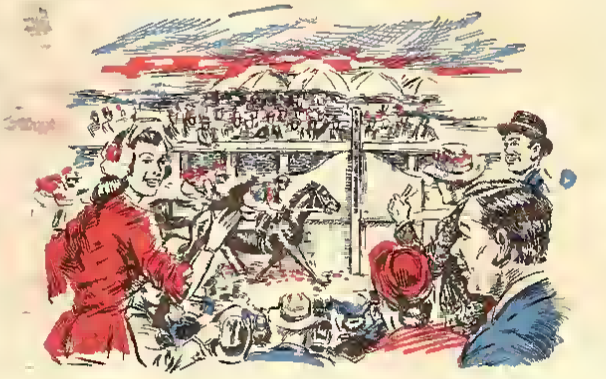
When five years ago, I walked out of the Australian Jockey Club's office knowing that my riding days were over, my first feeling was that I had been badly treated; the next, a profound sensation of relief

From now on, I could *follow* sport, the sports I'd played as a kid and had rarely seen since, sports like football and cricket

Five years have passed since that day, and of the 25 years before it, I have one outstanding memory. It is the time I rode a Melbourne Cup winner

In 1940, I had no idea of even going to Melbourne for the Cup For those who stay behind during November, there are good and profitable rides

On October 19, I rode old Rowley in the City Tattersall's Cup, and we had run fourth I liked the way the old fellow went, and as I dismounted, I said to the trainer, James Scully.



"Are you taking him to Melbourne?"

The question was impersonal, the kind of question any jockey might make to the trainer of a Melbourne Cup entry. James Scully replied:

"I wasn't going to take him—but I will if you'll ride him"

That was how Old Rowley and I came to go to Melbourne in 1940 Mind you, I did not expect that he would be a rank outsider, although the field included Beau Vite, the hot favourite, Beaulivre and Maikai, who had run second the previous year Twenty-to-one, I thought, would be Old Rowley's price—and chance

My mount was a seven-year-old, and he had given his trainer a lot of trouble with a bad heel His run in the Hotham Handicap just before the Cup, had not been outstanding, although he had finished well enough to cause me to think that we still had a chance in the Cup But I was surprised, on Cup morning, to find that Old Rowley was still rated a 100 to one chance

I had ridden over 1,000 winners and, as I have said, had grown blase about the racing game Yet, as I mounted Old Rowley, I could not help feeling the tension about me; perhaps the only way, after all, to describe it was that the course had the Melbourne Cup atmosphere

When the tapes flew up, my horse got away with the field, but in the first furlong began to drop back. That didn't matter much—there was no hurry. Even at the mile, there were 15 horses ahead of us, but the old fellow was going well and I knew it was going to be one of his good days. He began to move up, and suddenly, with that peculiar sense that most jockeys have, I felt that we could take it out. At the half-mile I was still restraining him, but he was becoming impatient I was looking for an opening, now, but the field was bunched. Finally, I swung my horse to the outside; there was a smoothness and power in him that justified the move and I knew that he was still strong enough to make it at least interesting for the others at the finish

But I didn't realise how strong he was momentarily, I relaxed, and the old fellow, despite me, ran past a few rivals We were right amongst it in seventh place at the three and Old Rowley wanted to go Three horses wide, we followed Beaulivre round the turn, and ahead of us was Beau Vite, Pandect and Dashing Cavalier

A furlong and a half to go McMenamin on Beau Vite, the favourite, was pushing his mount hard and I knew we had him covered I knew, in fact, the Cup was in Old Rowley's keeping At the furlong, we hit the front

Our margin over Maikai at the finish was three-quarters of a length For more than a minute, I had known with the greatest certainty that I was going to ride the winner of a Melbourne Cup . . . and now, I couldn't believe that I had; not even when Darby Munro, the rider of Maikai, said as we rode back to scale

"Fancy Old Rowley beating me!"

He was apparently as dazed about it all as I was

To quote pressmen, I was a veteran jockey I had been through the mill and I had taken knocks I had in the past been criticised for my riding and would be criticised in the future But I had won the Melbourne Cup Ask Jack Crawford how he felt when he won the Wimbledon Singles, or ask Billy Brown of his feelings when he scored a century in his first Test at Lords; and if they can answer you, you will know how I felt about my personal victory

When the AJC decided my retirement from racing, I was bitter I am not, these days, very interested in racing But my great consoling thought when I look back over my years as a jockey is that I once won a Melbourne Cup

Racing does not figure largely in my future plans If the AJC should review my case before my term expires, I would not for a moment think of taking out a license, either as a jockey or a trainer. However, I have hopes some day of travelling abroad, and in that event, the trip would be a great deal more pleasurable if I were able to see, say, the running of the English Derby.

"How about this combination set of engagement, wedding and teething rings?"

SMUGGLER HUNTING

Under a guard of tommy guns the coast guards board a channel smuggler and capture undisguised contraband.

HE is Norman-French, and that is a doughty, hard-fighting blood to have in your veins. He comes from the same part of the country as William the Conqueror. Everybody calls him by the English name, "Billy."

He conquers, too, in the intense struggle which has developed since the war to clean smuggling out of the English channel. Fast boats and tommy-gun armed men struggle there now, twenty-four hours a day, capitalising on post-war shortages in England and France.

Forty-fivish, clean-shaven and weather lined, Billy is big-built, alert, right for the job. He has been round the world both in the French navy and in the merchant service, and the swift weather tricks of the treacherous English channel aren't too much for him. They help him.

Out on the channel he rocks on the deck of a forty-foot diesel-powered launch waiting, on information received, to catch sight of the small *Madeleine* the fishing boat . . .

But now you've got to go back, 'way back to where the information was received. That was the beginning. A small, dark-haired, disgruntled girl of the underworld, talked too much to a man who couldn't be trusted. Maybe she knew he couldn't be trusted when she told him there in the Paris cafe, that the *Madeleine* was going out from St. Malo. "And I hope it sinks," she said, "with those robbing swine . . ."

Strangely the vindictive words from Paris reached the coast guards at St. Malo. So that Billy knew what he was looking for when he took his high-powered launch out into the channel.

Out there are the four little populated isles (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark—the "Channel Islands") and many other little rocky islets which are mere peaks of rock jutting out of the sea. Nobody had a use for those barren

Aircraft, disused German fortifications and girls of the underworld are all used in modern smuggling.

is a Crowded Life

WILLIAM J. MACKEY • ARTICLE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SEALEY

rocks until the Nazis fortified them and turned them into defences of the French coast.

After the war the guns were left to rust — until there came the smugglers, who got out of their innocent-looking fishing boats, did some work on the islands, and used the deserted fortresses as neutral dumping grounds.

In England good French brandy was hard to come by — the French were after Virginian cigarettes. There were other goods, too, and a blackmarket harter system developed: a bottle of cognac for 500 cigarettes, etc.

It was going to be a very profitable business—the risk was being shared, because whoever was caught would pay the penalty.

Planes were joined in the network: planes that took off from England, flew idly over the coast, and happened, as they went out over the channel to come down to low altitudes while they parachuted their parcels of contraband onto the rocky little forts. One of their instructions: no boats in sight when the parcels were dropped. No boats at all.

For a time the contraband lies on those rocks. Hours—days—weeks, perhaps. It just lies there, until a boat that has been quietly trawling the channel happens to stopnearby. A dinghy goes ashore. The contraband is collected and taken aboard the fishing boat.

It was a cunning technique, and one that defied easy detection. Suspicious authorities could telegraph any message across the channel—but they could not say where the parcels were hidden, or describe the boat or men that would pick them up. Any detection had to come from the receiving end. It was up to Billy and men like him.

To Billy it wasn't easy. The channel is full of boats that earn a living fishing. Then there are the pleasure craft—from small and modest launches to luxury cruisers. For smugglers there was safety in numbers, they could move into a shoal of small crafft and remain hidden. When they were ready to pick up their loot they could do it under cover of darkness or fog—or on a clear day when the channel waters were empty right to the horizon. Then they could move in knowing they weer unseen.

To Billy it would have been hard going, but for the information received. But the *Madeleine!* Billy studied her, watched her; he recognised her when she was just a smudge. He followed that smudge patiently until the moment he chose to give his motors full throttle. Then the chase was on as his little craft, trembling, jumped from eight to fourteen knots, straining to the chase.

Billy stood on the bridge and cursed the slow motor.

Nothing in Billy's world is good enough, but the distance shortened between his boat and the *Madeleine*, until the smugglers gave up the race, and cut out their engine.

The fast little customs' diesel came alongside. Half a dozen uniformed men with a tommy-gun or two, lined the rail while searchers went aboard.

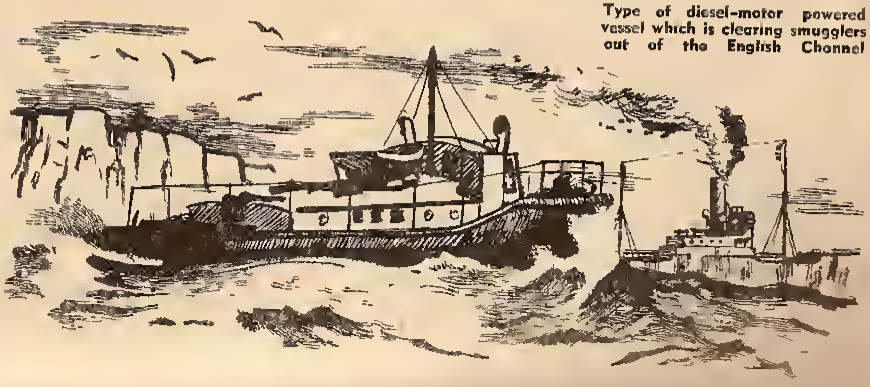
But there wasn't any shooting. The smugglers of the English channel go quietly now. Soon after the war there were gun-battles in the channel as trigger-happy Frenchmen tried to blast their way through the customs crews. Men on both sides were killed as the smugglers cold-bloodedly blasted a trail for their loot. But the customs men were pretty good shots, too, gun-duels became unprofitable because trusted men were lost, boats were repossessed, contraband forfeited—and if you happened to score a lucky hit against a customs' man, it didn't pay you in the long run.

Getting caught doesn't matter now. Certainly they lose their cargo and they are fined; but they pick up their losses by increasing the costs of future consigements.

French journalist Christian Guy went aboard the *Madeleine* with Billy, and reported that as the customs men went aboard the smuggler, its crew stood at ease. Billy went aboard unchallenged, and the captain of the smugglers handed him the keys fitting each door on the ship. There had been no attempt to conceal the contraband, which lay about the deck, or carelessly on cabin bunks. Packets of cigarettes had not been in any way disguised, motor tyres lay scattered about the deck.

"Fair play," they said. They were caught they would pay and hope for better luck next time. They could get along well enough on the principle which keeps the blackmarkets operating all over the world—that the fines could not possibly be more than a small percentage of the tremendous profits they make.

Thus, using the deserted Nazi forts, playing it not as violent lawbreakers but as cynically quiet pay-and-carry-on operators, the smugglers between England and France are thriving on post-war shortages, worrying only about men like Billy—and about the quick-eyed little women of the underworld who, nothing more than cheap and disgruntled little cocottes to outward appearances, carry on an espionage of peace which gives sailing orders to the smuggler-bunters of the channel.



Type of diesel-motor powered vessel which is clearing smugglers out of the English Channel

GAVIN S. CASEY • FICTION

TRACK NIGHTMARE

Rivals are always primitive when it comes to the showdown; on a dirt track speeding wheels and roaring motors add speed and danger to their contest.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WAUGH

THE loudspeakers were blaring out supermagified crooning, and the grandstands were full, and the fence was lined four deep all the way round by an impatient crowd. Lights over the track were so powerful that they made a circle of outstanding brilliance, in spite of the greyness of the surface on which they shone. The tractor was still chugging around with the grader, though the track was already as smooth as a bowling green. Members of the ground staff were sprinkling the surface with great hoses, and creating a damp, fresh smell in the cool night air. The chatter of racing motors burst through the rumble of the tractor engine, as machines were revved up in the pits, and the group of officials on the grass broke up, its members walking to the points ready to start the meeting.

Leaning with his elbows on the top rail of the pit fence, and his chin on the backs of his hands, Griff Carter stared mistrustfully at the freshly laundered track, remembering practise rides on it. Crasher

Hartog silently joined him, and the idea that Crasher did not think much of the place either was somehow consoling

"Looks nice," said Griff, with enough emphasis on the first word to make his remark cynical

"Wait till after a couple of heats," said Crasher, disconsolately "I wish we was on the old track"

The admission made what was in his mind start to come tumbling out of Griff "Lumpy as hell!" he said "This sort of stuff was all right in the old days, when the slow motors would break it up before anyone got hurt, but it ain't so good now"

"Won't be me" Crasher was candid "I got a reputation for falling off, but I like to do it where it's reasonably safe Somebody else can have th' Golden Gauntlets"

Mention of the big trophy brought Griff's other grievance to the surface "They only put the Gauntlets on because they knew that if they didn't their damn track would slow everyone down"

"It'll slow me down, anyway"

"Me too, blast 'em!"

Crasher grinned, knowingly "Not you," he corrected "You need the win too much, Griff I hope you get it, anyway," he finished, more soberly

The truth of the comment irritated Griff, but before he could say anything the crack of the starter's gun coincided with the bellow of four motors on full throttle The sound went echoing feverishly among the showground buildings, and the first race was on

The boys on the track were just the "B-graders," the beginners, but Griff watched them with the fascination and vague fear with which he always saw other people racing They were going miles an hour slower than he, and the men in his heats, would travel, and the track was newly graded and as smooth as a billiard table None the less, his stomach knotted up a little with terror as the Wilks kid and little Shorty Graham came elbow bend, known as Crash Corner When they came out of it safe, he felt better, he didn't even worry to listen to the announcement of who had won. He was like that, where other people's races were concerned—as long as everybody was safe at the finish he was happy With his own races, it was different—he had to be out in front and able to stop there, or he was acutely miserable

He went over to his machine, to get ready for his first heat, thinking that he had been second or third, and acutely miserable, far too often during the previous season What Crasher had said was all too true He needed to start this year right off with a string of dazzling wins He would have gone after them on the old track, too But the new circuit had him half scared already He didn't like Crash Corner, and he didn't like the bumps that lay underneath the soft surface, and he hated the management, for putting a Golden Gauntlet Scratch Race on the very first programme, just to make sure that mugs like himself had to go all out, whatever they thought of conditions And there was the new frame, too

During the winter, Lennie and he had souped up the old J.A P a bit more, and they had put it in the new frame, and he was inclined to wish they hadn't

He had had trouble with frames before, of course. When he had graduated from the Welder's Special on which he

He went along the home stretch sideways, with Lefty skidding after him, unable to straighten. Their roaring motors lay down in a heap.

had begun racing to an old Duggie, he had been terrified at the way the long wheelbase had seemed to want to carry him out into the laps of the onlookers After that, the big Peashooter had seemed fascinatingly easy to keep on the inner six inches of track, but what it had done to your kidneys and wrists when the going was rough had been nobody's business He wished he had left the J.A.P in the Rudge frame, and not fallen for this freak boneshaker. As far as he had been able to find out in practice, it was a daisy on the sharp bend of the egg-shaped track; but on the big, fast, Crash Corner it had felt terrifyingly ready to leave the earth altogether.

Lennie, the mechanic, was quietly confident, his part of the job over and done with "She's right, Griff," he said "She'll fly, if you want her to."

"That's what I'm frightened of," Griff told him, sourly

"The frame? The frame's all right You gotta get her actually in a race to find out what she can do."

It was all right for the mechanic, who would be sitting firmly on motionless rails while he was finding out what He was fond of Lennie, but at the moment he hated him "The frame's lousy, an' the track's lousy," he announced, bitterly. "Never mind, if the track brings everyone else down, and not me, I might win."

Ruth was clamoring against the high netting of the pit fence, and he left Lennie to go and have her wish him luck She was filled with unashamed fear and excitement, as usual, and as usual the sight of the high colour in her eyes and cheeks calmed him down a little

"Where do you want me to come, kid?" he asked, according to the routine they had followed for many seasons of speedway.

"First, if you won't come home with me," she answered, faithful to the pattern

"This is the last season," he promised.

"Just like all the others, since the first."

Griff had always meant it, but this year he meant it more determinedly than he ever had before He couldn't tell her about that, in the few minutes before his first heat, under the bright lights, with the motors and mechanics in the pits But he felt disturbed and determined as he walked away with the years, there had come to the more bitterness and disappointment, and less fun in Ruth's backchat before a race

Lennie and a couple of pushers rolled him out onto the grass, and he went through all the actions of checking fuel-taps, and bumping his weight over the back wheel as he dropped the clutch to get the motor going, automatically With the rhythmic thump of the big J A P making the new frame tremble against the base of his spine, he felt better He chugged up to the line with eagerness and determination.

When the gun went the world shrank, as it always did, into a brilliant ribbon of dirt, dominated by a thundering motor and a leaping frame The old J A P developed a pony or so the others hadn't got, and put him a wheel ahead of the man on the inside and the two on the outside in the few yards of straight before the first bend On the sharp curve, he used his foot hard with full throttle, and she came around like an angel, the way she had in practice He felt elated and confident when he burst into the back straight in the lead The old-timer, Lefty Janes, was right on his wheel, and a shade closer in, and there was a long way to go yet, but it was a good start

On the back straight, things were rough, though. He didn't know whether to blame the track or the frame, but the back wheel seemed to touch the ground about three times, biting savagely and threatening to bring the front in the air whenever it did He was into Crash Corner before he had time to think about it. He lay the machine on its side, with everything wide open, and his iron shod left boot propped against the earth, resisting the tendency to go right down The rear wheel dug in nicely, and he started to slide through Crash Corner in a graceful arc

Try as he would, though, the arc became too wide He went further away from the grass and nearer to the fence, and Lefty came up level with him, on the inside He could see where he was going to come out of the curve, two-thirds of the way to the outside edge of the track. The steering felt light, released from the grip of the ground altogether An unreasoning fear of it gripped him, a certainty that if he tried to correct it he would slide into the fence He kept the taps open, but let the machine take its own course When they reached the home straight Lefty was a length ahead, and in the straight and the sharp curve Griff only managed to reach level terms

Along the back straight, Lefty's motor showed surprising speed, and Griff was on the outside, the second time on Crash Corner Things were really rough, and he didn't know whether to blame the track, or the frame, or himself, now He made the bend in a terrific, reckless, untidy broadside, away out near the fence By leaving the cut-out button alone from start to finish, he lost no more ground to Lefty, but it was wild, bad riding, unlike his usual style, and it rattled him

YOU HAVE TO LIE ON THE BED YOU'VE MADE.

She was loaded with jewellery,
He told such lovely lies,
He was so strong and muscular,
She had such lively eyes.
She had leisure, and time to listen,
He had leisure her praise to sing,
She had the wiles of a woman
And he had a diamond ring;
They pictured a happy future
Of leisure and fun and health;
She married him for his money
And he married her for her wealth
She gave back the jewellery she'd borrowed;
He was broke—he confessed like a toff;
They faced up to the situation
And decided to sleep it off.

—MacKegg

Because he was rattled, he plowed around the first bend in the same desperate way, and Lefty went through and well ahead, on the inside That was what finally made him mad—seeing Lefty sneak past on the corner out of the two which he had thought he had really mastered He forgot that he was on a new frame, on a new, bad track, and settled down to ride.

Griff came up onto Lefty's back wheel in the straight, and on Crash Corner he ignored the cut-out button again But this time, in a white heat of rage, he ignored also the feeling that the front wheel was going to float out among the spectators. With his machine at an angle that would have finished up horizontal with the old frame, he jockeyed into shoulder-to-shoulder terms with his challenger, and Lefty gave way the six inches that let him through When he got the winner's checked flag, the crowd was on its feet, roaring applause for the kind of racing it liked to see

Griff did not know how he had got around the last curve, but he had made it, and he felt fine Just to prove that he could handle it now, he turned on the taps as he rode around to the pits He went into Crash Corner alone, confidently, on the inside edge of the track, and when he lay over and felt through his hands the strange sensation of that light front wheel, he didn't worry. The back wheel swung out nicely, but like a tiger, and had tons of traction He was enjoying himself, when suddenly the universe exploded in a whirl of brilliance and pain, and then went black

At first, the sight of the doctor, and Ruth crying, and Lennie looking as if he might cry at any moment, was puzzling, but then everything came back to Griff clearly "I'm all right," he said.

"Yes," the doctor told him "Just take it easy for a while, and you'll be right as rain"

"Is the motor all right? Have I missed the semi-final?"

"Oh, darling!" Ruth said "You can't race again tonight"

"Better not, son," the doctor put in "Doesn't seem much wrong, but you never know"

"I'm all right, I tell you What the hell happened?"

"It was the track, Griff," Lennie said, eagerly "You never made a mistake, but you musta hit one o' them bumps Then the steering damper hit you on the chin, and you musta went out like a light"

Griff noticed that the doctor was dabbing at his chin, and that it hurt victously There were bruises and sore corners all over him. He got a cigarette from Lennie. "I must have fallen like a bag of spuds," he said

"You did," Lennie collaborated "You was out to it before you fell, we reckon."

"Well, I'll have to keep my face further away from the framework, on this damned track. How much time have I got, before the semi?"

"Oh, Griff, I couldn't watch you race again tonight," Ruth pleaded She was shaking and white-faced She had watched him race for a long time, but she had never seen him fall before, except occasionally sliding scientifically and unharmed to the ground when the occasion called for it "He shouldn't ride again, should he, doctor?" she asked.

"Better if he didn't, but nothing to make me stop him," the doctor said, gruffly and uncomfortably.

"I've got to, Ruth," Griff told the girl, getting up, stiffly, from the stretcher. "It won't happen again, don't worry."

When they got to the pits, the motor was all right, once a handlebar had been wrenched straight and a few controls adjusted But the truth was that Griff didn't feel so good The flesh of his jaw was stinging, and its bone was aching, and there were bruises all over him, and there was too much hurry and bustle to get him and the machine ready for his semi-final He didn't have time to think By the time he was on the line, he was determined but apprehensive His mind seemed dull, without its usual taut readiness The only thing to feel glad about was that the main challenge to him in the semi was from Crasher,

The crowd cheered when he reappeared, but they found nothing to get excited about in the race Crasher was playing

(Continued on Page 26)

'Ah, good morning sir. Could you spare uxpence for a cup of . . . TIGHTWAD!!'

"How do I tell them apart? I don't know."

TRACK NIGHTMARE

(Continued from Page 23)

safe, and the pair of them rode three uninspired laps, that were none-the-less too fast for the other riders Griff wished there had been someone fast enough to make him take Crash Curve flat out again It worried him to discover that he still did not like it Whether it was the frame or the track or himself he could not tell, but he found himself taking it cautiously—so cautiously that he only just beat Crasher It was annoying to beat Crasher by a length, instead of half the straight, and he would have to change his methods in the final He jogged around the track towards the pits, slowly, but none-the-less into another fall

This time, it was a harmless, thirty-mile-an-hour slide to the ground, caused when one of the slow men, also going back to the pits, took an unexpected tumble right under his front wheel It didn't amount to anything—except a few more bruises superimposed on ones already there, and another view of the track lighting from the ground, and another annoyance

"You'll be pinching my nickname from me, soon," Crasher Hartog told him, in the pits

"At least, I win before I fall off, son," Griff said, grinning

But he didn't feel like grinning He felt sore and uncertain, hating the track, and his frame, and the management, and himself There was time for a decent rest before the final, and he tried to make use of it, but there were too many people around Other riders and their mechanics clustered around, examining his new frame, telling him what they thought was wrong with it, with his methods, with the track They sympathised, and gave advice, and annoyed him, and he would have got out of the pits, but that would have meant talking to Ruth, which would have been worse He felt less sure of himself than he had since his novice days, The lights hurt his eyes, and the voices and blare of exhausts made his head ache He felt like being sick, and wondered if he could have a mild concussion, in spite of the doctor's examination A mild concussion mightn't be a bad idea, if only it could develop before he had to ride in the final By the time he had to go to the fence for his before-the-race banter with Ruth, he felt dreadful.

"Sorry I couldn't get away from the boys before," he said, thickly, guiltily aware that she had been clinging to the fence, watching him tearfully, ever since his last race

"Oh, Griff, look after yourself," she said

"Where do you want me to come?" he asked, with one of the difficult grins

"Home with me," said Ruth, passionately, breaking all the rules "Just home with me, safe and sound, darling, whether you come first or last"

He felt that it was unfair of her to show so plainly what she felt "That's not wishing me luck the proper way, kid," he complained

"It's wishing you the best luck I can think of," Ruth declared "It's the only luck I want"

It was strange to go down onto the track without Ruth's usual badinage fresh in his ears, strange to feel so heavy and sore and bruised He was making his way by habit, like a punch-drunk boxer grinning to the crowd, and shaping up for another walloping The comparison was a true one, and he was going to get another walloping, too He was frightened of the track, and Crash Corner, and the new frame, and himself It was just like a bad dream, but he was not being dragged back by giant hands or supernatural force the way it was in a nightmare It was something heavy and sore in himself that was the trouble

But when the gun went, his right hand on the throttle and his left on the clutch worked automatically, if his mind did not He got a wheel ahead in the first few yards, and he had drawn inside position, this time But then his dulled mind took charge again He went wide on the first corner, and because none of the other three had expected Griff Carter to go wide, they let themselves be scooped out towards the fence, in the first half of the curve Then the three of them cut down across the track, and they were all in front of Griff in the back straight With the dirt rom three churning back wheels plastering his face and goggles, rage took possession of him, but the only way he would get through to the front again would be by playing a waiting game, until somebody made a mistake He had never been at his best anywhere except in the lead, but it was a relief to be able to tag along around Crash Corner, riding well within his limit because he could not have got through, anyway

He had been around Crash Curve twice, running last and riding untidily and slowly but safely, before he noticed something that changed the complexion of things Lefty Janes was in the final, for a "fastest second," and now it was Lefty's red blouse that was out in front Lefty was the man he had beaten already, in the heat, the time he had got around Crash Corner the way it should be ridden An instinctive knowledge that what could be done once could be repeated held back the thumb that had been ready to press the cut-out button, before his lagging mind really caught up with things An astonished rider who had thought he was on the absolute inside of the track found Griff's front wheel spinning through the dirt a few inches below his left shoulder, and

SEND ANSWERS DIRECT TO THE ENQUIRER

If I had but the poet's pen
I'd sweetly write your praise;
If I could tinker up a tune
I'd sing your dainty ways;
Had I a gifted sable brush
I'd paint your likeness sweet,
Or could I take a photograph
I'd show you, poised and neat.
I am not clever in these ways
Nor socially "au fait"—
How can a simple stockbroker show
His love in any way?

—Querist.

hastily made more room At the moment, the man who was second was out in the middle of the track, and Griff passed him without trouble

Carter set out after Lefty, ignoring the cut-up state of the track, and forgetful of his bruises He closed up the space between them, but then Lefty discovered who was on his wheel and started to really ride. He kept his front wheel on the inside line, and only the extra horses in Griff's J A P, giving the extra revs going into the sharp bend and out of it, brought him level by the time they were in the back straight, on the last lap Lefty was still on the inside, and it was a case of taking the last bend even faster than he had in the heat, or coming second

Griff hit it going faster than Lefty, as he had to. They banked and slid, shoulder to shoulder Then, because the new frame seemed to lie down further than any on the track, Griff found his face somewhere near the calf of Lefty's right leg But he was half a wheel in front, and he realised with joy that he was taking Crash Corner better than he had the first time. He kept her going, not worrying about how the front wheel felt, but working harder with his leg than he ever had before It worked, and he hit the straight half a length in front, but going so fast he couldn't straighten up.

He went along the home stretch sideways, with a startled Lefty skidding after him, unable to straighten up either, for fear of running into him They and their roaring motors lay down in a heap, Griff on top, slithering over the line almost backwards, with dirt flying everywhere, but Griff in the lead His third spill of the night added some more bruises and stiffness, but he had won the Gauntlet, in spite of everything What was more important, he had mastered the new frame, and the new track He and Lefty brushed the dust off themselves

"You're a menace," Lefty yelled, amiably, above the roars of the crowd and the loud-speakers "You oughtn't t' be allowed on the track"

"I couldn't pull her up again," Griff explained "I'm getting the bang of her, all right, but that time I just couldn't pull her up."

Larkin, the promotor, galloped across the track, beaming to pump Griff's hand "Boy, you deserved it!" he shouted. "That's the sort of stuff the crowd likes."

Griff felt peaceful and pleased, sore, but once more sure of himself, and the comment rankled. He thought about it while he cleaned up, and climbed into his street clothes When the lights of the speedway were all out, and the crowds all gone, and he and Ruth were on their way to the city, in the old utility, with the motor and Lennie piled in the back, it was still in his mind

"I couldn't stand another night like tonight," Ruth said, weakly. "Three races and three horrible crashes! Oh, darling, make it the last meeting, instead of the last season."

Griff put his free arm around her "I can't do that," he said "But there'll be no more nights like tonight, don't worry"

"You didn't think tonight would be like it was How do you know it won't happen again?" Ruth pleaded

"I know, I know," said Griff, as though he were talking to himself

"Oh, you're hopeless!" Ruth told him, pulling away from his arm.

But Griff didn't worry about that. His nightmare was over and finished with, and he couldn't tell Ruth in words why everything was all right in spite of his sore bone and bruised flesh.

But he would be able to show her, at the next meeting, just as he would be able to show Larkin that one night, with a new frame and on a new track, didn't make a season, and that whatever the crowd was supposed to want, there was no contender yet for Usher Hartog's doubtful title. Everything was all right.

"That must have happened when my model walked into the studio."

WILBUR

To the wild strains of violin music they hunted through the fog for somebody who caused death.

THE DEAD AREN'T BEAUTIFUL

R. WILKES HUNTER • FICTION

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN HOLFORD

THE tide was running out. It slid me insidiously nearer to the decrepit jetty backed by the old farm-house and the neglected fields. I moored the skiff to a pile and climbed up.

I was thinking about the girl Gypsy, living here alone with her eccentric father on this ruined farm. There was an aloofness about her that intrigued me. It was as though she lived in a world of her own, self-contained and self sufficing. You couldn't touch her. Nothing could touch her behind that shield of aloofness. I'd only met her once, when she offered me a glass of milk as I stumbled wearily to her door on my way to my father's house-boat. Now I was bringing her a gift in an effort to return her hospitality.

I walked up to the house, stumbling over loose stones on the path, and knocked, and her voice said quietly behind me:

"Why did you come?"

"You startled me!" I said. "I didn't hear your step."

"I go bare-footed on the farm."

"I found something . . . that I thought you'd like," I said. "I just wanted to return your hospitality. May I come in?"

"Yes."

I entered, and from the corner of the room her father said:

"Halloa!"

He was sitting with his knees drawn up, leaning against the head of the couch. His eyes were dark and intent, the pupils mere pin-points. He needed a shave.

I gave the girl the chocolates. She took them without thanking me, offering them first to her father and then to me.

When he moved his hand to take a chocolate he did it mechanically, without looking to see what he was doing.

The quick, furtive movements of his head were animal-like, also.

"Do you like chocolates?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"I'm glad of that!" I said. "They . . . would have been wasted, and I . . . I thought you might like them." I stood up. "Perhaps I'd better go now," I said.

"Don't go!" the father said suddenly. "She'll make some tea. We'll have a cup of tea!"

"Yes," she said. "Of course!" And she went out into the kitchen and filled the kettle.

I looked at the man, and he was beckoning me, so I went uneasily over to the couch.

He seemed furtive and afraid, like a caged animal. His eyes turned continually to the kitchen, where the girl moved about and dishes clattered. He seemed to listen. He said:

"Look! I want you to write to this address." He took the stub of a pencil and a piece of dirty paper from his pocket. "It's very important—on my word of honour it is." He wrote laboriously with the pencil, and handed me the piece of paper.

There was nothing written there.

He nodded his head slowly and looked at me. His eyes were disconcerting. The girl moved in the kitchen, and he glared and paused, pointing like a bird dog towards the sound.

Then he relaxed, and said: "I've been thinking. I've been very silly! But I'm not going to play up any more."

The girl moved a chair in the kitchen, and he wrote "spies" quickly in a spidery scrawl upon the lid of the chocolate box and showed it to me. He said, more loudly:

"I'm not going to play up again. I want to get better! They put me in solitary the other night, but I'm not going to play up again."

"Now father," the girl said, she had entered silently with cups of steaming tea upon a

I found her in the morning sprawled on a mud bank, far down the river. The fog had lifted and the sun was rising above the rough hills

Colin Hoffard

tray a very welcome offering

"He's all right! We were just talking," I said She gave him a cup of tea and a huge slice of cream cake I looked away quickly I didn't like to see him eat

"There!" she said "Now when you've finished that I'll play you to sleep."

"Thanks!" he said softly "Good! Thanks a lot!"

She came and sat at the table, and sipped her tea and looked at me.

"Is this," she asked, "part of your experience?"

"Why?" I said in surprise All life is experience to a writer Life, and love, and hatred, and foolishness and death"

"Play!" said the father, like an impatient child, and rattled his cup against his saucer "Play! Play!"

She took the cup and saucer from him and went into another room, and returned with a battered violin case She tuned the instrument and commenced to play Tchaikovsky's Melancholique

The man's eyes closed, his mouth opened and he quivered as though every sense and nerve were attuned and vibrating to the lovely sadness of the melody His head nodded slowly to the beat, and you could see him relaxing, and the tenseness going out of him as the Melody progressed

"Lie down, Father!" the girl said and he lay down obediently Presently she stopped playing I sighed Even in the silence the last golden notes were still impressed upon my mind Her father was sleeping gently, like a tired child.

"You play well," I said approvingly

"You must go now," she said as she put the violin back in the case

"This has been . " I said, and stopped I had almost said an extraordinary experience 'I am glad that you let me visit you You . . never have many visitors, do you?"

"No, none"

"Could . . may I visit you again?"

"You'll come," she said "If you wish it"

"Well," I said awkwardly "I'd . . . better go."

"The path is broken," she said "I'll walk to the jetty with you."

It was dark outside with the stars vivid against a moonless sky

"Do you always play him to sleep?" I asked presently

"No," she said, and I thought that I could detect horror, faintly, in her voice "Sometimes he plays"

"Does he . . . play well?"

"He . . . just plays the things that come into his head It . . is not music"

"I heard that he was in an institution?" I said suggestively

"Yes," she said

In the darkness I felt her shoulder against me, and thought that she shuddered

"Then why . . . why is it that you have him here?" I had almost said—hidden

"He came home," she said simply. "Why should he not be welcome here?"

"How do you live?" I demanded, and turned to face her. "You can't work the farm, and surely he can't either!"

"I have the cows, and a tractor. I plough a little," she said. "Then there is the oyster lease We get along"

"You . . . you're worth . . . worth something better than this," I said, and found myself stammering "Let me help you I I'm not poor . . . I . . ." And suddenly a madness came upon me, and I reached for her, and pulled her into my arms, and my lips found hers, and I pressed the softness of her and the loveliness of her close in my arms

She was warm, and soft, and yielding—but there was no response in her. Presently I said, huskily. "I'm . sorry!"

"Why did you do that?" she said "You don't love me"

"I I wanted to, Gypsy!" I said "Why did you let me? You . don't love me either"

"There's your boat . . . Dennis," she said, and pointed And when I looked around again, like a shadow she was gone

I climbed in wearily, and pushed off, and lay on my oars and looked at the house; and, as I watched, the violin started playing again

It was a different tune, now, not slow and melancholy There was nothing in it of fatalism or loneliness; it was gay and lilting A dancing melody of hope and happiness, that rushed out of the silent night and across the water to me in golden waves of sound I think that it was the Souvenir Drdla

Then the music stopped, and the light went out I leaned wearily upon the oars, feeling like a man that had run a long way up hill There was an emptiness within me that was like a pain.

* * *

I dipped the oars slowly, silently, and the cool swirl of phosphorescence as they stirred the water was pleasant to the senses

Jim Wheeler grunted in the stern of the dinghy, as he eased the net into the water and his pipe glowed suddenly.

"They're jumping well tonight, Master Dennis" he said "Keep well in to the bank and stir the water They lie in the shallows The net's out, now."

I swung the oars and splashed, and the dark water slid past The lantern in Jim's hand gleamed redly In its light the river was smooth like oil. Mullet leaped and splashed over near the opposite bank.

"They're coming in," old Jim said happily "I can feel 'em kickin'!"

"Good!" I said, and thought of fat mullet fillets frying in old Jim's pan, and wouldn't have changed places with a king

"Th' tide's turnin'," he said "Feel 'em jump One jest hit the net like a punch Bet it's an old hull-nose Think we'd better pull in?"

"Give 'em a few more minutes," I said greedily

A phosphorescent trail streaked in under the dried calabash floats, and they jerked and dipped, and there was a flurry of greenish light deep down A new moon outlined the rough hills beyond Wheatley's farm, and the river valley was a pool of black shadow

"Now Jim," I yelled, and old Jim strained at the net, I leaned forward and grabbed the kicking mullet hanging by the gills from the net, and tossed them back into the bottom of the boat

"Nine fat ones," Jim panted The net was a neat pile in the stern He pushed the lantern forward with his bare foot, and bent over to survey the catch His toes were brown, and twisted like knotted sticks "Not bad, me boy! Not bad!"

"Fair enough," I said "They are jumping well across the river. We'll take another pull over there"

"Near Wheatley's jetty? We've all we want, now," he said and his voice changed "It's after midnight, and a changing tide"

"We'll take a pull over there nevertheless," I said and took up the oars

He knocked his pipe out on the side of the boat, and jammed tobacco viciously into the bowl, and grumbled continually as I pulled across And as he struck a match, he muttered, almost to himself;

"The mad sleep light!"

He had the trick of angering me at will, and I felt the oars, hard in my hands, bending to the stroke.

"There'll be no fish if you pull like that, Dennis," he said dryly, and a hint of mirth crept into the shrillness of his voice as he said, maliciously.

"And besides, there's no point in it She's a visitor tonight! Other men have eyes as well as you, young Dennis"

"What!" I said, and missed a stroke, and turned my head quickly We were gliding close in to the jetty, with the hills bulking large above us and there was a stubby bowed launch riding alongside the skiff at its moorings.

"What's it to us?" I said and swung upstream away from the dark house, and pulled far up river above the jetty, with his high, shrill laughter goading me

We shot the net and the fish were scarce—nor did I care overmuch

The tide had turned and was running out strongly Eddies swirled in the circle of lamplight

"Two," Jim grunted disgustedly "An' there's a fog coming See! The moon's gone"

I looked down river. He was right The air had a clammy dampness, and the moon was a thin light seen through opaque glass

"It's a long pull home!" he said and hunched down into his old overcoat

"I know!" I said resentfully. "And you were right about the fish, but you needn't rub it in —" And suddenly I stopped

There was a thin eerie sound coming from the river bank. A sound like the wail of a frightened child

"What's that?" I said and looked at Jim

His head was cocked at an angle listening, and I sensed that he was afraid

"No . . . " he said 'It can't be him . . "

The sound swelled suddenly, and now it was like strident laughter, with a vibrant quality that struck the nerves with a touch like knife on living bone A light flashed and someone shouted hoarsely far up on the mountain . . and the sound dropped to a thin whisper and died

Old Jim was poised like a pointing bird-dog in the stern.

"It's him!" he said and there was horror in his voice 'He's got out It's old Wheatley and his fiddle "

"What do you mean, 'got out'?" I asked resentfully. "Gy— she doesn't lock him in. He's free to come and go in his own home"

"In his own home . . . " Old Jim said, and his voice was a dry whisper "You mean . . he was there . yesterday"

"Of course," I said uneasily, and then, to reassure myself. "He's silly I'll admit . . but he's harmless He wouldn't hurt anyone!"

"Oh no?" Jim turned and stared at me, his eyes dark in the lantern light "He wouldn't hurt anyone . . . He only killed a man! That's why they put him in!"

"The hell you say!" Suddenly I was afraid, thinking of the girl Gypsy Ashore the thin wailing started again and swelled to a wild vibrant melody

"I don't like it!" Jim said

"Oh, Harold, speak to me. Say something . . . your accident policy . . . where do you keep it?"

"We can't go on like this, Dolly . . . my legs are asleep!"

suddenly. "Let's get out of here!"

"We're going ashore!" I said, and swung her nose into the muddy bank. I clambered out. He cursed, and followed me. I think that he was afraid to stay, and in his hand was the heavy wooden stay we braced our feet against when rowing.

The fog had thickened on the river. We climbed out of it and went towards the gleam of light that now was stationary upon the hill.

Suddenly I was running, stumbling over loose stones, with old Jim panting behind me. There was something wrong with that light. It was close to the ground, a triangular patch of white light; spilled amongst bracken ferns, lying lonely in the darkness.

It was an electric torch lying on the ground. I picked it up quickly and flashed it in a circle. There was a thickset man in a blue serge uniform lying face down in the bracken.

His cap was off and blood from his broken head had run down and crusted upon his face.

He was alive.

"Christ!" Old Jim whispered, and clutched the stay convulsively. "He's done it! Old Wheatley's done it!"

I lifted the fellow's head and it rolled in my hands like the head of a broken doll.

"He's alive," I said, "but unconscious." And as I spoke the fellow groaned, and his stertorous breathing eased.

"Listen!" Jim said tensely and took his club in both hands. "Something's coming!"

A light flashed close by, and heavy boots stumbled amongst the stones. The light flickered, flashed full in my face, and swept down to focus upon the fallen man.

"Hell!" a gruff voice shouted. "He's done Jack in! Old Wheatley's done Jack in!"

"He's all right!" I said. "He's alive."

"And who might you be!" another voice asked suspiciously.

"We was fishin' in the river!" Jim broke in quickly. "We heard a yell, an' came a running!"

The beam of light jumped to old Jim's face and down to the club in his hands, where it stopped suggestively.

"I thought it was old Wheatley when I heard the fiddle!" he said defensively. "So I brought it." The club moved uneasily.

"It's him by God! It's old Wheatley all right!" The attendant said. "He got away yesterday. We've been chasing him."

He knelt to wipe the blood from his mate's face, and the fog crept up around us like grey snow, soft and damp and impenetrable. The wild fiddling commenced again on a sudden high note like the screaming of seagulls.

The attendants started up and glared towards the sound.

"Come on, Bill!" the man with the light said, and they were off running. I leaped and caught the man with the torch by the arm.

"The girl!" I said. "Old Wheatley's daughter! Is she all right! Is she safe?"

"Do you know her?" he asked, half-turned away from me, staring and listening.

"Yes," I said quickly. "I know her."

"She's all right," he said. "He won't touch her. It's only men that he attacks . . . so far."

"We went down to the house," the other fellow said. "There's a light there. We left Jack here to watch and listen, while we went to see if he'd doubled back."

"We'll take your friend to the house," I said. "And guard the girl." I released his arm. In a moment they were gone, and the fog swallowed them.

I took the injured man's shoulders, Jim the legs, and we stumbled slowly down towards the river. The fog was like cotton wool and moisture headed on my eye-lashes and dripped from my hair. Our trousers clung to us, wet by the dripping bracken. Old Jim stopped suddenly.

"It's the river," he said. "But where's the boat?"

"Can't see a yard," I said. "Put him down."

We eased our burden to the ground. Suddenly the mad fiddle started again, and where it was we had no way of knowing, for the fog pressed it close to the water and it seemed all around us.

"We'll take him down river!" I said nervously. "We must get to the house, the girl's alone."

We snatched up our burden and stumbled along the river bank. Once we heard a distant shouting, and the horrible music stopped.

It started again to a lively jig tune, and the volume increased. We commenced to run, for it was close now. And there was no way of telling how close.

Old Jim stumbled. He dropped his part of the burden and the unconscious man bent limp-

ly and his legs hit the ground with a sodden sound.

"I'm . . . done . . ." Old Jim panted, and sprawled there limply. I thought he was going to collapse. "I can't . . . run another . . . step."

"Listen!" I said. "It's stopped."

There was a stealthy sound somewhere in the fog, a loose stone rolled, and then silence. I braced myself and listened. The fog and the silence took hold of me, and I thought of the girl.

"It can't be far now," I whispered urgently. "Hoist him on my back. I'll try to carry him."

He scrambled awkwardly to his feet and I knew that now he was more afraid of the silence than of the music. And a sense of desperate urgency came upon me, and I knew that I too was afraid of the silence.

I swung the attendant up on my shoulder and broke into a shambling trot, and old Jim stumbled along behind me. When we moved the music started and when we ceased our noisy stumbling and rested, utterly exhausted, the fiddle too was silent.

My shirt and jumper clung to me, wet with sweat and the fog. Then the feeling of vast empty space seemed to end and I knew that we were near the house.

Suddenly there was a change in the music, some of the harshness, a little of the madness, seemed to be going out of it.

"It's goin' . . ." Old Jim gasped. "It's goin' back up river. He'll run into them . . . They'll catch him now."

I listened. The strange music was receding. There could be no doubt about that. It was going back—away from the house . . . back up river.

Distance lent it mellowness, and it died to a thin wailing, and broke and stopped. We heard a wild yell and a burst of shouting like the baying of a pack. Something splashed in the water and we heard the sounds of swimming drifting down through the fog.

"He's taken to the river! God help him!" Old Jim said hoarsely. I shuddered, thinking of the tide rips and the swirling eddies.

"He'll drift down to the jetty," I said. "He's only got to keep afloat. Come on!"

I set off running, with my hands thrust out like a blind man, and something caught me and threw me flat upon my back. Wires thrummed vibrantly.

Pain burned in my legs, and torn cloth let in the cold air sharply.

I had run into the barbed wire fence about the house.

I crawled through and ran around the house towards the jetty. There was light spilling out from the sitting room window, with fog swirling through the beam.

The loose boards rattled beneath my boots. I ran to the end and lay flat. Listening.

There was only the silence and the blanketing fog.

Heavy boots rattled on the loose boards. Jim, and the two attendants panted up. A torch flashed on me.

"He's out there!" I said. "But there's no sound . . . he's gone!"

"The launch, quick!" Old Jim yelled. They rushed for the launch and she swung slowly away from the jetty.

I was thinking of the girl, Gypsy. Strange thoughts, that made me forget the caked blood and the stiffening cuts on my legs and arms.

Perhaps this was the answer . . . yes . . . perhaps this was the answer . . .

I tapped at the back door, and opened it and entered . . . for a moment I thought that I, too, was insane.

Her father was sitting crouched upon the couch in the corner of the room, *and he was quite dry.*

"Hulloa!" he said. "Hulloa."

I stared at him, and could not answer and my hands clenched upon the door.

"She wouldn't play for me tonight," he said. "She was angry. She took the fiddle and went away."

I turned to run back to the jetty, and he called after me:

"Don't go! Don't go! She'll make us some tea. She'll come back and we'll have a cup of tea . . ."

* * *

I found her in the morning sprawled on a mud-bank far down the river. I was in the skiff. The fog had lifted, and the sun was rising above the rough hills.

The dead are not beautiful

"Miss DeVere, will you please stop counting the house?"

A MAN DEPARTMENT SOCIOLOGY

Cupid's Bill of Health

HEART-ACHES, DISAPPOINTMENTS, STRUGGLES AND MONEY WOULD BE SAVED IF YOUNG PEOPLE SAW A DOCTOR BEFORE MARRIAGE.

THE arguments which have gone on about artificial insemination have hit the headlines and have probably impressed one fact upon the public: that fact is that, in the community at large, there are thousands of married couples who are incapable of becoming parents.

But that is not all. Almost all of those people are capable of becoming parents if differently mated.

This adds up to one fact: that from the point of view of asuccessful and fruitful marriage, there are thousands of people wha start off under a cloak of ignorance — ignorance of their own medical limitations.

Doctor Y was telling me about Joe and Jill, who went very shyly into his office some years ago and asked about a medical check-up before they were married. He told them after examination, with a long face, that organically Jill could never have children.

"Two very sad young people left my office," he said, "but they knew the truth before it was too late to save another broken marriage. Of course, they got married," he added, smiling. "They discussed the position, and decided they would get married anyway, since they loved each other, and adopt a child. They adopted thre children, and now have a fine family of which they are proud indeed."

Dr. Y explained how different, psychologically, their position was. They entered marriage with their eyes open. They didn't enter marriage to come slowly from a rosy honeymoon to a realisation of disillusionment and frustration. They didn't have the worries and fears — and sometimes recriminations — which so often spoil the childless home when the knowledge of the truth comes gradually and harshly.

There was another case, quite similar to Joe and Jill; but it was long aftter the marriage that the wife came, then the husband. The husband confided his fears. "It is my own fault," he said, I knew she wasn't a virgin when I married her."

"What on earth has that got to do with it? Were you?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, it wasn't only that. But I can see now she's become sterile through having abortions," the husband said.

It was true, the doctor said, that abortions could cause sterility, but he was happy to inform this husband that it was not the case with his wife. She had the physical capacity to bear children, and the fault, if any, lay with the husband himself! So, after harbouring bitter and nasty thoughts about his wife for a long time, he had to swallow the bitter pill that he himself was to blame! The couple was divorced — later both remarried, and both become parents.

The question of parenthood is only one of the reasons why doctors are happy to give pre-martial examinations and I have been priveleged to collect a few general cases along other lines which show why.

The woman who was on the eve of marrying, when a friend suggested both she and her prospective husband should have a medical examination. He was unwilling to do so, and from the manner of his refusal a quarrel developed, and the marriage did not take place. The future husband had every reason for not wanting a medical examination. He had contracted a venereal disease, and was being treated for it. At the time of his marriage the treatment was not completed, he had no clean bill of health. He chose to break his engagement rather than face discovery, and this he did. The fact that there is a fine for people marrying while they have a venereal infection did not deter him. Nor, apparently, did any humanly decent thoughts. The girl thought she knew him well — but did not know him well enough.

A and B had only been married for three months when B, the bride, began to feel off colour. For some time she presumed that this indicated the first stages of pregnancy, when this proved not to be so, she put it down to the excitement of being married, and called it "reaction." Still later, when the reaction was lasting too long, she went to a doctor. It was tuberculosis.

The trouble had been developing for over two years. Had the girl known, she could have had hospitalisation and treatment and been fully healthy before she married. But the result of having this break in a new marriage was disastrous. She had to go to a sanatorium; her husband was a young man who reverted to a feeling of bachelorhood; and though she was fully healed, the marriage was never taken up again. Well in body, she now became mentally bitter, and today is a business woman of financial success and notoriously loose morals. She is having her revenge on life for being robbed of her husband — and in doing so is becoming an undesirable.

The case of C and D was more pathetic. C, the husband, was an athletic type, a hard worker, a good, clean healthy man, but before the marriage was a year old he collapsed at work. It was his heart, strained in field sports. He had to leave his work. The heart condition did not improve. D, his wife, went to work to pay off the time payment furniture and meet his medical expenses. He became morose and unhappy, and took his own life to set his wife free — a miserable human tragedy that couldhave been averted if Cupid had used a stethoscope.

Why don't people habitually get a health check before marriage?

Bluntly Dr. XB told me it was because the whole approach to marriage is unreal. Romance doesn't have to be unreal, he said. Romance doesn't have to go out of marriage. Before a girl marries she collects a glory box; her husband builds up a bank account; they buy furniture, rent a flat, work out that they can afford to live. All of that is practical enough. And just as practical is the giving of mutual assurances that both are healthy enough to marry without any cloud of fear in the sky.

"I feel," he said, "that marriage is so intimate that health is more important than address, income, or furnishing. But how many lovers agree? When the health breaks there is a sorry future whichever way you look at it."

Then there is the fact that people subconsciously fear ill-health. So many well people worry about the time when they may be sick; and even when aches and pains make themselves felt, there is still a reluctance to go to the doctor about it, the hope "it will pass." This widespread and possible shrinking from medical diagnosis is a lack of realism and frankness in regard to one's own health.

Healthy people naturally don't waste a doctor's time— and if every healthy person decided to have a check-up, chaos in the medical profession would follow. Nevertheless wise people have a periodical check-over, with the result that most disease can be stopped at its onset. And there are special occasions when the healthiest people have a medical check. For the purpose of taking out insurance policies, for instance. Why not for the purpose of marriage too, in view of all that could be avoided in this way?

Nothing has been said about the unhealthy children who are born to unfit parents — but that, in the words of Kipling, is another story.

—BROWNING THOMPSON

"Well, I got my decree absolute . . .
and I retain the custody of the money."

ADICKENS

A MAN DEPARTMENT SCIENCE

Science Endorses Hunches

LONG EXPERIMENTS AT AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY SHOW THAT MIND OVER MATTER CAN WORK FOR GAMBLERS WITH DICE AND COINS.

CAN the mind of a gambler "force" a dice to fall showing, for example, the six? Or can a bridge player influence his partner's play by telepathy? A man who has ben trying by scientific experiment to answer such questions for eighteen years has now parted with some of the answers His general conviction is that the answer is yes

One mind can communicate with another aid of physical senses, he says, humans have a capacity to "see' what is happening half a world away, to experience events in the future, and to control the movements of physical objects (e.g., dice) by psychical (mental) means.

The man who announces these extradorinary conclusions is Dr Joseph Banks Rhine With deep-set eyes, heavily creased face and graying hair, he is head of the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. He is said to be the world's leading authority on certain occult aspects of the mind.

In his experiments he has built a special table from which, by dice playing, he base deduced that the mental atitude of the thrower can influence the fall of the dice.

"Mind reading" Dr. Rhine calls "extrasensory perception;" the influence of the mind over material objects he calls "psychokinesis."

Dr. Rhine's reports on these subjects have raised the eyebrows of more orthodox workers in psychology; and he himself says it is "only natural" that they should he cautious in accepting the results of his experiments.

But he gets himself nearer to level with them by saying that their reluctance to accept his experiments is more psychological than scientific He has from the start stuck close to mathematicians, realising that an accurate application of mathematical principles to his experiments was all-important. Figures never lie

In Dr. Rhine's office a demonstration of dice-throwing was staged A gambler had told the professor that he won most of the time, and his method was simply "wishing hard"—the simplest gambling system ever suggested The gambler said he could demonstrate what he mean,t and produced a pair of dice from his pocket He and the professor agreed that "eight" should be the numher — on the first throw two fours came up: eight. Students were called in to throw dice.

Millions of dice have been thronw since, and mathematicians have been called in to determine whether the result mean anything On the laws of chance, they said, for a run of twelve throws you could expect five successes; but Dr. Rhine's experiment kept the number of successes much higher for each twelve throws A woman threw six dice 158,904 times. A mathematician threw 315,672 dice to test the laws of chance The figure experts calculated how many successes the woman thrower could expect — she succeeded their expectations by 1734 throws The odds against such a bit of luck occuring by chance are tremendous.

What, then, caused this bit of luck, if it was not chance? The methods of the dice-throwers are interesting. Some talked to the dice; some blew on the cubes, some even threatened them. Others were silent, but wishing hard. Those who weer just wishing hard, concentrating on the numher they wanted to throw, had the greatest measure of good fortune.

Dr Rhine reached the conclusion that mind over mater was the answer Anything that annoys the thrower lowers his score; people who throw dice flippantly haven't much chance of winning The laws that hold for success in throwing dice, he says, are the laws of the mind, not the laws of mathematics. The mental atitude and purpose of the gamhler is the important thing. It is mind over matters — psychokinesis.

Sixteen scientific workers carried Dr. Rhine's theories further hy investingating independently; and all found evidence of mind over matter at work.

Some interesting figures have been worked out on the ordinary chances of tossing a coin It has been reconed that he might toss a coin 20 times and have heads turn up all the time: but if he goes on to toss 40 times heads my turn up 75 per cent or 30 out of 40 times. Suppose he carries on to toss 1000 times; only 51 per cent of his throws will show heads and 49 per cent tails — that is, he will lose the advantage of his initial run of luck, and thereafter his luck will diminish until he is hreaking even.

There have been longer experiments which tend to show that, should the man throw say 2000 coins, he will reach the stage where he may be tossing only 20 per cent of heads and 80 per cent. of tails —and then, with the increased number of throws, come back to the point where he is approximately hreaking even. Every chart of long series of throws has shown a pendulm like swing which goes either "loss, hreaking even, gain, breaking even, etc." or "gain, breaking even, loss, hreaking even, etc." But how long a run of good luck or bad luck lasts, or how long it will take to return to the starting level where gains and losses are cancelled out on a breaking even basis, seems to be incapable of estimation.

This has also proved to be the case with roulette. Sir Hiram Maxim invented, what he considered to he a winning system based on mathematics. After 1000 spins of the wheel the red scored 576 wins and on the next 1000 turns the black won 424. In the following series of turns the figures were almost completely reversed.

This is the position as far as the law of chance is concerned: over a greater or longer period, you break even in the end, if you keep on long enough.

But Dd. Rhine has upset the laws of chance; and his theories, if carried to conclusion, may do very drastic things to it. Because these tables of chance are based on experimental throws; and experimental throws are made by people; and people are in some sort of a frame of mind when they throw.

Dr. Rhine believes that happy throwers would find a very different result from bored throwers It has been often stated that people back horses theoretically and show a profit: but when they come to back horses with money they lose. The same has been found with playyng cards and tossing coins. Dr. Rhine's theory explains that this is so because the theoretical player has a different attitude from the actual risker of money.

We can, then, stop laughing at the people who "feel lucky" or don't feel lucky and therefore refuse to play. We may even find here some truth in the old saying "lucky at cards, unlucky in love"—it could be that the temperament that makes for good gambling is not the temperament that easily shows the control, quietness and consideration of others which make for happiness and success (or luck!) in the game of love, which is probably one gamble that is rarely, if ever, won on a hunch.

The gambler who "feels lucky" goes confidently into his gambling, and produces — a winning run. Why? Because, Dr. Rhine says, the lucky feeling gives him the right mental attitude And, Dr Rhine says, believe it or not, the mental attitude of the player actually does have some bearing upon whether coins fall heads or tails, or whether dice fall showing a one or a six

WILLIAM J. MACKEY

MARLIN FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN

D. K. LANE • ARTICLE

Excitement unlimited awaits the deep sea fisherman along the Australian coast: there is no sport in the world like marlin fishing.

JOE LOUIS, at his best weighed about 200 pounds, and you can safely say that when his Sunday punch made contact, his fist was travelling at 130 miles per hour. This combination of weight and speed, as even the tyro boxing student knows, has on many occasions brought woe and undoing to Louis' opponents, and it is axiomatic that the only reason why those opponents have subjected themselves to the treatment was that the cash return for it was somewhat high.

Which brings up to the point: ever been slapped in the face by a marlin weighing 300 pounds—for nothing?

No one, of course, would voluntarily leave himself open to such an eventuality and in fact it is a situation which all big-game fishermen are diligent in avoiding. When big-game fisherman, Harold Christianson, forgot to duck beneath the thrashing tail of a black marlin, he reacted in the same manner as so many of Louis' opponents. He passed out cold for a full minute.

Such incidents, it appears, add interest to a sport whose adherents, though not numerically strong, are full-voiced in declaring big-game fishing the most exhilarating pastime of them all. Yet one of the sport's peculiarities is that an enthusiast may fish for days on end without even getting a tickle; Zane Grey, for one, fished for 83 days without receiving the slightest encouragement in the way of a bite; and on the 84th day, he was nearly lifted out of his chair when a giant Tahitian striped marlin struck. The landing of it, he averred, was well worth the tedious days of waiting. Tedious? It is hardly that, for it is the sense of anticipation, the thought that the next moment will bring a strike, that keeps the big-game fisherman on the job.

"And when that strike comes," says Mr Jack Kelly, president of the Australian Big-Game Fisherman's Association, "be ready for the greatest thrill of your life. You'll know the bait has been taken by the jerk on your rod and the straightening of your line. Your boat has been travelling at maybe two knots but now it will be stopped. You'll brace yourself in your harness, for the fish can drag you into the sea. Even then, if your seat comes apart, you can still end in the drink—and a man loaded with 100 lbs. of gear will, in that event, find himself in a sticky spot.

"You'll let your catch run up to 300 yards before you'll pull him up. If you like a good fight, with the chance of losing your fish—and most big-game men do give a fish a fair go—you won't let him take the bait down into his belly. You won't get much of a struggle that way; but tag him in the jaw, and you can settle down to a mighty interesting couple of hours."

The Australian record marlin catch is credited to C. A. B. Starling, a visitor from Colombo. The fish weighed 680 lbs. and took five hours to land. That event took place at Bermagui, on the South Coast of NSW, in 1938, but when big-game fishermen talk of big ones, it is generally agreed that the biggest was the one that got away, literally speaking.

The lucky—or unlucky—fish was a tiger shark, a fighter all the way, and as big as they come in the way of sharks. While the marlin will carry out the first half of the struggle on top of the water, "tail-walking" and leaping up to 20 feet out of the water, the tiger shark will carry the bait into deep water. He may weigh 1,000 lbs., in which case he will measure about 13 feet from snout to tail.

In 1938, one of Australia's best-known big-game fishermen, Mr. Errol Bullen, found his bait—a 12 lb. salmon—taken by a tiger shark while a few miles from Sydney Heads. He made the strike at 12.25 p.m., in the first hour, the fish pulled him well out to sea and it became obvious that the battle was going to be long. It was not until two hours after the strike that Bullen got a first glimpse of his catch.

There was no pause for rest, now, as man and shark settled down to a war of attrition. At sunset, they were still at it, and the fight continued into the night. At 10 o'clock, Bullen was off Rosa Gully, about two miles from South Head, when he was hailed by another big-game fisherman, Bob Wild, who asked Bullen if he wanted any help. With his boatman's hand lacerated, Bullen invited his colleague aboard.

At midnight, the man was master, and the shark was brought alongside. Wild's task now was to gaff the fish. He made the plunge. The monster lashed out. And then, with a last desperate effort, was gone. The 11½-hour fight was won and lost.

The biggest fish probably ever to be hooked in Australian waters had won, and Bullen had set himself a target, to get another of the same size, and to enjoy a similar fight to land it.

In spite of the fact that the tiger shark is perhaps the biggest fish of all who inhabit the waters off the Eastern Coast, most fishermen will settle for a marlin. To see your bait taken, to feel the spinning of your reel as it unwinds 200 yards before the strike is made, to sense the right moment to turn the marlin, to see him leap from the water and, like a high diver, twist and go down to the depths, then, to burst above the surface and walk frantically on his tail or leap over the water like a greyhound—these are the things, they say, that make the marlin the greatest antagonist of all.

He fights like a gentleman, the marlin, and that's the way they fight him back. He will not, like the shark, bite through the trace—the 30-feet of wire that separates your line and hook; he will not, like the white-pointer, jump out of the water with the evil, though understandable, idea of attacking your boat. And whoever wins, man or marlin, there will be a mutual metaphorical shaking of hands when the verdict's given.

Interested? Then let's look at gear.

You will need a rod that will cost you £15, a reel, £30, a linen line, 600 yards long, £5; the harness, Jack Kelly says, can be home-made, and so can your swivel-chair—but make sure they're strongly built and keep in good repair.

Unless they are, you'll soon need new gear, and, maybe, your wife will need a new husband. Not that she'll see you much, anyway, if you take up big-game fishing. The season in Australia is the same as the income-tax man's—from July 31 to June 1. It's more pleasant, of course, from late December to late April, but the fish are always there.

Go get them . . .

"When you phoned to say you'd be late, dear, I hired myself a sitter."

When I was

SIZE IS IMPRESSIVE, BUT ISN'T EVERYTHING, THIS WRITER LEARNED IN A SNOW-BOUND CAMP WHERE HUMAN EMOTIONS RAN RIOT.

IT is refreshing to look across the dividing years to those twenty halcyon days of the mid nineteen thirties, when in my exalted imagination I was six feet four, overflowing with vigour and ready at the drop of a bat to take on the world, with the exception that I barred Big Simon.

The transmorphism, as I have said, lasted a bare twenty days, but in that brief time things happened to me that had the effect of shocking me from naive youth to sophisticated adulthood, from dithyrambic bewilderment to the blessed state of a modern Hector—from, in brief, a miserable five-feet ten to the lofty proportions of a minor giant.

It happened in the Monaro Ranges, down by the Snowy River, during a storm that lasted for three weeks and isolated our logging camp from Bombala, the nearest township. For three weeks the seventeen men who comprised the camp were entirely cut off from any contact with the outside world. Telegraph lines were down, the road was washed out, food, beer and tobacco were scarce, and there was five feet of snow over every stationary thing.

After the fifth snow-bound day you could buy yourself a fight in that outfit merely by looking sideways at your neighbour. Tempers were as sharp as razors and in the regular poker school often a great fist would lunge like a piston into a white, expressionless face that had bluffed a Kitty out of the centre and for a while after that the cards would be sticky with spots of blood, but the game would go on without there being any unnecessary talk at all.

Two card sharps, following the loggers, had dropped in on us the day before the snowstorm began and were trapped, like the rest of us, into an existence bordering on primordial survival. Perce and Sandy cornered all our dough within a few days and then we got to playing for weed and liquor—our only remaining assets—and soon the sharps had all this cornered, too. With monopolistic zeal they then isolated themselves in the end hut on the compound and like any pair of Amundsens they bedded themselves down for the uncertain duration of the blizzard, completely impervious to our beer-less, tobacco-less and foodless plight.

This did not improve the morale of the loggers.

The bully of the outfit was one Big Simon, now dead from over indulgence in the natural wood alcohol that often came gushing from the ancient bluegum and box. We knew he had cans of this rot-gut hidden in his hut, for in the morning he would run out yelling, completely naked, his eyes swollen and bloodshot and his mangy dog, Skipper, fast at his heels. Thus, roaring the language of the bilges, he would blast his way round the compound, calling upon all and sundry to bloody well come out and fight.

Though he weighed over fifteen stone of steel springs I reckoned the stuff he'd been swilling would have weakened his insides and so I made a mental note to call his bluff some time.

He was stark naked the morning he picked the sharps. They just came to the door and grinned at him and then made a very rude remark that had the effect of implying that Big Simon's birth was clothed in obscurity and that his dog had shared the same misfortune. Big Simon strongly resented the innuendo attaching to his dog, though in his usual picturesque language, he made it clear that he himself had been called the same thing by experts and wasn't the least perturbed about it, and would the two sawn-off so-and-so's be good enough to step out on the snow and have their crimsoned brains bashed into a crimsoned pulp?

Yes—the sharps would—and they came out with an empty beer-bottle in each hand. Sandy took the precaution of breaking the bottoms of his bottles on the step of the hut and advancing with the jagged ends uplifted like jousting lances.

Big Simon took the cruel thrust on his left forearm and the blood gushed out on to the snow, where the dog promptly proceeded to lap it up. But he swiped the bottles aside and blood and all thrust the bleeding forearm across the sharp's windpipe. The sharp's mate, Perce, came in from the rear, swinging his bottles like a pair of dumb-bells, cracking down on Big Simon's shaggy head with thuds that echoed round the compound. But a man can only stand that kind of pressure on his gullet for a few moments and soon Sandy, his broken bottles still clutched in his fingers, lay sprawled in an untidy heap among the churned-up snow and mud.

Perce fared little better. Bellowing like a stuck pig, Big Simon charged at him and lifted him high into the air where he swiftly manoeuvred him into a head-down position. Big Simon then rammed him into the snow like he was ramming a pole down for depth. He held Perce there until the feeble legs ceased their kicking. Then he casually summoned the dog and the two of them resumed their matutinal inspection of the compound.

I went inside, feeling sick, and I recalled the mental note I'd made about Big Simon, and sorrowfully decided that my mental observation had better be stricken from the record. But I was to find myself in trouble with Big Simon sooner than I'd expected.

Later that same day he revisited the sharps and handed

Head first through the window into the snow . . .

six feet four

WILLIAM LYNCH • ARTICLE

Illustrated by Phil Belbin

each of them an axe. Then he marched them across the snow to a pile of dead logs and set them to work cutting firewood. He sat and watched them cut wood all that day and all the next day, until their hands were raw and bleeding and swollen to twice normal size.

The third day he marched them forth again and we noticed that their hands were heavily bandaged and that one of them was crying like a kid and on the edge of collapse.

We held a council of war in the recreation hut and a volunteer was called for, to tackle Big Simon on the subject of the extreme sadistic cruelty that he was venting on the unfortunate sharps. Not that we had much time for Sandy and Perce but we unanimously felt that Big Simon had overreached the limit of reasonable vengeance. It had to be stopped, if any semblance of civilised society were to be preserved in our camp.

Nobody volunteered, so the cards were cut and I drew the two of spades. It was the only occasion in my life that I'd seen a call for volunteers fail to get a single response. But we'd all seen what had happened out there only two days ago—a physical giant with a hellyful of rot-gut handling two grown men as though it was a new kind of game with kids.

I got my axe from the hut and trudged through the snow until I came to where the sharps were hacking into the logs.

It was pitiful to watch. Neither could hold his axe properly and it was chiefly a matter of them laboriously raising the axes and allowing them to fall back to the log.

Big Simon, over-dressed to the extent that now he wore dungarees, was sitting on a big log, stroking the dog. He looked curiously at me as I approached and then began talking to the animal in low, affectionate tones. I sat down about ten feet away and began absently rubbing the oilstone against the edge of the axe.

"The sharps is doin' alright, Bill?" Big Simon said. "Fair while before they stack 'nother [illegible]—whadder you say!"

I didn't reply, but just kept on oilstoning the blade. I had a kind of theory about Big Simon . . .

"Whadder you think of these two sons-of-bitches calling me dog a bastard! How do you like that, Bill?"

No answer. The sharps were hacking away at a knotty chunk of mountain ash.

"They'll never hold 'nother poker pack in them there mitts. Maybe the sons-of-bitches'll never hold nothin' time I'm through with 'em. Work, you lousy bastards, work!"

I could see Big Simon getting madder, looking at me strangely from under big, protruding eyebrows, shifting his gaze when I looked at him, rubbing his great, hair-covered forearms. Finally, he stood up.

"You goin' to cut some firewood, Bill?"

I reckoned the time had almost come.

"No," I repiled.

"Just watchin', eh?"

"No. Not even that."

He took a step towards me and said: "Then what in the hell *are* you doin'?"

Without missing a stroke with the oilstone, I said:

"I'm telling you to lay off these men, Simon!"

He scowled and turned away. But his temper got the upper hand and he wheeled.

"Look, Bill, you'd better clear out of here," he thundered, and I didn't bother to look up.

"It's you who's going to clear out, Simon."

The men ceased chopping and stood wide-eyed. The next few seconds would be impor-

(Page 46, please)

"Going to chop wood?" he asked. I looked squarely into his eyes and took a deep breath.

DOSSIER OF THE DEADLIER SEX: 4.

LOVING HER WAS *fatal*

NAME: Carmelita Domenico.

ADDRESS: Turin, Italy.

DESCRIPTION: 37 years old, five feet two inches tall, exceptionally beautiful with a classical profile, lively eyes and beautiful teeth, seductive figure. Delighted in shocking staid people and laughed at gossip caused by her flirtations.

THE CRIME: It was the lovely Carmelita, in heart-breaking tears, who informed the police that her husband, an attorney, had failed to return home one evening in May, 1874. She had visited his office, looking for him, but the door was locked and the office was in darkness. When, after two days he was still missing, the police commenced a search—and found Signor Domenico dead in his office. He had been stabbed to death with a stiletto.

Reports that Carmelita had been seen near his office on the day of his death led to her being questioned. She had admitted it, she said. She had been looking for her husband. The story was not good enough for the Turin police, who continued to question. Carmelita broke down and gave her alibi—the strangeness of her behavior was because she had been with her lover.

The lover's alibi was unbreakable. He and Carmelita were both exonerated. The husband's political activities were blamed—his death was a political assassination.

Thirteen months later Carmelita's lover, Paolo Miscigni, was found stabbed to death in open fields outside the town. The murder weapon was a different sort of knife, and the stab wounds were in the chest, not in the back.

Carmelita was questioned because of her association with Paolo at the time of her husband's death, and it was a simple routine questioning until she volunteered an alibi—she and Paolo had quarrelled and, at the time of his death, she had been consoling herself with another man! Her readiness, this time, to volunteer the information aroused police suspicion. The second alibi broke and, after she had been accused of killing Miscigni, she became hysterical and boasted of killing her husband, too.

SENTENCE: Capital punishment had been abolished in Italy some years earlier, but the lovely Carmelita carried out her own death sentence, strangling herself in her cell after one of her jailers had refused to become her lover.

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN HOLFORD

Colin Hodgson

What's Become of "Strawb" Turnbull?

WHEN a man represents his State at two sports and Australia at one, he's newsworthy, and he merits a place in this column—even though at 33 he is the youngest "veteran" yet presented.

"Strawb" Turnbull learnt his football at Cleveland Street High School. In 1933, he was chosen to represent N.S.W. at water polo, and held his place in the team for five years. War brought sports activities to a standstill, but he was back in the N.S.W. water polo team in 1946. In the meantime, he had played with an Australian team against the rest of the British Empire.

He had also taken a number of places in junior belt races, including a third in the N.S.W. championships.

In 1934, "Strawb," at 17, went into the Eastern Suburbs Rugby Union first-grade team, and a year later was chosen as lock in the State side. He was the ideal Union forward. He was the tackling type who was needed, and in 1939 he was a member of the Australian side which he boasts, did not lose a match in England.

The team did not play a solitary match, for war and the team's arrival in London synchronised. The team spent its time filling sandbags until it left for Australia.

At war's end, "Strawb" played football, with State representation, until 1948, when he retired.

His worst sporting moment? He says it was sitting by the radio in 1939 awaiting the announcement of the team for England. His best? Hearing his name given as being chosen for the trip.

"Strawb" these days is an estate agent at Bondi. He still swims and surfs competitively, and why not? Although he had 15 years of representative sport, you can't call him a veteran.

WHEN I WAS SIX FEET FOUR

(Continued from Page 43)

tant, for them as well as for me.

Big Simon tensed and poised like some jungle creature about to pounce.

Then, for the first time, I looked squarely into his eyes and I took a long, deep breath.

"Simon," I said, as evenly as I could, "if you come near me I'll bury the blade of this Plumb axe right in your bloody big skull!"

Well, a strange look came into his eyes and for the only time of our association I saw Big Simon waver and hesitate. I got up and held the axe like a golf stick and I walked straight at him. He didn't move but just stood there, perplexed. Then, as I got within an axe-swing of him I stopped.

"O.K. Simon. Throw a punch!"

"What if I do throw a punch —?"

"This blade'll bust your skull wide open. And it'll be self-defence."

Big Simon wasn't much of a psychologist. For a terrible moment I'd have given that science away, too. But just as I thought he was going to call my bluff, Big Simon bent over and patted his dog.

"C'mon, Skipper,' he said, "this bastard's crazy."

That was the beginning of the queerest and perhaps the briefest friendship I've ever known.

When I returned to my hut I was amazed to find it fairly bulging with food, beer and tobacco, redeemed by Big Simon from the sharp's board at the end of the compound.

Thereafter, Big Simon appointed himself my personal bodyguard and was swift to thunder a vicious warning at any person who so far dared as to try and outbid me in the poker school. Once, he bashed a logger almost into insensibility because the latter had made some sarcastic remark about the clatter of my typewriter at night.

I grew afraid of Big Simon's affection, because it was embarrassing my status with the other loggers, and one night I asked him if he would try to be a little less enthusiastic in the matter of our friendship.

"But you 'n me, we're mates," Big Simon protested, "an' any son-of-a-bitch who picks you picks me. That's how it goes, Bill."

I was landed with Big Simon's strange attachment and as the long days wore on and the storm grew worse, the feeling in the compound became very bad, almost explosive. Willy-nilly, it was Big Simon and me on one side and all the rest of the loggers on the other.

Somebody decided that to relieve the monotony we would stage an eight-a-side football match on the snow-covered compound. Big Simon thought it a great idea and forthwith decided that voting for the two captains be done by secret ballot, himself acting as scrutineer. Much to my amazement, I found myself elected captain of both teams! Nobody dared to question Big Simon's impartiality when counting the ballot papers.

I spoke harshly to Big Simon about that and all he did was grin and poke me in the chest with the ham that he called a fist. An opposing captain was duly elected but my side won easily, due chiefly to the rough-house tactics of my centre forward, Big Simon, who promptly buried anybody in the snow who made a move in my direction whenever I had possession of the ball.

I found myself praying for good weather, as obviously a faction fight was likely to break out at any moment.

It happened on the fifteenth day, just after Big Simon, full of liquor, called out the entire camp. From somewhere behind him a lump of six-by-four hardwood came flying out, catching Big Simon at the base of his skull. He reeled in little circles groggy, but suddenly very dangerous. I ran out and tried to cajole him away from the compound but he swept me aside and made for the nearest hut, which was empty.

In a slow dazed fashion, he mentally estimated the distance and decided that the missile could only have been thrown from the hut occupied by the two sharps.

He went in roaring and a few minutes later Sandy came hurtling out, both his arms broken. We heard a cry from the other sharp and presently out came Big Simon calling for his dog.

The loggers came out quietly and got themselves into a circle round Big Simon. I noticed that four of the men carried axes. This was it!

I ran up to Big Simon and spoke quietly.

"They're going to beat you up, mate," I said. "Make a break for it and don't ever come back here."

Big Simon grinned and patted the dog.

"I'll smear their guts all over the compound," he said.

"No you won't!" I argued. "They'll come at you altogether and you won't be in the race."

"O.K." he said. "So there's twelve of 'em. How do I make out, Bill?"

He might have been discussing a dozen pints of beer to be drunk.

"I'll talk to them," I said.

I told the loggers that Big Simon would quit the moment he could get a conveyance into Bombala and that meanwhile he'd stay in his hut and give no more trouble. They asked him if this were true and he nodded his agreement. They also demanded that they search his hut and empty out the wood alcohol. He reluctantly agreed to this as well.

Next day everything in the camp was peaceful and it was seen that Big Simon didn't leave his hut excepting for brief necessary periods.

For three days an unnatural peace settled over the camp, but on the fourth morning—the twentieth and final day of the blizzard—Big Simon was gone.

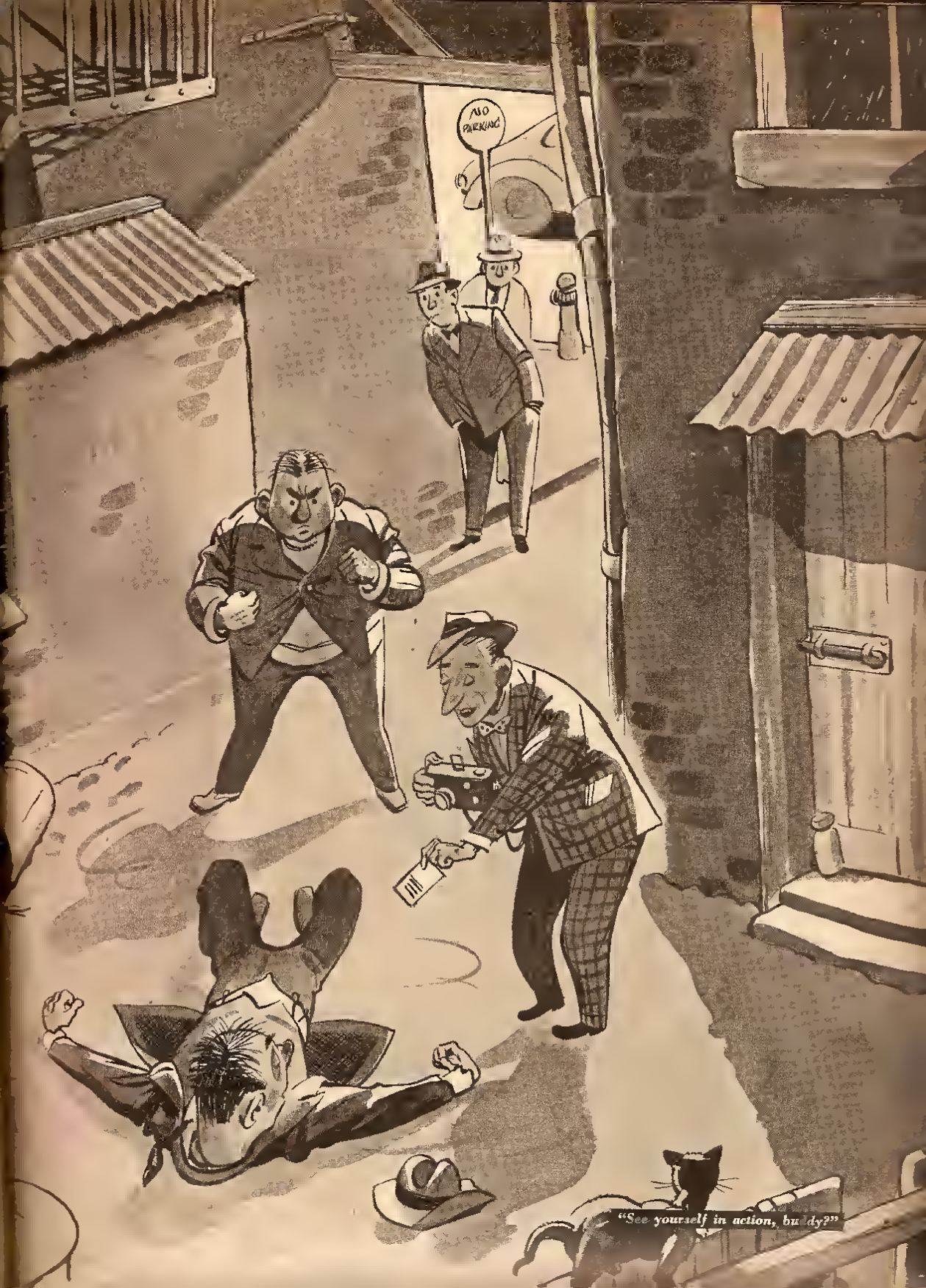
We found his tracks leading from the compound and the night's fall having been light we had no trouble in tracking him across the ridge, through the fallen timber, to the edge of the forest.

It was noon when we found his body, propped against the base of a giant bluegum, from which, through a fresh cavity, the varnish-like liquor was still oozing down, staining the pale-blue bark and settling in the dead grass, like blood.

The old dog lay half-asleep at Big Simon's feet but he essayed an abortive protest when we heaved the sodden remains of his master on to an improvised stretcher.

Big Simon, for all his primitive savagery, had been my affectionate mate for fourteen days, and I insisted that he be given the proper burial rights of any other afflicted Christian.

When he was alive, Big Simon stood six feet three. On that reckoning, and taking into consideration all the circumstances, I still maintain that I must have stood about six feet four.



"See yourself in action, buddy?"

REDHEADS

RAYMOND SLATTERY • FICTION

She was a lovely red-head, and although he knew about redheads, he thought he'd fight for her. He knew what to expect.

HE looked up from his desk and saw Mike standing there, and he was right back where he'd started. Mike twisted a grin from sullen lips

"Nice goin', Con Worked yourself in good here, eh Juano will be tickled"

"Juano can go to hell," Con said "And so can you."

"No way to talk," Mike said. "Juano wouldn't like—"

"What d'you want?" Con said He was thinking of prison walls and two years of dragging hell, and of Jenny. He said, "I'm going straight now, Mike Leave me alone, can't you?"

"What does he want? Why did Juano send you?"

"Just so's we could talk a little business You could use a hundred notes, maybe?"

"For what?" Con said "Didn't I just tell you—"

"You're going straight? Yeh, I know But a hundred would be handy, eh? What with your marriage plans, and all"

Con fought the tightness in his throat He said, "What do you know about my marriage plans, blast you."

"Everything," Mike said softly "Juano checked up on you. All he wants is a little information"

"Such as?"

"Such as the combination of that safe in your manager's office"

"Get out!" Con snapped. "I'm going straight"

"Or would you like me to drop a little hint about your prison record, and get you sacked?"

Con lit a smoke for himself He said, "I was waiting for that A certain detective-sergeant was shrewd enough to believe that I took the rap for a bunch of dingoes who left me holding the bag. He got me this job and the Boss knows all about me. I'm not letting either of 'em down"

Mike said, "That's tough Con. Because Juano ahs sets his fat heart on gettin' that combination, and"—he shrugged—"you know Juano."

"Goodbye, Mike," Con said

That night, Con called on Detective-Sergeant Challey.

"Juano, eh," Challey mused "Do you know where he is, son?"

"Mike didn't say," Con said "D'you mean he's in smoke, Mr Challey?"

"Yes If I could find him I'd pick him up for that Northside job, and he knows it"

A note came to him at the office two days later

> "So you went running to the cops And now I can't go near that safe. I won't forget, and you can start worrying right now. — Juano

When Juano told you to worry, you did just that. Con got through the day's work somehow, then hen headed for Jenny's place in the suburbs

Jenny's mother said, "Con what on earth are you doing here? Jenny went to meet you"

"Meet me?" He frowned "Where? Why?"

"At the station, of course She said you had a friend call her on the phone to say you had tickets for a show—"

"When did she leave?" Con cried

"Half an hour, maybe. Con, what does it mean?"

He left her and ran towards the railway station

There were few people about A porter hadn't seen any pretty blondes in the last hour. A newsboy at the station entrance had seen only one.

Neither detailfitted Jenny

He went back to the street and saw the glow of a pipe on a front verandah

"I'm looking for a girl . . . she's disappeared have you seen anything?"

The old man took the pipe from his lips, and spat.

"Did hear a bit of fuss awhile ago," he mumbled "A woman screamed, seemed like, then a car drivin' off"

Con went back to town and found Sergeant Challey. The policeman said, "And you think this is Juano's work?"

"Who else?" Con said "That fat devil . . . what are we going to do?"

"I'll have your girl's disappearance looked into," Challey said "If Juano's holding her, don't worry too much. I expect to find him within a very short time"

Con hurried to Sherman's billiard saloon. His luck was in

Mike was bent over a table, sullen eyes squinting along his cue The balls scattered Then he straightened, and saw

Con hit him. Again and again. Mike staggered under the fury of it, his cue cluttering to the floor.

DON'T CHANGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN

"Of course I realize that a pound isn't worth what it used to be, Higgins, but neither are you."

Con standing there

"Hullo, squealer," he spat. "How's the marriage plans comin' along?"

Con hit him. Again and again. Mike staggered under the mad fury of it, his cue clattering to the floor.

The smash of fists into flesh was a kind of relief for Con. It was all his pent-up anxiety and rage exploding in Mike's face. Mike went down.

"Where's my girl? Tell me, Mike or I'll kill you!"

"Don't know." Mike gasped. "Juano was goin' to . . . have her snatched . . ."

"Where'd he plan to take her?"

"Don't know. The place he's hidin' out in."

"You jump when he cracks the whip," Con snarled. "He sent you to see me the other day. You know . . ."

"No," Mike spluttered. "I only see Juano at Evie's place. In her rooms, over that joint she runs . . . you know Evie, his doll. She knows where the hide-out is . . . I don't."

Con bounced the head again, and Mike blacked out. Con pushed his way from the saloon. He couldn't imagine Evie telling him where Juano was, and there were difficulties in the way of choking it out of her. Broad-shouldered difficulties with guns on the hip.

But there was one thing about Evie that Con remembered. Maybe she's still like that, he thought. Lynx-eyed redheads like Evie don't change. It was an angle, he thought, and decided to play it that way.

The room was smoky and dim, with drinking couples pawing each other at the tables, and tough waiters ambling between.

A chubby brunette slid on to a chair at Con's table.

"Buy me a drink, mister?"

"I'll buy you a drink, and I'll give you a quid," Con said.

"Okay. It's a deal."

"And all you've got to do is take a message to Evie." Con told her the message.

The chubby brunette didn't like it. She said, "Say! Evie'd scratch my eyes out."

"You could phone her," Con said. "On the house phone. Disguise your voice—do it any way you like, so long as she gets the message."

"I've earned it harder," she shrugged, and sauntered away to the house phone.

Con stood in a shadowed doorway, watching. In a minute or two, even sooner than he'd dare hope, she came out. Evie. She was slim and small, her red hair shot with fire in the light from the club entrance. She hurried to a waiting taxi.

"All right, friend," a voice said. "What's the game?"

Panic screamed inside Con. The policeman, moving on rubber heels, had materialised from nowhere. He took Con's arm tightly.

"Let me go . . ." Con struggled. Evie was in the taxi, and it moved away. The constable said, "Let's have a look at you."

"The taxi," Con stormed. "I want to follow it—"

"Never mind that."

The taxi was a blur of light and glass away down the road. Con fought. The policeman said, "No you don't," and held his arm in a way that had nothing to it, except that your arm would break before the grip did.

"All right!" Con spat savagely. "I've lost the taxi, and my girl stays where she is. Now what?"

"Let's talk it over at the station," the cop said.

As Con and his captor entered the station a group of plain-clothes men, headed by Detective-Sergeant Challey, came out.

"Mr. Challey!" Con yelled, and he stopped.

"Hullo. What's the trouble?"

Con poured it out, all about Evie and the taxi and the interfering cop. "I was going to follow her to Juano's hide-out, see, and—"

"And get yourself rubbed out," Challey said. "Seems to me you've a lot to thank the constable for." Then, to the constable, "This man is okay, just worried about his girl, that's all. I suggest you let him come with me."

The police car whirled through the night. It was around ten o'clock. Juano had snatched Jenny three hours ago. Con thought of Juano's fat and greasy neck, and arched his fingers in the darkness. They travelled fast out of the city. Once, at a crossroads, they passed a taxi that was pulled in at the curb while its driver explored the

A Record to Remember

THE time, February, 1912; the place, Melbourne Cricket Ground, the occasion, the ninetieth Test between England and Australia and the fourth Test of the current series.

For England, this had been a successful tour, and as the fourth Test began, there was the knowledge that a win would clinch the series—a source of some satisfaction to a country which had won only two Tests out of ten during the previous two series.

Australia's captain, Clem Hill, and its greatest batsman, Vic Trumper, had passed their peak, but with Bardsley, Armstrong and Kelleway, the batting line-up was formidable. Cotter, too, was past his best, and the key-man of Australia's attack was Hordern. England's openers were Hobbs—and a man who, a few years before, had invariably batted last even for his county. His name was Wilfred Rhodes.

England won the toss, and sent Australia to bat on a wet wicket. The move came off: Australia totalled only 191 runs, of which Minnett scored 56. Next morning, England was in a winning position; no wickets had fallen for 54 runs. And the scene was set for record-making. Rhodes started uncertainly, but Hobbs, confident immediately, set about reducing the bowling to impotency.

Cotter, perhaps the world's fastest bowler until the coming of Larwood, failed and his figures at the end of the innings were no wickets for 125 runs. Hordern, bearing the brunt of the attack, could not break through the English defence.

Rhodes, the "rabbit" of previous years, passed his 100 with a square cut for four, and a new record partnership was in sight, for the best until then was 243, made by Hill and Hartigan at Adelaide for the eighth wicket in 1908. The passing of the record was almost anti-climactic. The crowd, frustrated by the failure of Australia's bowlers, barely raised a handclap. When Hobbs lost his wicket, the score stood at 323—a target for batsmen of the future to shoot at.

engine Con had a glimpse of fiery hair and a woman who smoked impatiently. Evie.

It was close to ten-thirty when the police car swung from the main road at Pulton and stopped at an old house that stood back behind the pines.

The gravel path crunched. From the shadow, Con watched the police surrounding the house, banging on doors, demanding admittance. There had been lights showing from upstairs windows. They went out.

A detective climbed through a lower-floor window. Con followed, at a distance. He was in a dark room, but he found the door and followed the glow of the police torch down the hall.

Con came to a staircase, and climbed.

Upstairs, he figured the position of those lights that had been extinguished. He moved along a carpeted corridor—thunder and lightning split the air, and a bullet sent a spray of wall plaster dusting his face. He dropped flat, sweating.

Police were clumping up the stairs. Con yelled, and flung himself against a door, and opened it.

He was in a room, and he clicked the switch. The light blinded him, but when sight returned he saw Jenny. Jenny, with the horror and fright and relief all mixed up in her eyes. She was gagged.

Outside, there were shots and the stamp of fighting feet. Con fumbled with the cords that bound Jenny, but the connecting door to the next room burst open. Con swung round. He saw a short, fat man backing into view and firing at police outside.

Con picked up a chair and hurled it. The man, unaware of Con's presence, closed the door and turned the key. The chair sprawled him against the wall, knocking the gun from his hand.

Con pounced on it. He said, "All right, Juano. Stand where you are, or I'll shoot."

"Go to hell," Juano said. He grinned the way he always did.

Con jerked a glance at Jenny, and said, "I think I'll kill you, anyway."

Outside, cops were banging on the two doors and yelling for admittance. Con lifted the automatic, aimed it at Juano and pulled the trigger.

"No bullets," Juano grinned, and closed with him.

For a hectic minute Con's blows bounced off the cushioning flesh, but a knee hard into the paunch made Juano swear. He smashed his skull against Con's face, and blood welled from the younger man's cheek. Then Juano's greasy hands were choking his life off at the throat, and stabbing his lungs with pain. A door burst in, and cops filled the room.

There were three prisoners. Con helped Jenny along in the massed exodus. She was crying softly, and he tried to soothe her.

The police driver had gone out ahead and beamed a spotlight on the gravel path. It was a powerful spotlight worked from the car, a precaution against any dash by the prisoners into the pine shadows.

There were nine people crunching along the path, and a tenth in the car. Challey said, "What a crowd. We'll need another car."

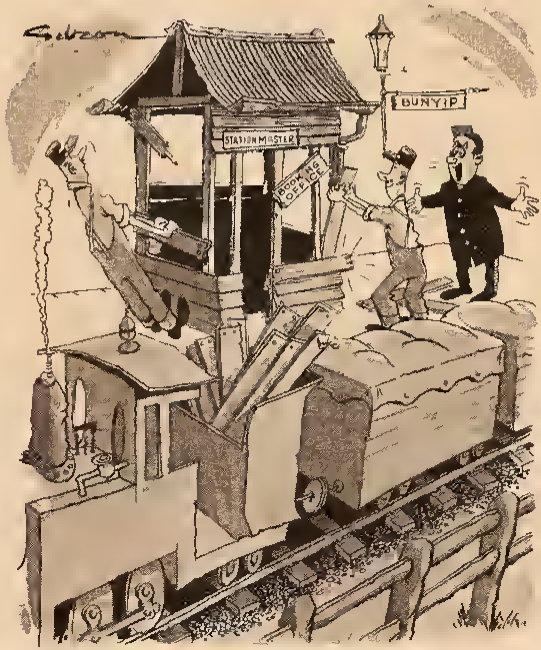
Just then another car arrived. A taxi. The passenger got out, a girl slim and small and with fiery hair. She looked at the party, led by Con and Jenny, coming along the path.

"Juano!" she screamed.

The shots crashed. Six times. Caught in the spotlight, handcuffed, flanked by detectives, Juano had no chance. Evie's gun was empty when the police grabbed her . . .

Juano was dead, and Con felt all right. True, it hadn't worked out as he'd planned, but he'd played it right when he had that chubby brunette tip Evie that "Juano had a woman with him at the hide-out."

Evie had always been the jealous type, and linx-eyed redheads don't change.



"Can't you blokes ever think to bring enough fuel to see you back?"

BLOOD CULT OF THE PACIFIC

A. A. JOEL • ARTICLE

Near at hand are islands where the natives have a savagely intense desire to overthrow white man and rule by their own tribal law.

A WIZENED brown man crouching over the embers of his fire saw visions. He planned death for others at the end of a knife, and found it for himself at the end of a rope.

The man's name was Buriga, and he is more than a single sensational fanatic. His visions were those that stir the minds of many strange, dark islanders: visions of the end of the white man

Civilisation has come among these natives of the Pacific, but in many places it has not yet come to them. Some of them are skilled enough to bers of his fire saw visions. drive trucks; but they are not skilled in avoiding the hold of the witch-doctor. So has the fantastic Cargo Cultism come among them. It is not much written about, but the experience with Buriga typifies it He attempted to raise rebellion among the natives of the Calvados, to wipe out the white man. He dreamed and planned by his fire with this end in view; and when he stirred himself there was a mad gleam in his eye as he tightened the tapa cloth around his waist

The village was already awake, and as the sorcerer left his hut The men waited for Buriga to address them But the witch-doctor did not want his dream to be unfolded to all He knew there were some who doubted his powers because of the cursed influence of the white Government

As he walked through the village he spoke to this one and that, and then, when the others had retired to a respectable distance, he told them of

his dream These were to be the disciples who would spread his prophecy through all the islands

This was the vision of Buriga as he told it to them.

"The spirits of our ancestors are about to return. They are coming back to you on a big ship, a ship five times larger than Morinda

"The great ship will be covered with coco-nuts and chairs and tables and other white man's goods, and there will be white men for the crew, and brown men will beat the white crew

"Go, clean the cemeteries and prepare for the return of your ancestors I will go to the top of the mountain called Leo and there will make great magic I will tap the top of the mountain and it will open up, and it will be even more full of white man's food than the great ship."

As proof of his mystical powers he offered to walk out into the sea and across the water As he did a wharf such as the white men built would rise behind him

Buriga rose and walked into the sea When the wharf did not rise he turned to the group on the coral beach with blazing eyes He called down upon them the imprecations of the damned and as he raved they grew silent for they were a simple people and perhaps, had they not doubted, Buriga would in truth have walked on a wharf that rose from behind him

The witch-doctor now prepared his enthralled listeners for the final part of his pronouncement

"For all this to be accomplished, you must kill a white man or the friends of the white man's government He waited while the significance of his words was absorbed by his disciples, and as he walked into his hut he knew that he had convinced them

Through the islands the word spread that Buriga had had a vision, and the men of the villages gathered around the disciples, their blood pounded through their veins as the tempting voices lured them on with promises of a world in which they would be the masters

From his hut, Buriga cast his spells and gradually the net spread until there was not one island or village where men were at peace with their souls.

The wave of madness gathered momentum and soon island after island, with their 4,000 inhabitants, was aflame Buriga had even influenced the government's police boys, Didimairo and Bona, who were pledged to help him Such was the state of affairs that the bluff, hearty patrol officer in the Papuan Service found when he arrived at the island to establish a government post

He meant to stamp out the flames of this mad uprising But he did not realise the power of the blood-lusting Buriga

By fleet-footed native messenger, Buriga received the news the government was after him, and when the patrol officer arrived at the witch-doctor's hut he found that Buriga had flown to an island 70 miles away

The officer made preparations to apprehend the fugitive With a half-caste trader, a corporal and a private of his native police-boys, he travelled by launch to the island Leaving the crew and the trader in

"What does fifty years' difference mean when one considers the age of the universe!"

SPORTING TIP:

THE GLIDE CRAWL

BY HAROLD HARDWICK,

Ex-Olympian and Officer-in-Charge of N.S.W. Schools Swimming Instruction

THE quick-recovery or over-taking arm action was first used in international competition by Japanese swimmers at the Olympic Games held at Los Angeles in 1932. The method met with such success that it has been adopted with varying degrees of modification by the majority of champion swimmers throughout the world.

In the quick-recovery method the right arm, extended forward enters the water for the drive However, instead of driving immediately, it is allowed to glide while the left arm is recovering quickly as if to overtake it. When the left hand is well past the head in the recovery, the right arm commences to drive, and before this stroke is completed, the left arm starts to drive also.

It is at this stage that both arms are in the water, for a brief period, at the same time

The duration of this period varies with different swimmers In the majority of cases it is hardly noticeable, as the right arm has almost completed the drive before the left arm starts its pulling moment.

Some swimmers, nevertheless, prolong the right arm glide until the left arm has almost overtaken it. In this timing, the right arm is only half-way through the drive before pressure on the water is applied by the left arm

Tests will show which timing suits the individual

The six-beat leg action and breathing technique of the Australian Crawl are incorporated in, and co-ordinated to, the movement.

the launch be walked ashore with his police-boys and his cook.

The natives on the beach were silent as he strode towards them, but his keen eye saw that they were all men. There were no women and no children. He knew that to be a dangerous sign.

The absence of any spears and axes, however, somewhat allayed his suspicions, but a search of the village failed to discover any of the wanted men

He followed the jungle pad to the next village, and there he asked Didimairo, the renegade police boy, to produce Buriga. Didimairo did not reply.

Grasping hold of Didimairo he ordered the corporal to put his handcuffs on him. Then, without warning, the sullen native came to life. With one strong hand he grabbed the corporal's wrist and with the other that of the private.

"Come and kill," he screamed

The coals of rebellion Buriga had been fanning burst into flame and the group closed in.

From hiding places in their tapa cloths the natives whipped razor-keen knives and killing-sticks of palm wood The officer struggled, but it was useless. One caught him around the body, another around the waist Two more pulled his legs from under him, and as he lay under the weight of their smelling, sweating bodies he was stabbed in the throat

A maddened native dashed in and, with an exultant cry, withdrew the knife, then slashed the dying man's throat with one sweep A like fate then befell the three boys.

Their gruesome task accomplished, the panting natives drew back as Buriga left his hiding place in the bush and walked towards them. There was blood lust in his eyes, for the killing had been too easy Now there was no obstacle to prevent his prophecies coming true.

A messenger was dispatched to bring the half-caste trader and the three boys in the crew. Unsuspecting the treachery, they came, and the trader was ambushed along the track. Once again knives flashed in the air.

The three boys waited their fate, but Buriga was worried, for he knew the purri purri of his captives' tribe was as great as his own, and to kill the boys might spoil all his plans. He ordered them to be guarded, but under no circumstances harmed.

Prompted by his curses the murderers hastened to finish their evil work. Lashing heavy stones with vines to the lifeless forms, they loaded them into a canoe and paddled to the deep water, and when they returned, their frail craft was empty.

The word spread through the island that the great ship would soon come with kai kai for all, and there was no more work in the gardens. The murderers put cassowary feathers in their hair to show the women that they had killed a man

The native clerk at the government post was worried that the officer had not come back, especially as he had taken only one day's food supply with him The clerk sent more food in a launch with instructions to the native crew to find the patrol officer.

To the inquiries the islanders replied as Buriga had instructed them. They had seen nothing of the government. Maybe he had been sunk in a sudden storm

That night, however, one of the captive boys escaped and swam out to the launch. He told the story of the killing, and so began the train of events that led to the downfall of the mad prophet of the brown men.

A party was dispatched to capture the killers.

The week that elapsed between the killing and the arrival of the avenging party had been a restless one for the natives.

Didimairo, disillusioned, saw the party approach. He fired as they came within range, but he was not quick enough. Two sharp cracks rang through the air as one of the police-boys pumped 303 bullets into his body.

There were a few more scattered shots and then it was all over The dream had burst like a soap bubble, and if testimony were needed, the natives saw it in the limp body of Didimairo

Buriga too had realized that after all he was only a man and not a god

His capture was an anti-climax to the reign of terror. Unarmed, clad only in their blue sulus, jumpers and red cummerbunds, two native policemen walked up to the hut They called for Buriga. He did not come. They walked in, and a few minutes later the sorcerer came out with them his feet shambling and his face downcast

That night, the native who thought he was the brown man's Messiah, lay on the tapa mat on the floor of his cell and he had another vision The warder found him in the morning, a brown form hanging from a rafter During the night he had plaited a rope, formed a noose and then had climbed up the wall where he secured the rope to a rafter Then he let himself fall

The disillusioned disciples, too, paid the price for believing Buriga's prophecies.

DON'T TRUST A NEW LEAF TILL YOU'VE LOOKED AT IT.

He tore up his costly etchings
And broke up their costly frames
And declared that never again would he
Spend nights showing etchings to dames.
He bought a new gramophone cabinet
And carefully chose each new disc,
And music became his main interest,
And in music his interest was brisk.
When queried he said he was happy
With Crosby, Paul Whiteman and Bach.
You need lights up to demonstrate etchings;
You can listen to discs in the dark.

—M. McM.

"Mr. Shorter! I do believe you are trying to hypnotise me!"

6 SIX UNDER THE EARTH

When the coal-rich ground rebels and seeks to trap those who plunder it, human life and emotion struggle for survival.

ROALDUS RICHMOND ● FICTION

THERE were six of us caught when the cave-in came. It was like being drowned deep in the solid earth. We were working the 3,000-foot level, more than half-a-mile down in the mine. It started with a surging rumbling sound that grew into a great roar, and the tunnel filled up and cut us off. Watching it and choking in the heavy dust, we stood there waiting for the whole thing to go and bury us. But after awhile it stopped, the roaring and shaking faded, the earth quit rocking and vibrating. And we stood there trapped and frozen, staring and dumb in the dead-end.

Sertich had been pushing a loaded car toward the shaft when it caught him. We heard Sertich scream through the thunder as it came down and crushed him under. Then we could hear him groaning and swearing and calling for help.

"Come on," Ashbaugh said. "We got to get him out."

The lamp on Sertich's hat was still burning and maybe he was still under it. He was, covered almost to his shoulders, senseless but still breathing in the thick dust. Ash sent the rest of us back while he and big Mihalik dug Sertich out. Big Mike carried Sertich carefully along the tunnel and laid him down, easy and gentle. Ash kneeled down to see how bad it was. Both legs were broken and blood was coming out of Sertich's mouth. We could see the shine of it on his black face in the light from Ash's cap.

"Looks pretty bad," old man Bytnar said. "Poor Sertich."

"Poor, hell!" said Hodkey. "He's done, he's lucky."

"Yeah," Mihalik said. "Maybe he is."

"Shut up," Ashbaugh said, on his knees working over Sertich.

Hodkey stood and swore at the blocked-in passage. He was even bigger than Mihalik, taller and wider with great broad shoulders and long arms corded with muscle. Hodkey came back and looked down at Sertich.

"Wastin' your time, Ash," Hodkey said. "He's gone, and damn lucky too. The first one. He ain't got to wait for it like us."

Mike Mihalik nodded and said, "Yuh."

"Shut up," Ash said again, busy on his knees beside Sertich.

I watched Ashbaugh's lean hard-jawed face in the light and shadow. It was a fine strong face and I tried to take comfort in it, but I felt too sick and smothered with terror. There was an awful tearing in my chest and throat, a kind of screaming inside me. The worst of it was we were so helpless, there was nothing to do but wait, wait . . . I was glad Ash was with us anyway.

"I lived through one," old man Bytnar said, shaking his narrow sooty grey head. "I knew another would come sometime . . . You don't live through more than one."

"They'll get us out—maybe," Mihalik said.

"Sure they'll get us out," Ashbaugh said. "You boys better start diggin' through there."

"To hell with diggin'!" Hodkey said. "The whole thing went except this end. We start diggin' and this'll go too."

"Well, they'll get through to us maybe," Mihalik said.

Hodkey spat and leaned against the wall disgusted, a big ugly brute of a man. "How in the hell do you figure that? They don't know where we are. They don't know where to start. They don't give a damn, only six of us. They think we're dead already down here."

"We got food in our dinner-pails," I said.

"It ain't food we need," Hodkey said. "A man can live without food quite awhile. It's air we need, kid, and water. Air to breathe and water to drink."

It was true, the water had been buried in the landslide. I felt my throat tighten up, dry and hot and thirsty. I felt myself begin to suffocate, lungs pumping and heaving and fighting for breath. The dust had settled some but the taste of coal stayed rank and bitter in my mouth.

"They'll put an airline through," Ashbaugh said. "They'll get air to us."

"How long can we last in here?" I asked, trying to keep my voice level.

Hodkey laughed. "Not very damn long, brother."

"Two-three days," Bytnar, the old-timer, said. "Maybe not so long. Can't say for sure."

Ashbaugh stood up and turned away from Sertich. "That's about all I can do." He placed Sertich's lamp carefully on the floor and sat down beside it, stretching his long legs and rubbing his cramped knees.

We all sat down with our backs to the rough wall. It was damp and cold in the tunnel, and already the air seemed scarce and poor. Sertich's breath made a slow ragged bubbling sound, and old man Bytnar began to cough, his thin bent body shaking with it. The weight of the earth seemed to bear down on us as we sat there and didn't look at one another. Sertich gave a moan and his stocky broken body twisted. I tried to shut my ears to his breathing and Bytnar's coughing. There was nothing to do but sit there under that crushing pressure and wait to be rescued or to die.

Hodkey glared at the unconscious Sertich. "Why don't you die, damn you? Usin' up our good air, dead and still breathin'. Why don't you die, Sertich?"

Ashbaugh looked at Hodkey but said nothing. Nobody else spoke for a long time. We just sat there listening to the dying man breathe and hearing Byt-

Hodkey heaved his mighty bulk upright and crouched there cursing and panting. "Kill him," Hodkey said. "Put him out of it."

Illustrated by Jack Waugh

KIND OF MAN I LIKE

By Eveline Iljadica,
Well-known Model.

THE basis of all successful human relationships, I think, is trust That is why I look first for honesty of outlook and lack of jealousy I believe, too, that tolerance of another's weaknesses and recognition of your own are factors that make for true harmony.

I know it is impossible for two people with ardent feelings towards one another to get along without an occasional tiff But the man I like will not prolong our differences to the point of nagging, for I think that if there is anything worse than a nagging woman, it is the male of the species.

I would not expect him to devote all his time to me, and in return I ask that he allow me some personal freedom. By the same token, I think that mutual interests are essential. For instance, I never get tired of night-clubbing and I'm afraid that if night life doesn't appeal to a man, our friendship will be short-lived I like crowds, gaiety, and dancing. So must he.

I am impatient with the fellow who gambles beyond his income, and even of the one who, although able to afford losses, makes horse-racing a main topic of conversation.

The man I like best dresses well in a conservative style. He is ambitious in his profession, but not one-track minded He gets ahead on ability and personality, not on influence

I think that a man is at his best at the age of 25, for by that age he should have at least begun to establish himself as a businessman and as an individual

THE GIRL: Eveline Iljadica; birthplace, Sydney; age, 18; height, 5ft 7in; weight, eight stone seven pounds; bust, 33ins.; waist, 23in; hips, 34in; hair, brown; eyes, blue

nar's hacking cough, thinking our own thoughts, clenching our teeth at the awful tortured sound Sertieb made.

I was trying to pray. I hadn't for a long time and it came hard. It was cowardly to start praying now, I suppose, because I was in a tough spot. But I didn't care, I tried to, thinking of my mother and sisters and brothers, my father who had died in the mines just like I was dying, my brother Dave who was killed on Saipan . . . If Dad and Dave were alive I probably wouldn't be down here in the mine I would have finished high school and maybe got a chance to play professional baseball, the coach said I was good enough for Double-A anyway. So instead of praying I was thinking how I might have started with Erie or Oil City and gone up to Harrisburg or Allentown in the Inter-State and maybe even wound up with the Pirates someday

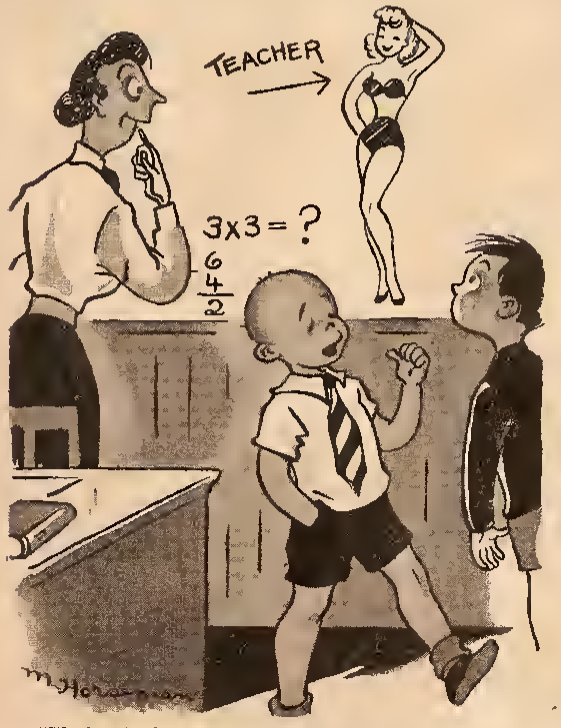
I had seen other cave-ins from the outside, and I knew what it was like up on the surface. The women weeping and crying, the kids bawling, the men with faces drawn tight, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed. After the word got around the newspapermen would come, and then the crowds up from other towns and cities. They would come driving big polished cars and some of them would bring lunches and make a picnic out of it There would be women in tight slacks and shiny colored shirts with dark glasses on their painted faces and bright scarves on their heads, and they would drink cocktails out of big thermos bottles and nibble dainty sandwiches and scatter cigarettes red with lipstick all over the place. I had seen them before.

Somebody was sure to set up stands selling coffee and sandwiches, soda and hotdogs, and it would be something like a country fair with the smell of frying onions and meat, hotdogs and mustard, and people hanging around smoking and talking, taking pictures and laughing . . . Only there would be a tension and feeling that you don't get at a fair. And the sound of women crying underneath it.

None of us except old Bytnar had ever been caught before. But if you work in the mines you always have the feeling that it will come sooner or later. I had dreamt about it once in awhile, waking up with a jerk, scared and sweating all over. The fear had always been in the back of my mind, and now that it had happened I felt as if I'd known all the time it was coming, as if I'd been through it before. And still it seemed unreal, impossible, a nightmare that I couldn't quite believe was true.

Buried way down in the earth you lose all sense of time, everything is blotted out under the crushing down-pressing weight that is on you . . .

You think of how it is up there on top with a whole skyful of fresh air to breathe, with sunshine and blue skies by day, moonlight and stars at night, green grass growing and waving in the breeze, tall trees and pretty flowers, rivers running cool and bright, lakes lying calm and smooth, everything wide open and free and clean. And you think that this is a hell of a way to die, smothered deep in the ground without a chance to fight back. You have always known it was a hell of a way to live and work too, but you've never been able to get away from it any more than the



"That's a heck of a lot quicker than writing 'I'm a bad boy' a hundred times."

others have. And now you are not really surprised at coming to die this way. You just wish it had come quick and sudden without the long wait in the chilling darkness

Sertich started screaming, a hideous shattering scream Hodkey heaved his mighty hulk upright and crouched there cursing and panting "Kill him," Hodkey said. "Put him out of it I'll kill him if nobody else's got the guts to Put the poor bastard outa his misery." Sertich screamed again, his smashed body writhing and threshing Hodkey roared and reached for a pick-handle.

Ashbaugh stood up and moved in front of Hodkey "Sit down, Hod," Ash said quietly. He was tall and rangy but he looked slim against Hodkey's huge frame My jaws were clamped so tight my teeth ached numbly and my face felt stiff.

Hodkey glared at him, fingers working on the pick-handle. "You goin' to let a man suffer like that?"

Ashbaugh looked at him, hard and steady "How would you feel, Hod, if you killed him and the rescue party came through?"

"Outa my way!" Hodkey said, big yellow teeth showing as his thick lips skinned back "Rescue party he damned I ain't listenin' to no man suffer like that!" Hodkey lurched forward but Ash blocked his way They stood almost chest to chest staring at each other Ash was too close for Hodkey to use the pick. Ash was fast as lightning and Hodkey knew it.

Big Mike Mihalik swung up alongside of Ashbaugh and shoved Hodkey back "Yuh," Mike grunted "Leave him be Go set down"

Hodkey looked at the two of them, shook his shaggy head, and sat down against the wall Ash and Mike settled down near where Sertich was lying. Old man Bytnar shook with a fit of coughing, and then there was silence. The lamps lighted the craggy dark walls and timbers and touched the shadowy coal-blackened faces. No one spoke. The only sound was our breathing. Bytnar's cough, and the moaning rasp of Sertich's slow breath

After a long time I realized I couldn't hear Sertich any more. Every so often Ashbaugh went and knelt beside him. I watched Ash's strong-boned face, etched and shaded under his lamp.

"Gone?" Mihalik asked

Ash shook his head "Not yet."

"What time is it?" I wanted to know.

Old Bytnar looked at his watched. "It's stopped, son" He screwed up his knobby wrinkled face and pulled at his stained grey mustache "A bad sign"

"How long's it been?" asked Mihalik.

"About twelve hours," I guessed

Old man Bytnar cackled "More like three or four"

I glanced at Ash and he nodded his head

Hodkey said, "If they're workin' on the other side we oughta hear 'em"

"Musta been a big one," Bytnar said "Most likely the whole level went"

"They oughta be comin'," Hodkey growled.

"It's slow work,' Ashbaugh said "It takes time"

"It'll go out on the radio tonight," Bytnar said "From Pittsburgh to Philadelphia and New York To Cleveland and Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis All over the country and the world they'll know about it"

"Helluva lot of good that does us!" Hodkey snorted "What do you suppose they care? Some of them white-collar bastards that think we're gettin' too much pay oughta be down in here now"

"There'll be newspaper reporters and photographers when we go up," Bytnar said. "There was that other time, I remember. The picture flash scared me when it went off"

"It won't this time," Hodkey said, laughing "You'll go up feet first this time, grampaw"

Mihalik scowled at him "That ain't no way to talk, Hod"

"It's reversible . . . red on the other side."

Ashbaugh moved nearer to Sertich and bent his head down. He stayed there longer than usual, and we were all watching him. Mihalik looked across at me and shook his head. Ash finally spread a jacket over Sertich's face and straightened up. We were all relieved to have Sertich dead. He had been broken up inside and suffering something awful. He was better off dead all right.

"What we do now?" Mihalik asked.

"Dig him a grave," Ashbaugh said.

Hodkey laughed. "Ain't this grave enough, for chrisake?"

"We'll bury him for now," Ash said. "We can't just leave him lyin' here."

"Poor Sertich," said Bytnar. "Five young ones he leaves."

"What they do, those kids?" Mihalik said. "What happens to them?"

"Oh, they'll go in the mines," I said. "When they get big enough." I hadn't intended to go in the mines until my father was killed, and then Dave . . . *"They won't get you,"* my mother always said. *"They'll never get you!"* But they got me just like they got practically every boy that was born into a miner's family in a mining town.

Ash was searching my face with his clear grey eyes. "Come on, Remy," he said. "Bring your tools and help me dig at the other end. Mike, you bring Sertich."

I walked down the tunnel with Ashbaugh, glad of something to do even if it was digging a grave. The light from our lamps danced dully ahead of us.

"Is there any chance, Ash?" I asked. "Tell me what you think."

"Sure there's a chance," Ashbaugh said. "Don't listen to Hodkey. We're goin' to have trouble with him, Remy."

"You and Mike can handle him," I said.

"I can take him alone," Ash said grimly. "If I have to."

We began digging at the far end of the tunnel. Mihalik came carrying Sertich's body, and the three of us worked silently digging the shallow grave. Then Ash and Mike lowered Sertich into it, and we covered him lightly with coal and dirt. Afterward we stood for a moment with bowed heads looking down at the crude grave, and Mike crossed himself and moved his lips without saying anything out loud. I glanced at the rugged dirty faces of Ashbaugh and Mihalik varnished with sweat in the flare of light. If you had to be buried alive they were a good pair to have with you.

"We'll take him up when we go, huh?" Mihalik frowned at Ashbaugh.

"Sure, Mike," Ash said. "We'll take him up with us."

We walked slowly back along the tunnel. When we reached the others old man Bytnar was coughing hard and Hodkey was swearing at him. Hodkey stopped cursing and leered up at us. "Did you give Sertich a good sendoff?"

Ashbaugh nodded. "Not much ceremony."

Hodkey laughed loudly. "Old Bytnar'll be the next one. Listen to that cough he's got. Ain't that a bad one? An old man can't last long with a cough like that. I'll bet two to one Bytnar goes next. What you say, old man?"

Mihalik muttered under his breath and eyed Hodkey narrowly.

Bytnar raised his thin twisted face to snap back at Hodkey, but his words were lost in a violent spell of coughing that racked his small withered body.

"We can't just sit here," Ashbaugh said. "We've got to do somethin'."

"What we goin' to do?" sneered Hodkey. "You tell us what to do, Ash, you're a bright feller. You tell us how to get out."

"All right, I'll tell you," Ash said. "We'll start cuttin' through. Anythin' is better than just sittin' and waitin'."

"You want us to get what Sertich got?" Hodkey said. "You wanta bring the whole works down on top of us, huh?"

"We can work careful," Ash said patiently. "We can take it slow and see if it's safe or not." Mihalik and I agreed with him and Ash went on: "We'll work in two shifts. Hodkey and I'll take the first. Mike and Remy the second. Bytnar can help out when he feels like it. Come on, Hod."

"All right," said Hodkey. "Might as well bring the roof down as set around and suffocate slow."

Ashbaugh and Hodkey went to work on the blockade. After a time old man Bytnar got out and joined them. Mihalik and I lay back in the damp shadows, watching them work and thinking our thoughts. The cold was getting inside me now, aching bone-deep.

I thought of my mother sitting there on top waiting and hoping. She wouldn't cry and carry on so much as some of the womenfolks perhaps, but she would feel it even worse inside herself. The kids would get no supper at home tonight, unless she made the girls go back to town and get the meal. Little Basil was probably having the time of his life, eating hotdogs and bragging to the other kids about his brother being down there. . . . I could see my mother's worn face wet with tears, her washed-out blue eyes and grey-streaked head, her veined hands twisting together. What a lot she had been forced to stand in this world. First losing her husband in the mines, then her oldest boy Dave in the war, and now her second son in the mines again. "They'll never kill Remy in their mines," she used to say over and over. But once a family is swallowed in the mines it's hard getting out.

Sertich's wife would be up there too, not knowing Sertich was already dead. Up there they didn't know whether any of us were alive or not, but until they knew for sure we would be alive in their hopes . . . Old Bytnar's woman was on top waiting for them to dig her husband out again. She had seen him come back from the dead once, and I wondered if her faith was firm enough to believe in a second miracle.

Hodkey's great fat mountain of a wife would be there, making jokes as if at a party, laughing and shaking all over, showing off like she always did at public gatherings, boasting that nothing could harm her Hod, throwing a beefy arm around some reporter: "Yes, honey, my man's down there but he'll come out all right . . ."

And Mihalik's little woman, plain and quiet, nice and gentle as a dove, dry-eyed and tight-lipped, calm and brave as she crossed herself in silent prayer . . . Ashbaugh's pretty young bride with her bright head bowed on some older woman's shoulder, maybe my mother's, wondering if her unborn child would ever see his fine straight father.

I was the youngest of the men and had no wife, but I had Lotta—some of the time, at least. I wondered if she cried and prayed for me, if she cared

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STUDY BY EVERARD

whether they brought me up alive and whole or stiff and stark, boots first. Would she be heart-broken, or would she forget tomorrow and be as gay and flighty as ever, dancing and laughing and making love with that Jake Molenda? . . . I didn't know, and I didn't care so much now as I might have. Things like that aren't so important when you are trapped half-a-mile underground.

We worked a long time in relays. It was better to work than to lie there in the cold and think. But working used up more oxygen and made us thirsty, and knowing there was no water made our thirst all the harder. We had milk or coffee in our lunch-pails and we drank that sparingly, a little at a time. But when a man is really thirsty nothing will do but water.

I was dozing off, cramped at the foot of the wall, when I heard Hodkey roaring at old man Bytnar, "Get outa my way, you coughin' old bastard!" Looking up in the weird dim flicker-flare of light I saw the powerful Hodkey grab little Bytnar and slam him savagely against the side of the tunnel. Bytnar bounced off the wall, the breath driven from his body in a long wheezing gasp. He fell twisting to the ground and I heard the splintering crash of glass as his lamp broke.

Hodkey started after the old man but Ashbaugh caught him and spun him around like a huge ungainly top, crowding and beating Hodkey back along the passage. Hodkey tripped and landed heavily on his back with Ash on top of him and riding him down. Ash's left hand was fastened tight on Hodkey's bull-neck, and his right fist was drawn and cocked, ready to slug that ugly snarling face on the floor. I got up and followed Mihalik toward them.

"You — leave — him — alone," Ashbaugh said, very slowly and distinctly, and fear shone through the wild fury in Hodkey's eyes. Ash climbed off him, moving quick and light and smooth, and stood balanced easy, watching Hodkey heave himself up, slow and ponderous.

"Sorry," mumbled Hodkey, rubbing his thick neck, turning his brutal head from side to side, fumbling with his hat and lamp. "He got in my way. I just pushed him."

Mike Mihalik shouldered in at Hodkey. "No more pushin'. You touch Bytnar again I'll break your back, Hod!"

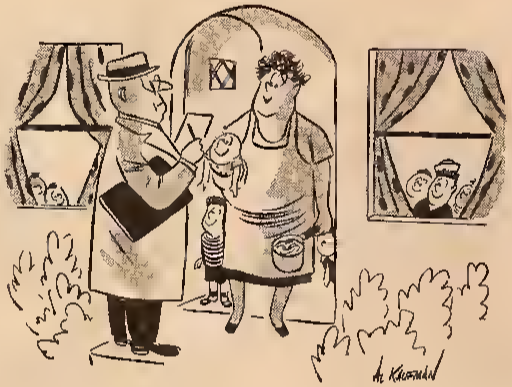
"Listen," Ashbaugh said. "We're all in here together. We're all up against the same thing. It's crazy to fight among ourselves. The next one to start trouble—" Ash's voice was mild, almost gentle—"I'll tear the head off him."

I was kneeling beside Bytnar. The old man lay where he had fallen, sobbing and groaning, coughing and choking. I tried to move him but he shook his grey head that was bald on top. I made him as comfortable as I could.

"My lamp," Bytnar panted. "It's out—broke." He coughed harshly. "A bad sign. The watch first . . . Now the lamp."

I told him it didn't matter, didn't mean a thing. I don't believe he heard me at all.

I stretched out beside Mihalik. Mike's great chest heaved and the muscles stood out along his gleaming solid jaw. His narrowed eyes kept turning to the sullen bulk of Hodkey.



"We have about eleven children."

Ashbaugh took his place near Bytnar, watching Hodkey coldly. Hodkey swore and threw a chunk of coal at the barricade. There was a madness in Hodkey that you could feel, a blind unreasoning hate for Ash and all of us that sent icy shivers along my spine. Across the way Bytnar started coughing again.

"Stop coughin', dammit, stop coughin'!" raged Hodkey, sudden and hoarse after a long heavy silence.

"I can't," Bytnar choked out, "Can't stop."

"Die then!" Hodkey said with a snarling laugh. "Crawl off and die."

"Shut up, Hodkey," Ashbaugh said evenly.

"Why don't he stop coughin'?" Hodkey demanded. "It's drivin' me nuts! He's doin' it on purpose."

Mihalik stirred his broad shoulders and flexed his mighty arms, eyeing Hodkey with sharp interest.

"I can't stop," old man Bytnar panted. "Can't help it." He went off into another spasm.

"Cough all you want," Mihalik said.

Hodkey glared around like a big cornered animal but said nothing. The corridor was silent again except for the breathing of four men and the strangling cough of one. The pressure on us seemed to increase, crushing in with all the weight of the earth above and around us. Nobody spoke for a time. It might have been an hour or it might have been ten minutes. Then Hodkey lurched upright, towering in the tunnel, his black face horrible to see.

"I'll stop your coughin'!" Hodkey grated. "I'll fix that goddam cough!"

"Hodkey!" Ashbaugh's voice rang clear as he came up quickly and sprang after that broad hulking form.

Hodkey stumbled on toward Bytnar's shrinking figure like some maddened monster. Mike and I jumped up and paced after them. Hodkey whirled around all at once, and we saw then that he held a steel bar in his hand. Hodkey's teeth showed in a snarl as he lifted the bar to strike. Ash stopped short and stood half-crouched on his toes.

"Drop that bar, Hod," he said.

Hodkey laughed. "Who made you boss, huh?"

"Drop it!" Ash slid forward on his toes, poised and ready.

I felt Mike Mihalik quiver beside me and saw him lunge ahead. Hodkey heaved and swung the heavy bar at Ash, but Mike's reckless plunge carried him in between them before the blow fell. There was a dull solid *thwack* and the sickening crunch of flesh-and-bone under steel. Mike Mihalik reeled back, bent in the middle, then reared straight up and toppled slowly like a great tree. Ashbaugh knocked Hodkey down clear across the tunnel and landed on top of him with a panther leap. Fists working like trip-hammers, Ash smashed Hodkey's face and beat his head into the stone floor.

I knelt beside Mike. His skull was crushed right down into his bloody face. I turned away swearing and sick, sicker than I'd ever been before. Slipping to my hands and knees I swayed there, torn in two by a burning retching agony. Long after my stomach was empty it went on turning and leaping, and I gagged and drooled until my throat felt raw and ripped out. My eyes streamed scalding tears and bulged almost out of their sockets. I couldn't breathe and I couldn't keep my stomach down where it belonged. I really wanted to die then, I didn't care about living at all.

Ash had knocked Hodkey out and was tying his wrists together behind his back with a length of rope. I got up holding onto the wall as soon as I could. Old man Bytnar was wailing and whining between coughs. Leaning on the wall I watched Ash run the rope down and lash Hodkey's ankles tight to his wrists. Ash's face was all out of shape with feeling as he looked down at Hodkey. Ash's whole frame swelled as if charged with an electric current. His heavy boot kicked at Hodkey as if Ash had no control over it.

"I ought to kill him," Ash said through his teeth. "With my own hands. I ought to kill the dirty son."

Old man Bytnar was up on all fours now. "Mike?" he said. "Mike? . . . Where's Mike?"

"Dead," Ashbaugh said. "Give me a hand, Remy."

Bytnar fell back silent except for his coughing. Ash threw a coat over Mihalik's head and shoulders. Grasping the legs we dragged Mike's heavy body to the dead-end of the tunnel where we had buried Sertich. "Grave?" I said, and Ash shook his head. We were beyond that stage . . . I leaned against an upright, sick again. Ash's hand was strong and steady on my shoulder.

When we got back to the others Hodkey had come to and was raving like a maniac wrestling about in the dirt and fighting to free his arms and legs. Old Bytnar lay there like a bundle of old clothes. Ashbaugh stood over Hodkey.

"That was murder, Hodkey and you're gon' to die for it," Ash said. "You'll go to the chair, Hodkey, unless the boys get hold of you first. You know what they thought of Mike Mihalik. They'd want to soak

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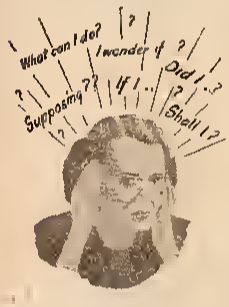

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you in gasoline and set fire to you, or cut you to pieces with a blowtorch . . . You'll pay one way or another, Hodkey. I ought to kill you myself. I'd like nothin' better . . . But you'll get it, Hodkey. Either down here or up there."

Old Bytnar looked up with his thin wasted face. "Hope I see it," he said. "Wanta see Hodkey die. Said I'd be next—but I won't . . . I'll live to see Hodkey die." Bytnar laughed but it broke off into ragged coughing.

Hodkey was raging madly, screaming curses, straining at the rope that hitched his wrists and ankles behind him.

Bytnar held his frail old body against the side of the tunnel. "Hodkey lost his bet. Wanta bet again, Hodkey?" He cackled with laughter. "You're as good as dead right now. They'll tear you apart when they hear what you done to Mike!" Bytnar laughed again but that hacking cough came back to rip through the laughter and leave him choking and gasping.

I slept from exhaustion, restless fitful sleep full of queer crazy dreams. Every time I woke up Bytnar was coughing and Asbbaugh was awake, sitting up straight against the wall. The air was bad and getting worse all the time, and it was hard to breathe now. Once when I woke Hodkey was begging, "Cut me loose, for crisake cut me loose! Don't leave me all tied up. We're all dyin' here, we're all dead men, you damn fools!" Nobody answered him. I drifted off again.

Every time I went to sleep I thought it was the last time. I didn't care much if I woke up or not. Sleep was peaceful and nice . . . One time I'd wake up burning in hell, and the next time I'd be freezing to the bone. I dreamed about lovely hot sunshine washing me in golden warmth, glowing through my bare flesh. I dreamed about drinking cold pure water from a brook that made rippling silver music. About diving into the cool clear depths of a lake with a clean sand bottom . . . I opened my aching eyes and saw Ash's face like something carved out of a shining grimed bronze. Old Bytnar's cough echoed through our tomb. Hodkey's raving made a chill prickling up my spine and tightened the scalp on my head.

Coming to once more I was startled by the stillness. I opened my mouth to scream but no sound came. Then I realized that Bytnar was no longer coughing. I crawled over to the old man and held my lamp down. His eyes were staring up, wide open and sightless. His mouth sagged loose, and blood clotted his mustache and caked his thin corded neck.

"Dead?" Ash said over my shoulder.

"Yeah." My voice sounded flat and far away.

Hodkey scraped and thrashed about in the dirt. "Bytnar dead? . . Cut me loose, please cut me loose. I won't make no trouble, Ash. This is killin' me, I'm all outa joint, I can't stand it. Only three of us left and we ain't got much longer . . ."

Ashbaugh lifted Bytnar easily and carried his small body down the tunnel. Bytnar hadn't lived through his second one, but he might have if it hadn't been for Hodkey. The flashlight bulbs wouldn't scare Bytnar this time . . . Ash came back and stood thoughtfully over Hodkey.

"Turn me loose, Ash," pleaded Hodkey. "Only three of us now."

"All right," Ash said and bent to untie the rope. "But I'll be watchin' you, Hod. You make a move and I'll kill you."

Hodkey groaned as the blood started circulating again. "I won't, I won't do nothin'," he whined, moaning with the cramped numbness of his limbs. "I won't make no trouble, Ash."

I felt sorry for Hodkey in spite of what he had done, and I guess Ash did too. Hodkey was just a big wild half-crazy animal, but he seemed tame enough now. For the dead I couldn't feel too sorry, because they were better off than we were. I would have missed big Mike Mihalik, but I figured we'd all be with him before long.

I settled back and tried to sink into sleep again. Ash sat straightback against the wall, strang and alert and tireless, holding the iron bar across his knees and watching Hodkey on the other side of the tunnel.

"Hear that!" Hodkey yelled all of a sudden. "Hear it! Hear 'em on the other side. They're comin' through!"

"Quiet a minute," Ashbaugh said. We listened hard, straining our ears. Faintly came the muffled distant sound of men drilling through the earth.

"I told you I could hear it!" Hodkey cried. "They're comin', Ash!"

"Take it easy," Ash said. "They're a long ways off. We've still got a long time to wait."

"Let's dig through to meet 'em," Hodkey said. "This stinkin' air ain't gom' to last much longer. And all our food and drink is gone."

"All right, Hod," said Ashbaugh. "You work one shift. Remy and I'll take the other."

Hodkey toiled for a while at the barrier of earth and coal timber and rock. He came back

(Page 84, please)

"The winner!"

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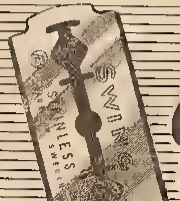

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HIS CLOTHES

A MAN Department

AS BIG DEMANDS SUBSIDE, OVERSEAS MAKERS SEEK TO POPULARISE NEW MALE FASHIONS.

The States have become the world leaders of men's styling, not because films have made men clothes conscious, but because the Yankee suit-stylist builds a better mousetrap, and male beasts interested in trapping mice find a higher percentage of successes when they're dressed to kill, the smooth way. It is well known that the Yank male is far more clothes conscious than the Australian blade, but in spite of this the American trade reports a sharp falling off in clothing sales. One result is that clothing prices are expected to come down in the American stores. Another result is a crop of new style ideas.

Leading new trend is the return to greater favour of the single-breasted suit. It has been right in the background of late, and the d.b. with drape has been the big shot. But 1950 will see big promotion of s.b. suits, cut with a modified drape, and using the peaked d.b. lapels instead of the notched lapels favoured for s.b. suits by English designers. The s.b. cut will include wide shoulders falling to a neat waist and a long, well-fitting skirt to the coat. Sleeves will be slightly tapered, and the two-button front, with the top button actually used for fastening, will be the smart man's choice.

* * *

The colour line is ultimately drawn by the purchaser. Sometimes he is forced into buying something he doesn't want, and what he'd really like is not available. In shirts abroad, he has refused stripes in a fairly big way, demanding white shirts, or plain colours. Pastel shades are wanted everywhere: a major retailer reported, "We showed pastels and the original orders were light, despite our anticipation that pastels would sell like hot cakes."

With the demand for plain pastel shirts has come an increasing interest in plain ties—a complete swing from the over-picturesque neckwear of the near past. Sample colour schemes regarded as smart and fashionable:

- Apple green shirt with plain maroon tie;
- Light fawn shirt with mid-blue plain tie;
- Light yellow shirt (or deep cream) with a light nigger brown (or chocolate) tie.

In any case the collars are wide-cut and welted, and the knots are, of course, Windsor style. There is still nothing against bows: they are optional. But if you're wearing a ribbon tie, please note that style demands a big tie—one with plenty of length and the ends good and wide.

* * *

Many a girl thinks you can't have too much of a good thing, and the boys agree; but the clothes boys, in their campaign to run up some new styles, say that however good gabardine overcoats may be, it's time we got loose from them. So the pressure is on for tweeds for the winter. The English makers have kept the accent on tweeds all the way, but by the time they get to Australian retail stores they're pricy, to say the least, though some of them are well worth it if you can come up to scratch with the necessary.

If you're going to make a bid for a winter tweed topcoat, take a word of advice. First, it is for the cold day, and it isn't a waterproof, so don't wear it in the rain. Secondly, its build and structure are as important as that of any suit. Don't ever slip into the way of thinking that any bag will do. On a cold day the topcoat is the main garment seen; and if people judged you by it (as often they do) would they do you justice?

* * *

Interest attaches to American experiments in nylon dress shirts, which have been successfully made, but were dear for the American market. The general feeling seems to be that they were a fad, and not a cheap one, either. A New York expert said that nylon shirts are like a tin roof—cold in the winter and hot in the summer. And that is about as much enthusiasm as has been displayed in the matter.

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THE MYSTERY OF A MIGRANT

JUSTIN McDOWELL • AUSTRALASIANA

Reading between the lines of history you find that the young man's golden dreams ended in cunning murder the truth of which never came out.

IN February 1855, on the 24th of the month exactly, it was discovered that dingoes had eaten a man. The accident was reported to the police, who accepted it at its face value, and the death of a drunken, disreputable migrant was not a world-shattering event in the midst of a goldrush, anyway.

A sleuth-at-heart, reading the reports of the case today, must feel that if the matter were re-opened and submitted to investigation, there would be some explaining to do. The man who died and was eaten by dingoes was a young Englishman who came to Australia to win a rapid fortune and return to marry the woman he loved. The man's name was Moor.

In a day when not everybody could read and write, young Moor was able to do both, and use figures as well His early life in New South Wales was not particularly lucrative, and when he got a job as a clerk to a bookmaker named Fawcett, he was in possession of an honest living.

Sydney then was a place of one-o'clock closing on Saturdays, of brightly gas-lit theatres, and dignified men who knew how to get their fun discreetly It was a lively place to live, but no place to make a fortune, and when Moor heard of the great gold finds being made on the Bathurst diggings, he crossed the mountains to get rich quickly.

In a gold-rush many are called but few are chosen. Moor fossicked with the best of them, but the gold-dust just didn't come his way. Disappointment was probably one of the reasons why he began drinking heavily; and he became so steeped in dissipation that even the pursuit of gold was forgotten

A few years in New South Wales had turned the fresh-faced young English migrant into a red-faced, drink-sodden wretch whose hopes were disappointed, whose education was no longer useful to him, and whose only possible occupation was that of shepherd.

But the responsibility of looking after sheep became something that was almost beyond him between jobs he went on drinking bouts. He was living some thirty miles from Bathurst, in the direction of Mudgee, and in his shepherding and drinking he must have covered most of the locality—a point to remember

It was while he was drinking and working in this way that he suddenly experienced a most peculiar turn of luck. A man who lived thirty miles from where Moor worked had a young family, and wanted a teacher for them. The man—we will call Mack; and Mack decided that he would engage Moor, the drunken shepherd who had scraped the bottom of the barrel, as a teacher for his children.

At this time the prospective employer knew Moor's reputation, but did not know Moor.

Having made this decision, Mack did a curious thing He set out to ride across country for thirty miles to offer the job to Moor No messenger was entrusted with the task of bringing the teacher in—and why Mack should have spent a couple of days of his time to go and personally engage Moor is something to cause further speculation.

At least Mack's decision to do this made sure of one thing—he would meet the tutor, and see for himself what kind of man he was engaging.

That encounter did not alter Mack's mind. He was still content to engage Moor, and he was evidently inclined to be most democratic in his attitude to his new employee, for they set out together to ride back to Mack's home.

The rough track they pursued most of the way led past two or three hotels; and Moor and Mack took advantage of each of them, stopping and drinking and moving on, apparently in no particular hurry to reach their destination.

At the Crown Ridge hotel the tutor exposed the full extent of his degradation, even if he had concealed it before. He drank himself into delirium tremens, and disturbed the peace by shrieking about the wriggly things that were coming in the doors and windows. Here, one would think, Mack would pause and reflect that this was a poor example for children. Here is a spectacle which any man would prefer to keep away from his own front door But not Mack. He gathered up the horror-mad Moor, put him on his horse and with him, set out to take a short cut through the bush for twenty miles, to reach his home

Later in the day Mack came heating back through the afternoon heat There had been a severe drought in January, until the 27th of the month, when heavy rainstorms swept down, when the storms cleared the weather was hot and steamy

Mack re-entered the Crown Ridge Hotel, tired and sweating, and asked if Moor had returned

"Haven't seen him since he went out with you," the publican said.

"He'll be back," Mack said, and had a drink.

He spent the afternoon there, and late summer darkness fell, but Moor did not return.

"We got thirsty," Mack explained, "and went looking for water Moor went one way and I went the other—and we lost each other. I thought it best to come back here. He'll come back"

But Moor had not returned by nightfall, and in the morning there was still no sign of him The second steamy day dragged on and Moor still had not returned Mack remained at the hotel, waiting patiently, drinking steadily For five days he stayed at the hotel, waiting for Moor But during that time no effort was made to go in search of the missing man.

This casual treatment was not, it seems, strictly in keeping with the tradition of the time and place, since at this

time an employee of the Carrangara copper mine set out on horseback to round up working bullocks and did not return. His horse came in riderless, signifying that he was lost, and an immediate search was made Tucker was found two miles away, sitting stroking his head. He suffered concussion and a fracture as a result of the fall, but he was found and returned to his mates on the day that he was lost

No such consideration was shown Moor—though Mack had ridden thirty miles to find him, and offer him a job in the first place.

Mack waited for five days. Then he went home. Moor had, at the time of his disappearance, been riding a spare horse which Mack had taken for the purpose. This horse was at Mack's home when the master arrived. It had returned, some days before, riderless. It had followed its natural instinct to return to its home. This being so, Mack might have realised that any clue to Moor was more likely to be picked up at the home than at the Crown Ridge Inn

Mack might have been excused for believing that a dissipated drunk newly out of the horrors would have tried to escape from the boss in whose eyes he had disgraced himself: he might have been excused for not treating the matter with full seriousness had the horse, as well as Moor, disappeared And when faced with concrete evidence that the tutor had been left somewhere out in the bush without a horse, it was only the natural thing for Mack to report to the police at Rylstone that the man was missing But this Mack did not do The matter of the man's disappearance was ignored. Mack did not make any attempt to secure another teacher for his family. As far as he was concerned, he had been away from home for a week, he had lost a man in dense bush, he knew the man was in trouble, and he had no tutor for his family. But he did not report the matter to the police and he did not try to get another tutor.

A final strange factor is this: that Moor had been working in this area as a shepherd, had dug gold here, had wandered from farms to pubs in the district—but still could, and did, get lost. Because he was fuddled with drink? Because even bushmen can get lost? Because he was injured when his horse threw him? Perhaps.

Three weeks later, accidentally, the body of a man was found Or part of the body. The flesh had been torn from the bones and eaten by dingoes. The body was not in the bottom of a deep and secluded ravine: it was where people could find it.

When it was found it was taken to Rylstone, and when it was taken to Rylstone an enquiry was held at which the story was told of Mack riding 30 miles to engage a tutor, losing the man, spending five days at the Crown Ridge Inn, returning home, finding his horse—and doing nothing about it.

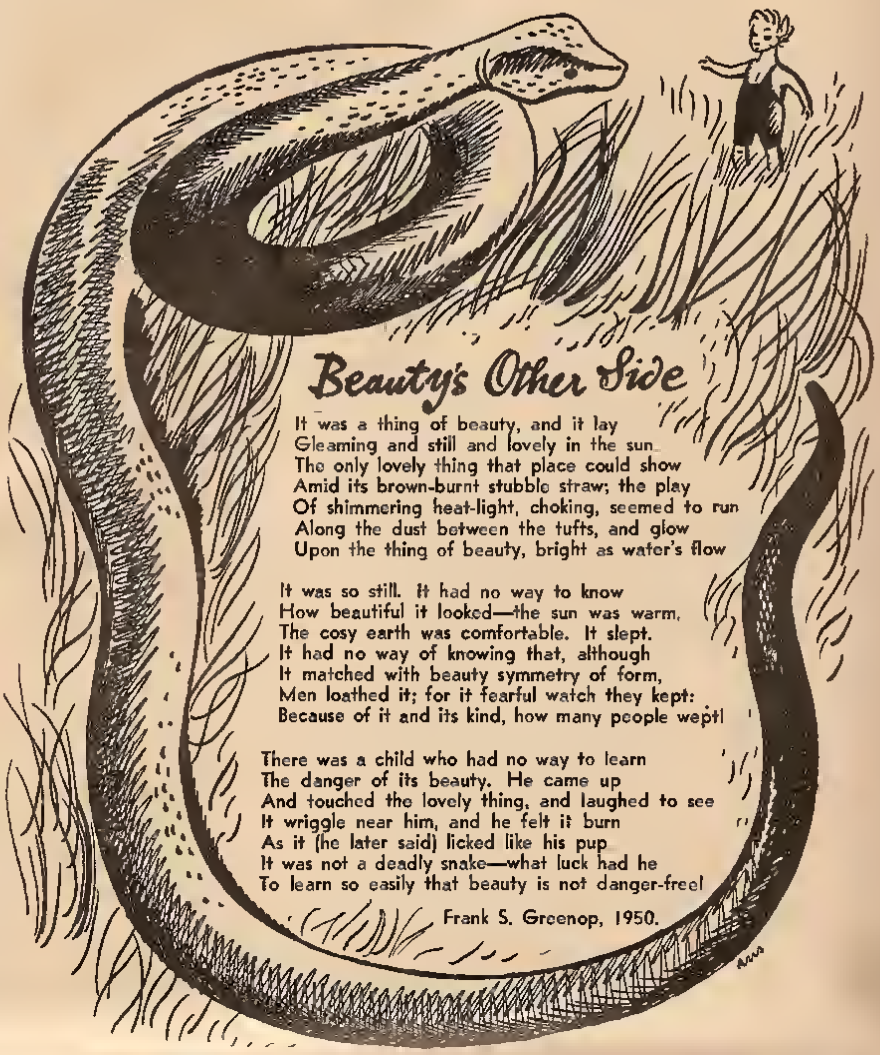
At the enquiry it seems that few questions were asked Brief reports of Moor's death were side-tracked by the fact that wild dogs had eaten a man and that, rather than the bundle of mysteries surrounding his death, became the focal point of interest.

Nobody appeared to ask the vital questions—why Mack engaged him, why he went specifically to bring him home, why he drank with him until Moor was in the horrors, why he returned to Crown Ridge instead of to his home, and why when he found Moor's horse at home he did not inform the police

It must occur to any analytically minded person that, had Mack had any personal reasons for disposing of a man, there could possibly be no better method than getting him drunk, killing him in the bush, and letting wild dogs eat the body and destroy evidence of the crime at the same time. It might even be thought that five days of anxiety at Crown Ridge Inn would be a good lapse of time in which to ascertain that the victim was properly dead, that no slip-up had occurred, and that it would even be possible to drag out the body from its hiding place to a place where it would be discovered and reported, as he made his way home.

But none of these suspicions occurred to the rustic minds of Rylstone when the migrant Moor was eaten by wild dogs. Even the heavy drinking does not appear to have been reprimanded though a magistrate in the district had only a few days before Moor's disappearance, fined a workman £5 and £1 costs for being drunk

Well that was the life in that time and place. That was what the immigrants met up with in Australia a bare hundred years. About this time the Crimean War was being fought, Victoria was queen of England, the boy who was to be Louis Pasteur was already studying science, and Abraham Lincoln was fighting slavery. None of those events seem so distant, but migrants of today will feel that a century has made a big difference in their favour in Australia.



Beauty's Other Side

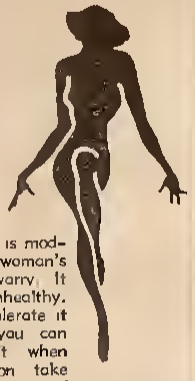
It was a thing of beauty, and it lay
Gleaming and still and lovely in the sun
The only lovely thing that place could show
Amid its brown-burnt stubble straw; the play
Of shimmering heat-light, choking, seemed to run
Along the dust between the tufts, and glow
Upon the thing of beauty, bright as water's flow

It was so still. It had no way to know
How beautiful it looked—the sun was warm,
The cosy earth was comfortable. It slept.
It had no way of knowing that, although
It matched with beauty symmetry of form,
Men loathed it; for it fearful watch they kept:
Because of it and its kind, how many people wept!

There was a child who had no way to learn
The danger of its beauty. He came up
And touched the lovely thing, and laughed to see
It wriggle near him, and he felt it burn
As it (he later said) licked like his pup
It was not a deadly snake—what luck had he
To learn so easily that beauty is not danger-free!

Frank S. Greenop, 1950.

FAT . . . ?



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Beneath The Southern Cross

Loneliest Goldfield . . .

Now that the price of gold has risen, renewed activity should be seen on Batavia River, Cape York Peninsula. Gold was discovered there in the early 'nineties by William Baird, who travelled overland from the Palmer—only to be slaughtered by natives soon after his discovery. More than £250,000 of gold has been won from the field in former days. Today the field is very lonely. The nearest post office is at Moreton, 28 miles north, and the nearest town is Coen, over 100 miles to the south. The district is served by packhorse mail from Laura some 250 miles away. It is the longest packhorse mail in Australia.—"Syd. Swagman."

Chinese Question . . .

In the old days the Chinese question was not that a few women should be deported, but how to stop the thousands of Chinese already in Australia, from over-running the goldfields. From the goldfields the foreigners invaded the shearing sheds and stations. They became shearers and shepherds in charge of small flocks of several thousand sheep. At shearing time these flocks were all run together and shorn at a central shed. At this time Chinese often did all the work. About 250 to 300 Chinese handled all the sheep on the Darling Downs, a matter of 400,000 or so. On one station—Canning Downs—they asked for more pay for shearing and threatened to strike until they got it. They raided the station stores and vegetable garden and generally made nuisances of themselves. Another mob of Chinese turned on the miners on the Cloncurry River field and belted them with their carrying poles.—"Syd. Swagman."

Deepest Mine . . .

Claimed to be the deepest gold mine in Australia, the 3,136 ft. West of Scotland mine, Gympie, has been reopened after having been sealed for 45 years. A company has taken out a lease of all the old time mining area in this section and the West of Scotland is the first mine that is to be dewatered. Unlike most of the other deep shafts, which are connected underground, the West of Scotland will be easy to bail and keep dry. When the water is out it is the company's intention to radiate diamond drill tests. Later on it is expected other mines will be opened up and tested. Many of the old hands claim there is still plenty of gold to be won from the Gympie mines.

—"Tangorin."

Bushranger Country . . .

The wild country of Lethbridge's Pocket in the Carnarvon Ranges, 160 miles north of Mitchell, Q., should be an ideal site for "shooting" wild western pictures. It is actually the site of Queensland's most notorious murder; the killing of police constable Doyle and station manager Dalkhe by the brothers Jim and Pat Kenniff nearly 50 years ago. Jam Tin Gully, which is to be known in the future as The Grand Amphitheatre, could be used even for tropical settings as it has ferns and palms as well as gullies, watercourses and waterfalls. Jimmy's Shelf (also to be given a new name) consists of an area of about 200 square miles of "jumpup" country rising abruptly from deeply eroded gorges to a shelf or tableland 4,200 ft. above sea level. The top of the shelf is a maze of gullies and gulches. Here the cowboy heroes or badmen could stage "stunts" unequalled even in the bad lands of Hollywood. Known now as Consuello Corridor, Jimmy's Shelf is to be made into a tourist attraction with a difference.—"Syd. Swagman."

On The Booze . . .

Though the koala normally does not even drink water, I have seen a pet koala in Queensland thoroughly enjoy an occasional drink of beer while at a rabbit trapper's camp a couple of possums regularly came to enjoy a nightly saucer of beer. A crow at a Nimmitabel (N.S.W.) hotel became well known all over the state for its talking and drinking. The bird would drain the glasses on the counter, and on many occasions became hopelessly drunk.

Newcastle (N.S.W.) had a pet sheep that roamed about the wharves, taking beer from the wharf laborers and from the barmen at nearby hotels. One day the sheep staggered back to the wharf after doing his round, fell into the water and was drowned.

A white cockatoo at a South Coast (N.S.W.) hotel refused to drink beer, but would drink all the spirits that were offered him. He was a splendid talker but after a few drinks he used the language of the teamsters. Out west there was a pet kangaroo that would drink beer like a man. This kangaroo had been taught to box, and when the owner wanted him to give a good exhibition, he first gave him a pint or two. Many drovers regularly gave beer to their dogs. One man always poured some beer into the crown of his felt hat for his dog to lap up. He reckoned the dog worked better for the beer. Horses also like a drink of beer. Sydney had a carrier who always shouted for his horses every time he had a drink. The horses were always in first class condition. Strangest sight I ever saw was a flock of drunken birds in an orchard.

"If it's unlocked, you're going to look damned foolish."

The orchardist had dumped a number of rotten plums in a corner and these had fermented The birds feasted on them and became hopelessly drunk —A T.

The native carrot is an asset to both man and beast. Boiled with corned beef it is a good substitute for the real carrot and may bushmen have used them when no other vegetable was available These native carrots grow well in the Riverina and most of the western districts of N S W

Carrots . . .

Horses will fatten on the tops, while sheep also like them and when they have eaten the tops right down to ground level, they will scrape out the roots and eat them too. Unfortunately the fruit of the native carrot is a bit of a pest in the wool at shearing time —A T.

Foxes . . .

The imported fox is regarded as a pest, second only to the dingo Recently, a sheep breeder declared foxes more of an asset than a pest because they destroyed so many rabbits. A bonus is paid for every fox destroyed, but in most places the foxes are killed for their skins I knew a man who could smell a fox a long way off, and by waiting behind a log or stump he was able to shoot many foxes at close range. Another man used a doctor's stethescope He listened in to the ground Still another fox expert relied on a home-made whistle that made a noise like the squealing of a rabbit in a trap This invariably brought in any foxes within range of his rifle Others rely on poison baits and traps, but foxes do not appear to decrease in numbers Foxes will come right to a house if there are fowls in the vicinity Many have been seen in the well-populated outer suburbs of Sydney —A T

Bowyangs . . .

Why do bushmen wear bowyangs? A swagman once told me he wore them to take the weight of the trousers off his belt, but a navvy reckoned men wore bowyangs because they stopped the dust getting up their trousers and causing irritation Still others claimed that they were made specially for snake infested country, to prevent snakes from crawling up a man's trousers while he slept Others claimed it was to trick the ants An old bushman gave me what I consider the probable origin of the bowyangs They were first worn by those bushmen who had short legs The ready-made moleskins were too long, so they wore bowyangs to keep the ends of the trousers from trailing on the ground—A T

Famous Women . . .

These women were certainly famous in their own particular way. "Bore-drain Maud," as her name suggests, was well known in the artesian bore country, so was "The Green Ant," and "The Scrub Turkey" "The Trotting Horse" and "The Speckled Hen" were inseparable bush companions, known in every pub from Cape York to Port Phillip "Selvagee" travelled the bush doing all sorts of work, though she claimed to be an A B, having earned it on a sailing ship. She used to entertain bush travellers with exhibitions of knotting "Sally, the Hobo Queen" carried the swag about the bush with her husband, and took odd jobs with him In addition to the women of the track, however, there were many others whose names mean a lot to many old-timers Agnes McConnell, who conducted a store and hotel at the Ophir diggings helped many a struggling miner on the field, trusting the men until they struck gold There were many bush nurses who rode long distances to attend to the sick and assist at births, expecting and receiving no reward other than the thanks of the people assisted—A T

Oil King . . .

A well-known hawker became known as the "Oil King." In addition to the variety of clothes and drapery he carried, he made a hobby of extracting and selling various real Australian oils and oil products He shot goannas and extracted the oil, selling it in small bottles as an embrocation He also made a goanna ointment which he reckoned would heal anything He distilled eucalyptus and tea-tree oil, selling these oils in small bottles The most unusual oil he carried was snake oil He sold this to women, telling them it was splendid for the complexion. He received regular supplies of dugong oil from North Queensland, selling this as a remedy for various chest complaints When whaling was conducted at Twofold Bay, he bought quantities of whale oil and sold it as a remedy for rheumatism, and he found a big demand for this specific oil. He also carried stocks of olive oil and castor oil, but he reckoned that Australians did not fully appreciate the true value of their own oils, particularly that of the eucalyptus.

—Euraka

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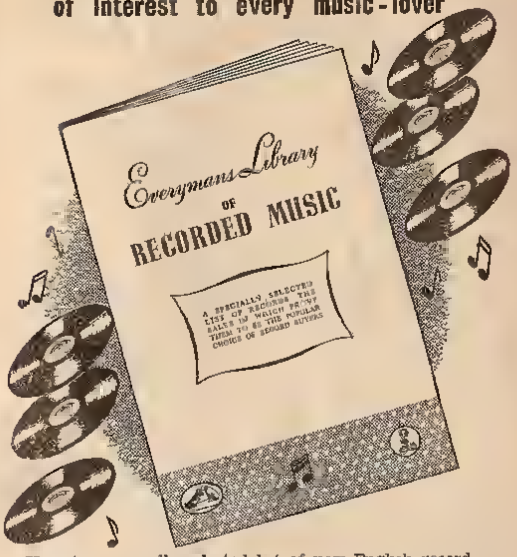

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WHERE FISHING WASN'T FUN!

MICHAEL CARR • FEATURE

Small boats at sea haven't much defensive armour when nature lets go a broadside.

THE launch was so far out to sea that land was a long grey line on the horizon, trailing like a wisp of smoke from a distant steamer. The launch's engine was cut out, and it rose and fell gently on the swell as the single man in it hand-lined some lovely schnapper out of the blue depths.

The fishing was good, and his interest was absorbed. Once in a while, as he threw a fish to the deck and baited his line again, he cast a glance at the precious basket in the sternsheets, and satisfied himself that it was safe. It was a big fishing creel, and it was worth watching.

They were bringing trouble.

The low clouds driving spoke of a low wind; the set-up in November on the Australian east coast spoke of one of those sudden storms that sweep in from the sea and clean up the heat and dust of a summer day.

The fisherman quickly reeled in his line and stowed his gear. He pulled back the covering from the basket in the stern, and satisfied himself that all was well. Then he covered it again and gave his flywheel a quick twist with the strap to kick his engine to life.

Two or three swings on the wheel always did it; after he had spun it perhaps a dozen times he began to realise that all was not well. The clouds that had been hurrying in from seaward blocked out the wisp of land now, but he knew from the lightness of the sky where land lay.

A slow roll of water caught the launch on the counter as it swung, and broke in spray over the stern. The fisherman left his engine and carefully pulled a tarpaulin over the basket. He went back, lips in a grim thin line, to try the engine again, with no more success.

The launch shipped another sheet of spray. Working with the quickness of controlled desperation, the lean sunburnt man pulled the hatch cover off the engine, braced himself against the coaming, and ran practiced fingers over the electrical connections. It did no good.

A wave, white-tipped now, drenched the launch. He examined the magneto; it was dry and seemed all right. Then another wave spumed across, catching the launch broadside on, rocking it perilously. He pulled the hatch over the engine, examined the basket and covered it with the stout tarpaulin, and went back.

The cause of the trouble came to him in a flash. That first small break of water over his bow had left a bead of moisture on the single spark plug of the one-cylinder launch engine. He took the terminal screw off, dried the plug point off on a piece of waste, screwed it down, and put the hatch back. On the second swing the engine coughed and on the third it fired.

It pop-popped quietly while he hauled his kellick in, and then he kicked the clutch home gently, grasped the tiller, and looked for the light horizon where land lay.

There was no light horizon any more. The low clouds had domed over the greyed sky, leaving him on a choppy sea without one clue to his direction. The launch was picking up speed through the water, and he turned it on a wave, and settled its course into a following sea.

Running such a course had its dangers, and they were grave. A sea faster than the boat might gather up, tower over the stern, and crash down into the launch, half swamping it. Steering that kind of sea was something that a practiced man needed to keep his mind on.

The fisherman, Alf, kept his mind on it. The sky darkened and the first big spots of rain fell. It had been late afternoon when the storm started; now it was darkening into an early night. Apart from the run of the sea, Alf still had no indication of the direction of the coast. What it would be like trying to find his harbour and jetty in the murk, he hadn't thought about; trying to get ashore on an open, surf-beaten beach was something he didn't want to think about.

Dividing his attention between the fish he was catching and the basket, he noticed nothing unusual until the slap of a wave against his freeboard hurst a stream of spray over the launch—an 18ft., open launch with a small hatch covering the engine. The spray was literally a dash of cold water to the fisherman. He glanced up at the sea, and saw that the swell had increased. A groundswell that now lowered the launch into the long, shallow troughs of water so that land was hidden. The blue sky had faded to a dirty grey, and this was smoking over with low clouds that were darker, and hurried in from the sea.

The launch would do five knots at most in this sea, and that meant an hour's run should bring him within sight of land and surf. But at the end of an hour, with the darkness closing in on him, there was no sign of either.

He heard a solitary storm-caught gull scream overhead

and followed the direction of the cry, for he knew it would be headed landwards. The noise of his launch engine and the turbulent swish of the waves and the howl of the increasing wind, precluded any chance that he would hear the roaring of the surf beating on the beach—or rocks, for on the far northern New South Wales coast there are steep and treacherous rocky headlands between the beaches There are sharp islands, too, and rocky little reefs, within the last mile or two of the shore.

Alf became scared of these So scared, that he juggled his launch round, lowered his kellick over the side, and judging the time the kellick would hit bottom kicked his clutch out The kellick-rope ran out to an alarming depth before the hook held; how much of it was depth and how much was drag as the launch moved with the sea, Alf could only guess.

Then he sat in the stern, close to his precious basket, his hand on the tiller, peering with sore eyes through the gloom and rain. His clothes clung to him, the wind that still beat made him stiff with the cold; but he sat it out

The moon broke through the clouds—a moon that showed a choppy sea, a clearing sky, and the distant but unmistakable line of moving whiteness against the black blur of land

Then, through the watery moonlight of that stormy night, Alf heard the cry of a child—the cry of a small child, hungry

He gently pulled back the tarpaulin from the fishing creel, and lifted out his infant son The child was dry He wrapped it in the tarpaulin so that it would not get wet leaning against him, and fed it a bottle of cold milk he had

Possibly the storm-soaked fisherman sitting in the sternsheets of the little launch feeding a baby in the stormy night is one of the strangest scenes in the history of the coast. As Alf said afterwards, "What else was a man to do?" They had taken his delirious, spider-poisoned wife to hospital, and he needed the money, to be earned from fishing, and there was nobody else to look after the baby. So that's what he did

He deserved the lucky break he got, for it was lucky that the moon shone through He put the baby back in its creel and it kept crying It didn't matter: he could see land, and he knew the child was safe

Alf was safe, and the child was safe. And next day, when he managed to make some enquiries, they told him his wife would be all right, too.

It didn't happen yesterday in fact, the man who now told me the story was the baby who lay in the creel that night, and he started it with his humorous boast, "I first went fishing when I was four months old."

"These days," he said, "it wouldn't happen Most of the blokes can afford to have time off, and there are all sorts of things the coast didn't have then. But fishing used to be a tough game those days. Really tough, and poor paid"

Today, with the salt in his veins from four months old, Alf's son is a fisherman His launch is like his father's, but it has a four-cylinder marine engine A wide-beamed, blunt-nosed thing, low in the water, with little superstructure "Sure, a cabin keeps you dry and makes you twice as easy to turn turtle in a rough sea," he said "I'd rather get wet the safe way and keep my boat"

There are lots of those fishing fleets along the coast, doing well these days, as Alf's son says Some of the launch operators are aborigine half-castes; some of them are a scramble of other races—one fellow told me his father was an Italian sugar man and his mother a full-blood Australian native. A good sailor, his friends told me.

Netting, mostly, in the open sea off the coast I sat in the sun and watched them checking their gear for the next run out Hard-looking men, as the life makes them, and from some of the stories they told, they had numbered some tough characters in their ranks

Rick pointed out somebody whose name I forget His story I won't forget—a story of practical cynicism at its peak He'd grown up along the coast, and he'd worked here and there—bananas, sugar, trucking—until he paid cash for a launch. He denied himself all the pleasures of life to pay cash for that launch, and he bought it from Al's father. He liked that launch.

With a launch of his own he figured it was time to enjoy life; and in the business of enjoying life, he fell for a girl. He didn't know, until he was over-pally with her once or twice, and his friends warned him. She was some one else's girl

"Married?" the young bloke asked.

There was a sneer.

"Well, we'll see," was all the answer he made. To him the choice was hers

A tough-looking character, older, wiser, and it proved dirtier in his tactics, tapped him on the shoulder in the bar of the little pub, and told him to lay off

"Mine," the character said

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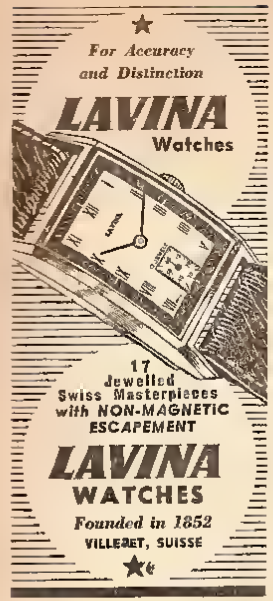

If you have had luck in the Lottery, games gambling, love, business you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Loadstones These loadstones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck evil and misfortune and the other to attract much good luck love, happiness and prosperity Posted by return mail price 5/- the pair Money refunded if not satisfied

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The accent's on

ACTION!

76 Pages of

ADVENTURE,

SPORT

AND HUMOUR

ADAM

ONE SHILLING

EVERYWHERE

Monosyllabically, like that, with a single jerk of his thumb over his shoulder

The young bloke turned away and went on with his drinking; they all went on with their drinking. The word and the tap on the shoulder recurred to the young man as being funny He walked across to the older man, tapped him on the shoulder, jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said, "Mine."

The other men broke up the fight.

From then on it was a case of keeping those two apart, which was easily done when they were sober, and done with risk and difficulty when they were not Rick and some of the others tried to get the two enemies to drink in different pubs, and that helped for a while, but not for long.

One night the older man grappled with Red Ned, and in partnership with the same he came looking for his youthful rival Swaggering into the bar, he elbowed his way through the men and knocked the young bloke six feet to the wall. There was a directness and brutality in that sudden blow that announced this was final.

The young fellow came bouncing off, shaking the fog from his head, using fists and feet He took some solid blows, and the big man tried to use his knee.

That did it The young man grabbed a bottle, dashed it across the edge of the bar, and with one back swing used the jagged end of the bottle neck he still grasped, to autograph his rival's face

The blood gushed from the big semi-circular cut that began above and between the eyes and ran to the point of the chin It blinded the big man The younger, bottle-armed, stood off and called for a showdown The man that took the bottle from him did it by throwing an arm round his neck from behind, and grabbing the wrist They led him away Nine stitches took care of the big bloke

The girl told him, later, when he was hideously scarred, that she didn't care to be seen with a man who had a face like that Maybe she didn't realise it—or maybe she did—but the words called the next tune as murder

No, the murder didn't come off It hasn't come off yet.

They did other things but drink, these men; they took their boats out, fishing, and it was running home before a gathering storm that the young bloke in his newly cash-down launch, saw the launch of his older enemy tossing helplessly on the sea

Yes, it's another story of a broken-down launch — four men, including his rival, in a broken-down launch He offered to help them

The men had wives and children, and they wanted to get in His enemy wouldn't come He took the extra men on board and watched the hate that filled the bottle-carved face as he chugged away.

The storm was beginning to lash when they reached the jetty; there was a tangle of incoming boats being moored, of fish being hoisted out, of men getting in from the storm. Then they heard the popping of a newly started engine and saw the young bloke swinging away from his mooring

He said no word to anybody, he made out, alone, to the open sea What his original idea might have been is anybody's guess; but he got to the launch of his enemy· he tried to reason with the man as their craft rode side by side in the heavy waves; the man would not accept help

The young bloke didn't think that his launch would tow the other, but he rescued his enemy from a likely death. He took him aboard the launch, finally, and took him in Perhaps the only force that led the other man to capitulate in the end was the fear of death

Then came the cynical climax, when the men of the fleet expressed their admiration

"Christ-like," one of them said, referring to his risky trip to save his enemy

The young bloke spat. "Drowing's a fisherman's death. Too good for the bee," he said briefly

"Why did you do it?"

"To make sure that he keeps living with that bloody repulsive dial of his," the young bloke answered

"And the young bloke?" I asked Rick

"I heard he went up river fishing," Rick said After a minute's silence he added. "River fishing! No guts!"

Yes, the sea-trained coastal men, who use beaches and if they're lucky breakwaters, have no admiration for the river fishermen. They're softies they tell me on the coast They're tourists, in the safe, flat waters They haul their boats up into stocks above high-water level for safety, and do all the other cissie things that a deep-water man can't do, and wouldn't if he could.

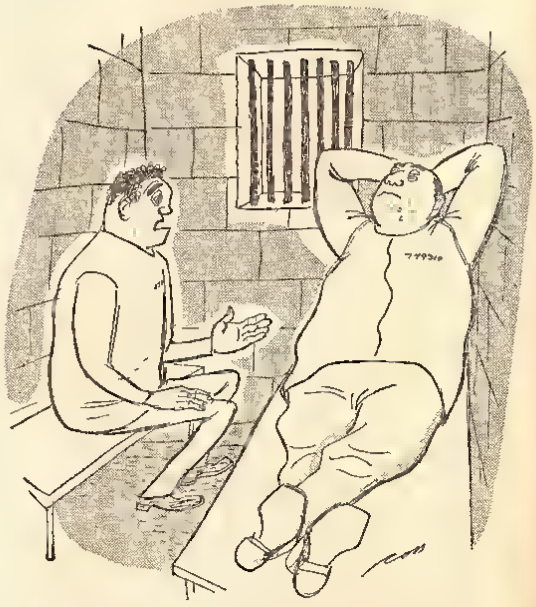
"If you get up on the Richmond or Clarence and you want to see some of those blokes, don't forget—ask for tourists," Rick said with a grin as we parted

I got up on the Richmond and Clarence, and I did see some of the blokes, going slowly and peacefully down the wide, cane-fringed river

I met them and talked to them, too They seemed muscular enough, sunburnt enough, strong enough some of them to lift their own boats

I remembered Rick's grin, and I didn't call them tourists

I didn't want to hurt their feelings!



"I'm telling yuh, the magistrate had the law in his favour."

BY RON WILLS

ON THE record

AL Jolson has been a top ranking performer for many years He began his career during the first world war and achieved ever increasing success, until he reached his peak with the advent of sound films in the late twenties He remained a favourite film player for some years but then slipped down the ladder and by the middle forties had been more or less forgotten A film company around about 1946 decided to make a more or less documentary film of Jolson's life story and whilst it was an expensive film it has proved to be one of the greatest money spinners ever to come out of Hollywood The sixty-four year old singer made a tremendous hit with a new generation of fans who had never heard him sing, and today he is even more popular than when he was at his peak The paradox here is that his popularity is firmly seated with people who have never even seen him The first film was so successful that another had to be made and in this month's releases we have four of the songs featured in the new film These are "I Only Have Eyes for You" and 'Waiting For The Robert E Lee" on Y6182, and "For Me And My Girl' and "Toot Toot Tootsie" on Y6183 Personally speaking I detest Jolson singing; but for those who like him, and millions do, these records are done in his now standard style

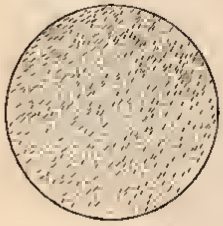
The tragedy of the death of Ginette Neveu in an aeroplane crash towards the end of last year will no doubt awaken many people to the beauty of this gifted woman's playing We are indeed fortunate that she was well recorded during her life time and that there are still quite a few of her records to be released. A particularly fine work is featured in this month's releases on DB6907/8 Ravel's "Tzigane" is a difficult work, but Neveu conquers its difficulties and presents us with an outstanding performance She is assisted by her brother Jean, who was killed with her in the crash On the fourth side of the set she plays a violin arrangement of Chopin's "Nocturne No 20 in C Sharp Minor"

Another fine Ravel work is featured on AK1584/6 We have had separate recordings of both the Suites from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" but this is the first time we have had the two combined in one Suite Wonderfully recorded and played by the Orchestras de la Societe Des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris and conducted by Charles Munch this is a set that all lovers of modern music must have

It is very difficult to gauge the reactions of the average fan when new popular vocalists are concerned We have as an example the success of Al Jolson with modern audiences who had been trained on a diet of Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby Crosby has been with us a long time but Sinatra was brought to popularity on a wave of juvenile hysteria Much the same thing has been happening in England where there has been a great surge of popularity for a singer who is well on into his forties His name is Donald Peers and to hardened old critics like myself he sounds just another singer with a new method of presentation He has, however, achieved success in England and has been astounding himself at the reaction his singing brings about in the hearts of the young You can hear him on Y6185 singing "In a Shady Nook by a Babbling Brook" The singer on the reverse has achieved great success both in England and America where he sang with Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra Denny Dennis is his name and he sings "If You Ever Need a Friend"

Face Facts

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND STRONG!



It is a fact that the average Australian male grows approximately 25,000 hairs on his face To obtain a satisfactory shave, each of these thousands of individual hairs must be cut closely and cleanly every day . . . Wise men know that the daily shave can be accomplished with speed, ease and comfort by using a Blue Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor.

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

BLUE Gillette BLADES

TEN FOR 3/- FIVE FOR 1/6

2/169

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have broken Rest or suffer from Dizziness Nervousness Backache Leg Pains Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity or loss of Energy and feel old before your time Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause

Wrong foods and drinks worry colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex

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THE CHEMIST PRESCRIBED—PIRACY

J. H. M. ABBOTT • AUSTRALASIANA

He was a villain as a chemist; when he went into strange seas he ordered mass death for shipwrecked men.

SINCE Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N., landed his first cargo of undesirables at Sydney Cove in January, 1788, Eastern Australia has had its full share of villains. Some were home-grown, some imported; but it is doubtful whether any part of Australia has ever seen so picturesquely infamous a scoundrel as a man who appeared at the northerly edge of Western Australia. He performed for a time in the period when Charles I was beginning his career as King of England.

The picturesque scoundrel referred to is the Dutchman Mynheer Jerome Cornelis, sometime of Harlem, Holland, and now, very possibly of Hell.

The wreck of the good ship Batavia and the devilish doings of her Supercargo, the said Mynheer Cornelis, have been very reliably and simply related in M. Thevenot's *Recueil de Divers Voyages Curieuses* (A Relation of Sundry Singular Voyages). He sets it down as a remarkable story of tragedy, villainy, and heroism, a story that hasn't been matched in this country since those far-off days.

In 1628, the Dutch East India Company, inspired by the trading successes of Governor-General Carpenter (who gave his name to the Gulf of Carpentaria), fitted out a squadron of 11 ships to be sent to the East Indies as a commercial venture. Of this number was the Batavia, commanded by Captain Francis Pelsart. The ships left the Texel on October 28, 1628, and after a lengthy spell at the Cape of Good Hope, proceeded on their journey in the second quarter of the following year.

In the beginning of June, 1629, the Batavia, having become separated in a stiff blow from her consorts, was driven ashore on some reefs off the West Australian coast—they are in latitude 28 degrees South—which had been called by the Dutch of an earlier day the "Abrolhos of Frederick Houtman."

It was a clear, moonlight night in calm weather, but at the time of the mishap the captain was in his berth with some slight ailment. However, he quickly got himself onto his quarter-deck, to find that the ship was under full sail, and had been following a course N.E. by E. As far as he could see in the deceptive moonlight, the sea was white with the foam of broken water.

The Captain called the navigating-officer—the master—and asked what he'd been doing to get into such a position. His subordinate excused himself by saying that he'd been doing his best, and that when he saw the broken water in the distance he consulted his mate, who was of the opinion that the whiteness of the sea on the reefs was only the dazzle of the moonlight, and that it was quite safe to continue on the course they were heading. When Pelsart asked the location of the ship this foolish sailor answered "God only knows," and observed that the ship was apparently stuck upon an unknown reef.

Soundings disclosed the fact that the Batavia's stern was hanging over a depth of nearly 20 feet of water, and that her bows were tightly held by the coral in very much less. It was decided that the ship's guns should go overboard to lighten the vessel, in the hope that as a result of the sacrifice she might float off the reef. They dropped an anchor, but their efforts were interrupted by a heavy squall of wind and rain, and they realised from the continued humping of the hull, that they were in a very tight corner indeed.

They cut away the mainmast. This only made matters worse, since, being entangled in the rigging, they couldn't get it clear of the ship. It threatened all the time to knock a hole in the hull, acting as a battering ram. The only land visible was a small island, and two smaller ones that lay a little nearer.

At dawn the master was sent to examine these islands. He came back about 9 o'clock in the morning with the information that they were out of water at flood tide, but were so rocky and so surrounded by shoals, that it wouldn't be easy to land on them. The ship was in such a dangerous position, however, that nothing else could be done but make the attempt. Pelsart made up his mind to send most of the people ashore, "to pacify the women, children, sick people, and such as were out of their wits with fear, whose cries and noise served only to disturb them."

Those who were no use in the work of salvage were sent to the islets in the shallop and the skiff, and at about 10 a.m. it became pretty obvious that the ship was breaking up. So they put all their energies into getting up the stores from the hold, but somehow contrived to forget the water-casks.

Some of the crew got drunk, and this fact didn't make for a cool and collected survey of the real necessities of the situation. They could only make three trips to the islands before nightfall, but were able to land 180 people, about 20 barrels of biscuit, and several small casks of water.

The master came aboard in the evening and told Pelsart it wasn't any use sending more provisions ashore, because the crew were only wasting what

they had Pelsart landed to discipline his men, and found there wasn't any water on the island. He was held up by a storm so that he couldn't get back to the wreck of his ship.

All next day—June 5—was taken up in getting the water and some of the ship's valuable cargo ashore. Again Pelsart and his navigator couldn't return to the ship. The carpenter jumped overboard and swam to the boats, with complaints about the bad time those on board were having. They told him to swim back again and order his companions to make rafts, so that they might float themselves off to the boats. But before anything could be done in this direction, the wind and sea became so violent "that the captain was obliged to return, leaving, with the utmost grief, his lieutenant and seventy men on the very point of perishing on board the vessel."

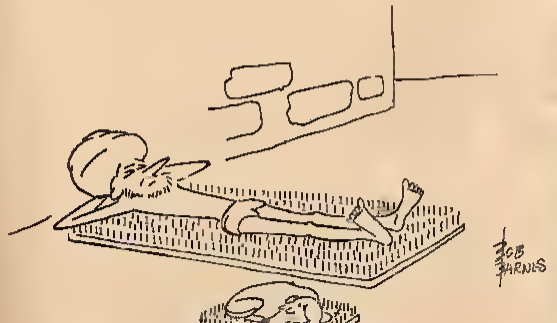
The people who'd got ashore on the smaller of the islands weren't much better off than those on the ship. When they came to survey their supplies they found they hadn't more than 80 pints of water for 40 persons. On the larger island, with its new population of 180, the allowance was even smaller. With one cowardly accord, those on the little island began to blame Captain Pelsart for all their misadventures, and wanted to know why he didn't go and find them water on some of the rocky nearby islands.

Pelsart gave in to their demands but told them that, before he began to explore the little archipelago, he wanted to let the rest of the people know what he was doing. It wasn't easy to get their consent to this, for the master—the fellow whose bad seamanship had landed them in their predicament—feared that the other party would keep Pelsart with them. However, they agreed at last, but not until the Captain had declared that "without the consent of the company on the large island that he should go in search of water, he would, rather than leave them, perish on board his ship."

"When he got near to the island," writes Monsieur Thevenot, "he who commanded the boat told the captain that if he had anything to say he must call out to the people; for that they would not suffer him to go out of the boat. The captain then attempted to throw himself overboard, in order to swim to the island, but he was prevented, and the order given to pull off from the shore. Thus he was obliged to return, having first left these words written on the leaf of a tablet, that he was gone in the skiff to look for water in the nearest country or islands that he could find."

Soon Pelsart realised the futility of his quest. Unless he should go towards Java itself. So they decked their boat over and set forth, and at the beginning of July fell in with three ships belonging to the Company, on board one of which was Mynheer Ramburgh, a Member of Council, or Director, of that very important corporation. The good Francis Pelsart boarded the vessel he was on, and, "having recounted to him with grief the accident that had befallen him, sailed with him to Batavia." So we will return to the castaways on the barren islets.

Jerome Cornelis, the supercargo of the Batavia, had been an apothecary in Harlem, where his depravity and viciousness had made things a little too hot for him, and had rendered it eminently advisable that he should make himself scarce. How he came to occupy the position he held on the ill-fated ship we don't know, but M. Thevenot makes it abundantly clear that his presence on the Abrolhos was the very worst thing about that unhappy disaster. He would seem to have been, without exaggeration, "a devil out of Hell." Nor had his wickedness been inspired by the situation in which he found himself as a castaway on the West Austral-



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Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

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No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards Hamilton, Ont. Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

New in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-

[illegible] He had been plotting and conspiring bloody murder ever since the ship sailed from Holland.

With the pilot and a few others of the ship's company, Cornelis had planned, during the time she was off the African coast, to take possession of the Batavia, and navigate her to Dunkirk, or else to make use of her in some piratical enterprise When she ran amongst the reefs he remained upon the wreck for ten days or so, "having discovered no means of reaching the shore He even passed two days upon the mainmast, which floated, and having from thence got upon a yard, at length gained the land"

While Pelsart was away seeking help, the supercargo assumed the position of commander of the little colony stranded on the Abrolhos—and immediately determined upon putting his piratical plans into operation, reckoning that it wouldn't be a very hard job to become master of all that was left of the wreck, and that, by taking Pelsart by surprise when he should return to the reefs with the hoped-for assistance, he might capture his vessel, and begin a career under the skull-and-crossbones To bring his villainous plottings to a successful issue, it would be necessary to dispose of such of the crew as didn't want to go buccaneering So he called a meeting of those whom he could trust, and caused them to sign a sort of bond of fidelity to one another and to himself as their leader

The crew was split up between the three islands, and Cornelis was on the largest of them—the one lying furthest from the wreck One of his companions there—a decent fellow named Waybehays—had been sent to one of the smaller islands to search for water, and in about three weeks' time he found some, and made a prearranged signal by lighting three fires to inform Cornelis's men of his success But during his absence the conspirators had murdered all those who wouldn't join in with them, to the number of 30 or 40 A few managed to escape the massacre by taking to the sea on primitive rafts, and, coming ashore on the island where Waybehays was, informed of the wholesale murder that had taken place.

There were some 45 men with Waybehays, and he at once made up his mind to take every precaution against a surprise attack by the bloodthirsty ruffians who had fallen in with the supercargo's plans Cornelis had determined upon wiping out all who weren't favourable to his designs, in case they should warn Pelsart, on his arrival off the Abrolhos, as to the danger he was in. So they at once attacked the party on the other island, and killed every man there, only sparing the lives of seven children and a few women They hoped to do the same with those who were with Waybehays

In the meantime they looted the bales of merchandise which had been brought ashore from the wreck, and the melodramatic Cornelis had clothing made up for his followers from the rich dress materials they came across—he fitted his bloodstained swashbucklers out with the gaudiest uniforms they could design for themselves His own particular bodyguard was gorgeously clad in scarlet, embroidered with silver and gold lace, and his own sartorial splendour was truly noble The women he shared out amongst his faithful followers. M Thevenot continues the story in this strain

"After these horrible proceedings, he caused himself to be elected captain-general by a document which he caused all his companions to sign. He afterwards sent 22 men in two shallops to destroy the company of Waybehays, but they met with a repulse Taking with him 37 men, he went himself against Waybehays, who received him at the water's edge as he disembarked, and forced him to retire, although he had no other weapons but clubs, the ends of which he had armed with spikes Finding force unavailing, he had recourse to other means He proposed a treaty of peace, the chaplain who remained with Waybehays drawing up the conditions; it was agreed to, with this proviso, that Waybehay's company should remain unmolested, who, upon their part, agreed to deliver up a little boat in which one of the sailors had escaped from the island where Cornelis was located to that of Waybehays, receiving in return some stuffs for clothing his people

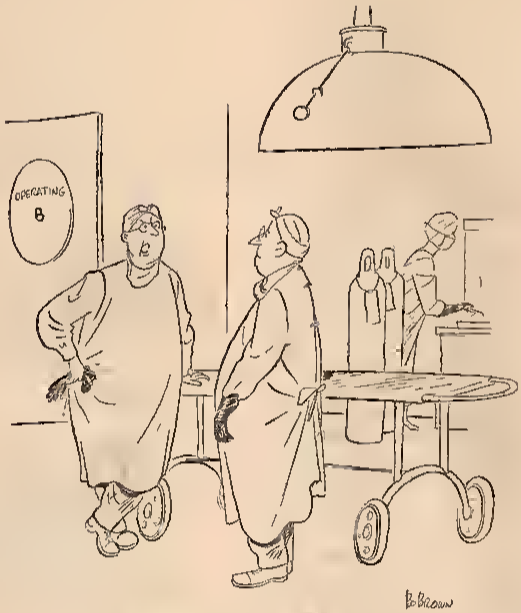
"During the negotiations Cornelis wrote to certain French soldiers who belonged to the company, offering to each six thousand pounds to corrupt them, with the hope that with this assistance he might easily compass his design His letters, which were without effect, were shown to Waybehays, and Cornelis, who was ignorant of their disclosure, having arrived the next day with three or four others, to find Waybehays and bring him the apparel, the latter caused him to be attacked, killed two or three of his company, and took Cornelis himself prisoner. One of them, by name Wouterlos, who escaped from the rout, returned the following day to renew the attack, but with little success

During these exciting proceedings the frigate Sardam approached the Abrolhos, carrying on board her Captain Pelsart, who had been vastly relieved on seeing smoke rising from the islets where he had left the shipwrecked people The warship dropped her anchor, and Pelsart immediately put off in a small boat, carrying provisions and other refreshments with him to land on one of the islands Almost at the same time, a boat arrived alongside the Sardam in which were Waybehays and three others They immediately informed the commander of the bloody killings, told him of the wickedness of the man Cornelis, and gave him warning of the projected attack on his vessel

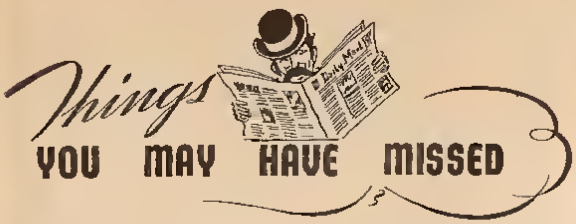
As Waybehays was giving this information, two shallops approached the frigate which were filled with the followers of Mynheer Cornelis Captain Pelsart had hardly got on board again before they came alongside Seeing the strangely gaudy clothing of the fellows and noting that they were armed to the teeth, he wanted to know what they were up to They would let him know, they replied, when they had come aboard

But the Dutch captain wasn't taking anything like this—he was too old a bird to be caught with such chaff They must at once drop their arms into the sea, or he would turn the frigate's guns on them Quick to see that they were cornered, they threw up the game, and meekly climbed the side-ladder to the deck, where they were at once manacled and then sent below Jan de Bremen, their leader, the first to be examined, admitted that he himself had slain, or helped to slay, no less than 27 people At dusk the gallant and faithful Mynheer Waybehays brought the ex-apothecary of Harlem and quondam supercargo aboard Each of them received a warm welcome—of entirely different sorts

A large gallows having been erected on one of the islets, Mynheer Cornelis was invited to ascend a ladder placed against one of its substantial crossbeams. A rope having been placed about his neck the ladder was withdrawn and that very bad man danced a short but not merry measure on the edge of Eternity Presently his followers decorated the other parts of the grim instrument of punishment, and when he dined that evening aboard the Sardam, the good Captain Francis Pelsart, as he quaffed his wine, was able to reflect that he had done an excellent day's work



"I am not so sure I approve of letting the patient walk the day after operating—one of mine walked out without paying."



CACHE

While playing under a building owned by a fruit-packing company, 12-years-old Johnnie Alcorn found 1,800 dollars wrapped in a bag It was part of a 6,000 robbery, and had obviously been hidden by thieves who intended to return for it later

REPRIEVE . .

Five-years-old London boy, Tommy Marotta, was given a three-quarter horsepower car by his father, took it out into the street, and was arrested for driving without a licence He was acquitted

GIVE A THING

In Los Angeles, Mrs W Laykin secured a divorce on the grounds of cruelty She alleged that her husband gave her expensive gifts at dinner parties, and as soon as the guests had departed, took the presents back

JAP JEEPS

Australians may soon be riding in cars made in Japan The Toyota Motor Company have recently received a request from People's Car Limited, Melbourne, which may mean an order for 300 to 400 cars and trucks a month.

PICKETING A PLEASURE

During a recent strike at the Bethlehem Steel Co's plant, pickets were supplied with portable radios by the management so that they could follow the races and games The chief of the picket committee said the incident was "typical of good feelings"

CANCER AND SANITY

Chicago State Hospital reports that the cancer death rate of sane people is roughly twice that of insane

ROBIN HOOD RIDES AGAIN . .

A factory at Oldburg, near Birmingham, England, that produced radio equipment during the war, has opened a new export line for Britain by producing steel bows and aluminum arrows. These bows are said to give better performance and greater accuracy than wooden bows and orders are rolling in from all over the world

BOERS

More than 100 years ago thousands of Colonists of Dutch stock trekked north from the Cape of Good Hope "to shake the dust of British governance from their feet." This event was marked by celebrations organised by about 250,000 of their descendants Most of the Afrikaans are buying badges and tokens signifying their Dutch loyalty Most of these badges were made in England.

MASS SUICIDE

A 100,000 dollar archaeological expedition is going to Jerusalem to investigate the mass suicide that took place at Massada on the Dead Sea in 70 A.D There 960 Jews who had fled Jerusalem after the fall of the Temple killed themselves rather than be captured by the Romans Professor E L Sukenik of Hebrew University will lead the expedition

BLOOD STREAM REVERSED

A new operation that "runs the blood stream in reverse" has been announced by the physicians of Wayne University, U.S.A., who have been seeking a better treatment for gangrene of the leg This unique operation consists of channelling blood from an artery in the thigh into a vein The blood then flows away from the heart to the affected limb. This reversal is possible because arterial blood flows faster than venous blood, and can displace it

NECESSITY IS

In China, where much produce is lost through lack of insecticides, three men of the F.A O soon overcame the difficulty The Derris plant, the raw material of insecticides, is plentiful in China In Shanghai they used an old war plant and with an extractor made from kerosene drums, a few pipes and junk, they made a few simple sprayers With an unlimited supply of insecticide the rice production jumped four to five bushels an acre.

FROM BEER TO BIER

A Brighton, England, brewery recently announced it would make a saloon bar out of a mausoleum that once contained the bones of a baronet The square glass-domed mausoleum was built by Sir Albert Sassoon, the banking millionaire, at the cost of £24,000 His body rested there from 1896 until 1933, when it was reburied in London Since then the place has been used as a store and an air-raid shelter

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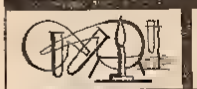
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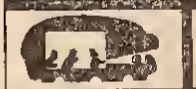
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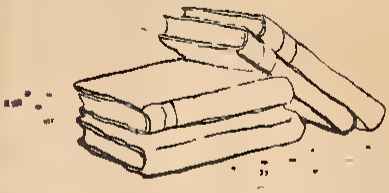
Glancing through the BOOKS



Song Man . . .

Before people could write, they had their stories, their histories, and their great heroic legends—a literature handed down from voice to voice. Homer's famous epics, greatest long poems of all time, they say, were recited from one generation to another for a long time before they were put on paper All of our greatest ancient stories come to us not from writers, but from memorisers and singers.

Recently this reviewer spent some time with Professor A P Elkin, listening to recordings of aboriginal songs and dances The recordings were made up in Arnhem Land, at tribal ceremonies The tunes were rather confined by a limited range of musical notes; they were monotonous and discordant in many cases to the untrained white man's ear; but with them went words, words in the aboriginal dialect

"What sort of language is it?" the Professor was asked "Is it a primitive language, or a well developed one?"

"As complicated as Latin, or more so," he said

"Not the language of a primitive mind?"

"No, the language of a well-developed mind with the ability to express itself in careful detail"

Such a language is one more pointer to the fact that the Australian aborigine is not, after all, quite the near-Neanderthal dolt that some people have painted him

The songs on the records form part of the ceremonial chants and legends of the aborigine; they embody some of his beliefs—for he has genuine, deep-rooted beliefs—and they reflect his daily living and thoughts.

In his language, chanted by him in Arnhem Land clearings and picked up by the microphone of a wire recorder, they don't mean a great deal to the average Australian. And it is for this reason that Professor Elkin has collaborated with W E Harney, to produce the book "Songs of the Songmen," in which they have presented the aborigine songs that white men can understand

This has been a colossal job, for the meaning of the aborigine songs has been written into English, and then the rhyme and rhythm of the original songs has been kept, so that reading the verses through the heat of the aboriginal corroboree comes to the reader

A dull subject? Not when you sit down with the 38 pages of notes Professor Elkin has added From those notes the aborigines emerge as real, flesh and blood people, of desires and aspirations and boredom and frustration just like our own

The professor gives a new slant on an old subject when he discusses "The Tjarada"—when he explains that though women are excluded from the secret life of the tribe, which is "men's business," the women have a secret corroboree of their own, which is "women's business" It was in the early thirties that a woman, Dr Phyllis Kaberry, investigated the question of the "women's business" and found that the "dances," like similar ones from Central Australia and Western South Australia, are sexual in nature, and are aimed at attracting men, including men with whom the women should not lawfully mate. The "dances" are, in fact, love magic The "Tjarada" song represents the spirit of happy protest on the part of the women against laws made by the men, as they go off to dance their secret corroboree "The motif," the Professor adds, "is fundamentally sexual, the patron, as it were, being the Karakan, the wedge-tailed hawk, the 'head' of love and sex, the original provider of love-charms"

The fact that the women get together to protest in this way against their subordinate position in the tribe (a kind of embryonic feminist movement in a way) will come as a surprise to most people who have the formalised conception of aborigines as living to a strict tribal law The tribal law is, indeed, strong, but so is human nature, and the Professor has found countless instances of the desire (and sometimes the act) of these black folk breaking their own conventions for their own satisfaction.

In connection with another song the Professor says, "Readers who have thought of naked nomadic, 'primitive' man as seizing his sexual mates by force, will be surprised at the tender feeling expressed in this song The latter is based on the belief that the souls, or almost doubles, of men and women can be 'sung into' and reflected in the moon This Song, being another Tjarada, is a protest against the rigidity and over-exclusiveness of the legal circumstances governing marriage The reference in stanza four to the twitch of the muscles is to the general aboriginal belief that muscle or nerve twitches are signs that certain people are thinking of, or are on the way to visit, one Different parts of the body are mapped out, so as to be associated with persons in specified tribal relationship. To experience a twitch in one part sends one's thoughts to the class or relation symbolised by it This Tjarada is sung about four days before the full moon the singer projecting her thoughts across on the air to start an involuntary twitch in her lover's thigh, and to receive a similar reply on the breeze

The longing of the woman to be free from the strict tribal marriage laws is seen in such stanzas as:

"For days I've sung the magic
of our dream
Into that silver orb, that
you may see
Reflected as a shadow in its
gleam
Our shades linked there
together We are free"
"No tribal law shall hold us
two apart
Though far away beyond
the setting sun
This song sends you the long-
ing of my heart
The moon above has joined
our shades as one"

This is aboriginal singing—it might well be the love song of some Spanish serenader, or a translation from the romantic poetry of, perhaps, any European country The sentiments are those we, as white people understand—from the passion-

ate yearning for an absent lover, to the desire to kick over conventional traces. And this is the expression of aboriginal desires, songs made and sung by people who have never heard our poetry. It tends to put a different complexion on our conception of aboriginal personality

There is another interesting point. Much light as this book throws on the aborigines, it does not destroy any of our notions about them. The death by bone pointing does not turn out to be a myth: rather, it seems to have counterparts as strange or stranger. "The Song of Evil" exposes death by magic as caused by the sorcerer "throwing an invisible spear or other invisible missile." As we may assume there is no such thing as an "invisible spear" we can only think that the magician, with empty hands, goes through the motions of spear-throwing to such good effect that he scares the subject to death. Then there is "Binmoru," a kind of throwing stick which, when thrown, stands upright in the ground and points to the victim. As in the better known pointing the bone, the victim dies. Professor Elkin, who says that hospital treatment has repeatedly failed to save the life of a bone-pointing victim, says in his book, "because of the state of terror prevailing in the tribe, on the least indication of the presence of the Karindji's magic an individual would be 'benumbered with fear'." The ingrained fear of these death threats seems to rid the victim of all will to live; only the sorcerer can lift the death spell and save the victim.

The making of this book is a romance. It originated in the mind of W. E. Harney, who has an intimate understanding of and with the aborigines While he was on tour as Patrol Officer in the Northern Territory, he wrote putting the idea of such a book to Professor Elkin, the Professor encouraged the idea, and after Mr. Harney had written the verses they collaborated on bringing them into their present form. Out of his intimate knowledge of the people Professor Elkin wrote the notes to explain the relationship between the songs and the people who sing them. The songs go from songs of creation to songs of life-and-death, and a cycle of hunters' songs.

What the Australian reader will find most strange, is the extent to which these aborigines weave their lives about singing, "the dreamtime," and the songmen who are charged with knowing and singing and teaching the traditional songs. Possibly never before have they been introduced as a race which lives within a life of music—but this book makes it plain that songs are to them what religion, philosophy and politics combined, are to us. The native saying is quoted: "He who loses his dreaming is lost."

A book review is no place to explain further. It can only be said that "Songs of the Songmen" is a book of fascinating interest and enlightenment, a rare and valuable book The work that made it demands the highest praise for Mr. Harney and Professor Elkin; it is probably one of the most valuable insights into the mysterious Australian aborigine that we have ever had.

"Songs of the Songmen," W. E. Harney and A. P. Elkin, F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne; 8s 6d.

"It wasn't the telephone, ma'am. It was the doorbell."

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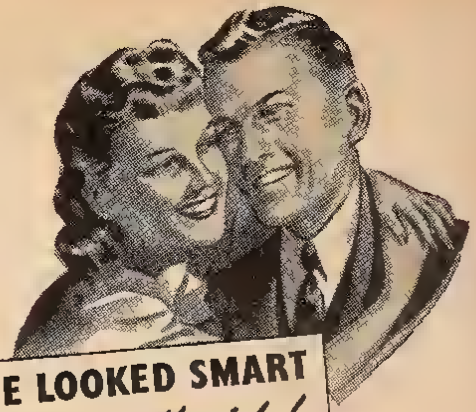

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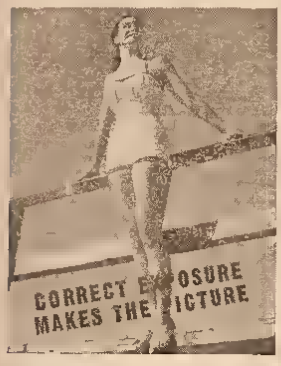

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6 under the earth

(Continued from Page 64)

steaming with sweat, panting and gasping, and flopped on the floor Ash and I went at the blockade in the foul smothering air Ash using the pick while I shovelled All at once I got so faint and dizzy I almost keeled over.

Ash looked at me 'Sit down and rest, kid This air is gettin' bad."

I walked away leaning on the shovel Sobbing for breath I sat down and waited for rthe dizzy spell to go away.

Hodkey grabbed my shoulder roughly "Up and work, boy!" he bellowed, "Get back to work there What the hell ails you?" I looked up at him and shook my head, too weak and tired to say anything. I could see that the madness was coming back on Hodkey and I thought Ash should have kept him hog-tied.

Ash came toward us with the steel bar in his hand "Let Remy alone!" he ordered sharply. "Go sit down, Hodkey"

"Awright, awright," mumbled Hodkey.

Pretty soon I went back to digging beside Ashbaugh I was ready to drop when Ash gave the sign to quit, and we stumbled back to let Hodkey have his turn at it This working and shifting and resting went on and on without end I haven't any idea how log we kept at it, but it seemed like days ad days The sounds from the rescue party didn't come any closer either

Back to the barricade once more I thrust again with my shovel and the ground gave way under my feet Tasting coaldust and feeling dirt and stone under my face I floundered around on the floor I tried to get up but there was no strength left in my arms and legs. Then somebody lifted me and carried me off, laid me down very gently, and I saw Ash's shiny wet blackened face through a blurred haze

"Rest, Remy," his voice came from a distance "Go to sleep if you can . . ."

I tried to nod and smile I was all hollow and gone inside, and I couldn't feel my hands or feet There was a faint funny ringing in my head, and everything seemed a long ways off, fuzzy and fogged The rocky floor felt soft as feathers under me, and I was floating away, floating into friendly darkness

This is the finish, I thought This is the end . The blackness swirled in closer, thicker, deeper, and I sank into it, faded into it, welcomed it I was weary, deadtired, all in, and I didn't care. It was pleasant to slip off this way, lightly, easily I lay back and let myself go

I woke to the rush of falling earth, the surging roar of a cave-in and then the lessening thud and pelt of dirt and stone I tried to raise my head but I couldn't. I was numb all over *God,* I thought, *I must be buried to the neck* I struggled and strained until I felt my arms and legs moving free, and prickly feeling crept back into my body I wasn't buried, not at all—not yet anyway There was another flurry of blows adn once more the rush of sliding dirt and coal

"Cut it out, Hodkey!" Ashbaugh's ringing voice reached me, and I rolled onto my hands and knees as Ash ran by toward the barrier

Hodkey was swinging the pick like a madman, shouting and screaming as he flailed wildly at the earth-choked tunnel Ashbaugh raced toward him carrying the steel bar and yelling at the big maniac I crawled after Ash, holding my head up to watch Small avalanches off dirt and coal fell around Hodkey as he sledged the blockade with tremendous strokes

"Stop, Hod!" yelled Ash "You'll bring it all down"

Hodkey turned around, roaring and laughing, nothing human about him now Hodkey shook his shaggy head and shouted, "Come on, Ash! Come on then You and me, Ash Come on, come on, *come on!*" He was out of his head, a stark raving giant of a madman, and it turned my blood into icewater to see him

Ashbaugh paused and shifted the long iron bar into both hands, crouching a little and gliding forward smooth and easy, balanced and sure, fearless in front of that monster

Hodkey leaped to meet him, pick flung high for a terrible downstroke, and I reared up onto my legs to watch in horror

Hodkey's pick caught in a crossbeam that sagged from the ceiling of the tunnel With furious insane strength Hodkey wrenched and heaved on it as Ash stepped in to smash him with the steel bar My legs folded and I pitched forward on my face

A thundering roar filled the tunnel, and powerful hands jerked and hurled me away from it I fell against the wall with Ashbaugh beside me The thunder slowed and stopped at last, and Hodkey's screaming came through to us then Only his face showed in the blur of his light He was buried neck-deep and screaming horribly The unearthly sound went on until another dark flood from above covered Hodkey's face and the lamp, blotting him out of sight Hodkey was gone Where he had been was a solid mass of dirt and coal and rock, filling the passage from side to side

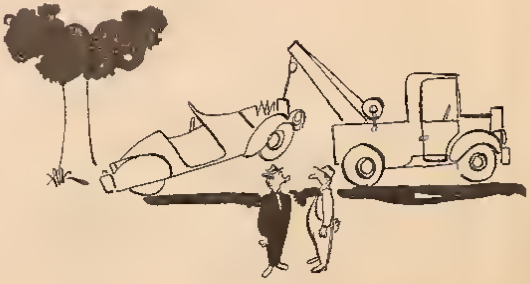
Ash and I huddled there waiting for the rest of it to cave in on us But somehow it didn't come down

Ash threw the bar aside and walked slowly away while I slid to the floor In a few minutes Ash came back and sank wearily down beside me

"All that work for nothin'" I said

Ashbaugh nodded "They were almost through too Hodkey had to go like a mad dog"

"Any chance now, Ash?" I asked



"Don't go over thirty. It's not broken in."

"Oh, yes," Ash said. "There's a chance There's still time—if they make it plenty fast."

"What'll we do?" I asked, sobbing and gulping in the vile dusty air.

Ash spread his hands. "Nothin' to do but wait, Remy," he said, his deep chest labouring.

So we sat there waiting, Ash and I, alone now and waiting. Buried with four dead men.

When we got to the top of the shaft the light hurt our eyes. They carried us out on stretchers and set us down on the ground. There were doctors but we didn't need them. I lay there shading my eyes with a black hand and looking straight up at a clean blue sky bannered with white clouds. That fresh open air was the finest thing I ever tasted, and I couldn't get enough of it. But the pressure of the crowding people smothered us again.

Voices dinned and buzzed around us. "Who is it? . . . Who are they? . . . It's Ashbaugh and the kid . . . Ash and young Remy!" A cheer went up and I wondered what the hell there was to cheer about. Ash lifted me to my feet, and I was as glad to have him with me up there as I had been down below.

There was a great crowd on hand to watch us come out. People called our names and milled around slapping our shoulders and grabbing at our arms. But even the familiar faces looked strange to us, and we pulled away from them. It was better looking at the ground or the sky than at the crowding faces. Some men in uniform made a path for us through the mob. I stumbled once and Ash caught my arm and held onto it. Everyone was pushing and jostling and staring at us. Ash and I watched our dirty boots move against gravel and cinders and grass.

A photographer clutched at Ash's arm to drag him in front of a camera. Ash yanked his arm loose and shouldered the man away. "Get out of here," Ash told him.

"Come on, boys," pleaded the photographer. "Just a minute, just one close-up. Only take a few seconds."

"Beat it," Ash said, knocking the camera aside with a sweep of his arm. "Get the hell out with that thing."

The photographer looked surprised and scared, and somebody laughed loudly in the crowd. We went on, shoved and jammed and jostled, held up by the crowd of hundreds of people. Flashlight bulbs exploded and flared greenish-white in the sun. Those women in slacks were trying to tear off pieces of our filthy shirts for souvenirs. Ashbaugh's mighty shoulders split the way for us through the crowd.

A crew of reporters fought their way in and flocked around us. "Names, please, names . . . Statement for the news . . . How was it down there? What happened anyway? Give us the story, boys . . . What happened down there?"

"Nothin'," Ash said, pushing through with his great black hands. "Not a damn thing."

Mother held out her arms and took me into them. "Are you all right?" she cried. "Oh, Remy, my boy, my boy! . . . Are you hurt or sick? My poor dear boy . . . Thank God, oh thank God!" Then she looked into my eyes and her own were startled and stricken under the tears.

"I'm all right," I said. "I'm tired—and thirsty."

I sat down on the grass. They had given us water in the mine, but we couldn't drink too much of it at first and I was still thirsty. I stared at the grass and felt of it with my hands. Nothing seemed real up here, nothing was the same.

Someone brought water in a tin cup. I drank a little and looked up to find it was Lotta. She was pale without make-up, even her lips were pale with no lipstick on them. Her cheeks were wet from crying, and she looked younger and nicer than she had in years. But I didn't feel as if I knew her at all . . . Her dark eyes searched mine as if I were a stranger, and then she turned away quickly.

My family and my friends and Lotta were there close around me, but I felt as if I didn't belong with them. I was nearer to Dad and Dave and those others down in the mine . . . I saw Ash holding his wife in his arms, looking over her bright bent head at the sky. His face was blackened and grim, bleak and drawn to the bone. His face was the only one I knew.

I heard the quiet broken sobbing of Mike's little dove, the wailing of old Mrs. Bytnar, the key's fat woman, and all the loud angry bawling of Hodothers. But none of it was real. It didn't matter who was there . . . I knotted my fingers in the grass, clawed them into the earth.

I wondered dully why Sertich's wife was crying. Sertich had been dead a long long time.

The rest of the crowd had forgotten all about Ash and me. They had gone back to the mouth of the mine, the reporters and photographers and all the people, to watch them bring the dead men out.

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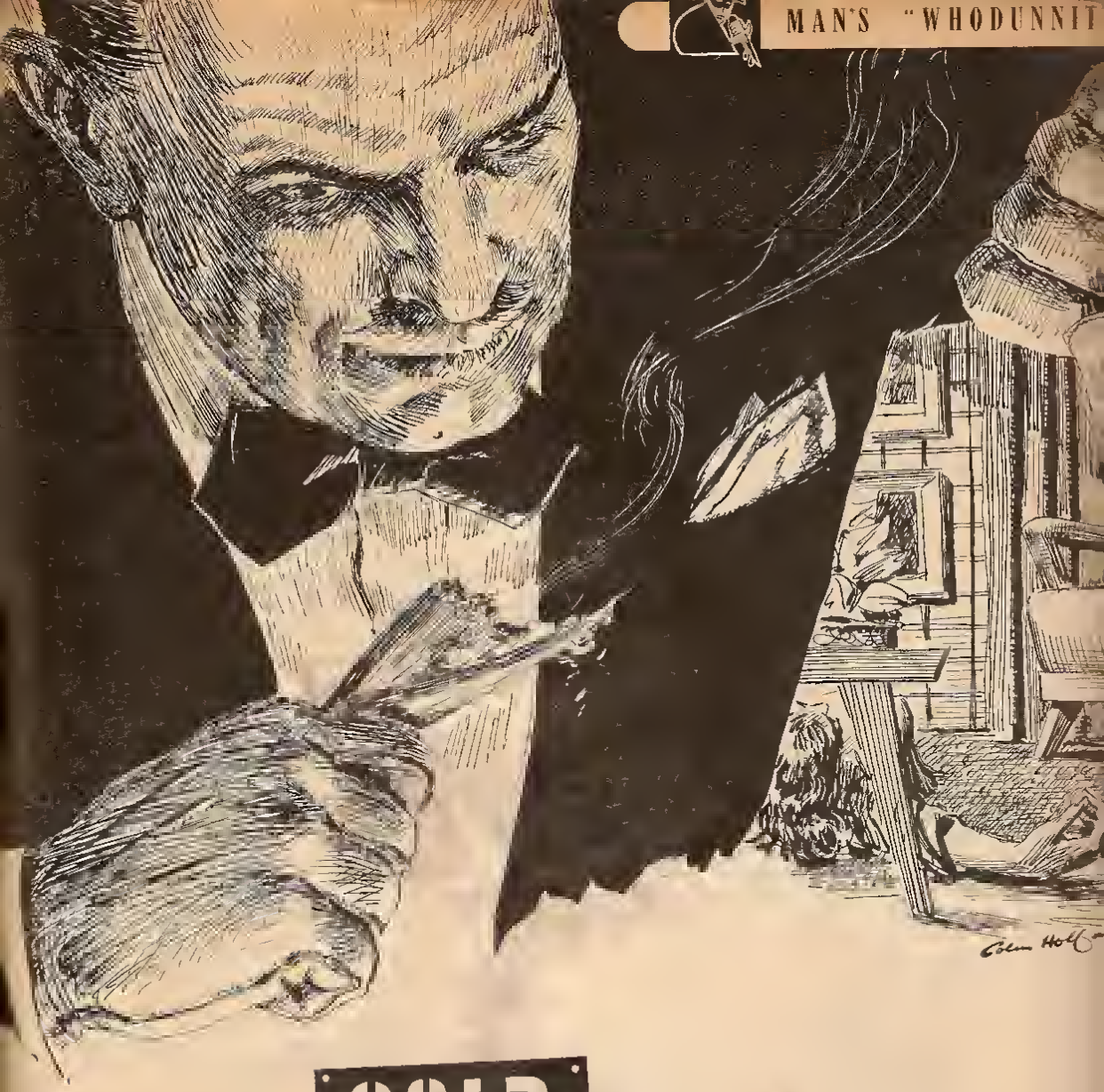


In front of the artificial fireplace he did a deliberately crude job of burning the negatives.

SOLD TO SATAN

BY JULES ARCHER

I'M NOT Frank Winelass. But I'm part of him—the most significant part. Frank and I have been together a long time. You'd never suspect it, meeting the president of Smoothskin socially or in business. Imperial-sized, his silver hair, serene but commanding features, impeccable wardrobe, alert eyes, all suggest a mature man of strength and integrity.

But Frank has been aware of me ever since, as a kid, he swiped two apples off the corner fruit stall. He was badly shaken and worried. Couldn't understand what impulse had driven him to do it.

He became more conscious of me as he grew up. The grotesque lies he told, most of them unnecessary. Occasional cruel and cowardly things he did—things he'd prefer to wipe out of his memory now, if I'd let him. That odd impulse in his subway-riding years, when trains hurtled into the station, to leap off the platform under their fascinating wheels.

And now, in his forty-eighth year, at the pinnacle of success, he was listening to my persuasive suggestions for murder.

The only time Frank ever acknowledged me outwardly was in the locked diary he kept for a year, when he was twenty. "My personal Satan," was the way he described me then. "I believe that every man, as well as I, must carry one caged deep within him. A strange, compelling force that suggests mad ideas, wrong ideas, irresistible ideas. Almost like another self. An evil self!"

That was rather naive, as Frank himself realised during his more mature thirties. I have never been evil, essentially. Irrational and mischievous, perhaps, but not evil. I simply revolt against the smug inevitability of things. I detest hypocrisy and routine. I acknow-

ledge no laws, no taboos, no frustrating inhibitions. The world, I imagine, would be a much more enjoyable place if more people listened to their personal Satans.

The murder I was now suggesting to Frank was not an evil thing. No more so than what I had put him up to in the exclusive garden lounge of the Hampton Club, that plush sanctuary of silence inhabited by men of distinction with hardening arteries. For a long time I had urged Frank to do something about Colonel Harvey Dover, a retired banker with pince-nez and white, pointed beard.

Colonel Dover always sat in the red leather chair beneath a portrait of the King. He always read the "Times," without skipping a word. He always glared in outrage over his pince-nez at any club member who shattered the peace by coughing. These occasions were the only times he ever acknowledged or noticed the presence of "intruders" in the plush garden lounge.

The Hampton Club was fairly deserted, as usual on Monday evenings, the night I slyly suggested the idea to Frank. After three scotches he finally agreed. He approached quietly, screened from view by the colonel's eternal "Times," and kneeled on the thick-piled red rug, ostensibly to tie his shoelace. Then he deftly inserted a match in the colonel's shoe and ignited it, withdrawing discreetly to await developments.

"Damn!" howled the colonel exploding the silence of the Hampton Club. The "Times" flew into the air and he jumped up on one foot, nursing the other as he glared around the lounge with furious incredulity. Frank merely stared at him in lofty disapproval.

The murder I was suggesting to Frank wasn't exactly in that category, I'll admit, but the difference was merely one of degree, not kind. It, too, would serve an excellent purpose—one very close to Frank's heart. At first, as I had expected, Frank absolutely refused to listen. Undiscouraged, I'd whisper it to him as he was trying to sleep, while he shaved, over morning coffee. . .

I knew he'd come around eventually. Frank always did. I'm a pretty smooth salesman, and I rather imagine that's where Frank gets it from—the gift of persuasion which, with Harry Feeney's money, had snowballed Smoothskin latex panty-girdles into best sellers on every lingerie counter in the country.

But murder proved the toughest bill of goods I'd ever tried to sell Frank. I'd made a feeble stab at it once before, suggesting to him that with Harry Feeney out of the way, Smoothskin could really go places, without interference and without draining off half the profits into Feeney's undeserving pockets. But outside of planting the idea in his mind, I didn't press it because I knew Frank would need a much more powerful motive before he'd let me talk him into anything as irrevocable as murder.

Now, however, I had it. I was greatly encouraged by the way I could upset Frank merely by whispering Diane Rodell's name. I kept it up with persistent cunning, worrying him sick. I never ceased reminding him how fine things would be, if only Diane could be wiped out of the picture. How he owed a trifling service like that to Doug, his adopted son, since the boy's very future was at stake.

Diane Rodell had been a party girl and occasional dress model, discovered by Frank's partner, Harry Feeney. Harry liked to spend, and he wore custom-tailored initialled scarves, made to his order by Rinchley's. He was in his foolish fifties, under the iron thumb of a domineering woman he had married for her money. One night Harry had escaped for a drunken revel with Diane. Unfortunately for him, a male friend of hers had been in her closet—with camera.

It wasn't exactly a shakedown. All Diane wanted next day, when she had dropped prints of the photos on Harry's desk, was a signed ten-year contract as sole model for Smoothskin panty-girdles—at £75 per week. Frank had shrugged and agreed, as long as Harry paid her out of his own pocket. Harry Feeney had gulped and agreed.

He hadn't even had the courage or common sense to insist upon her surrender of the embarrassing negatives and all prints. Diane blandly said no, and kept these in a bank vault as, she explained with a smile, "a kind of contract insurance."

When Frank had agreed to Diane as Smoothskin's model, he hadn't thought about any consequences to Doug. The boy, in charge of the firm's advertising, worked closely with Smoothskin's advertising agency. He supervised all photos for magazine and paper ads. That's how it happened. Doug was just a nice, simple kid with a warm smile and thin blond moustache, trying to look older than his twenty-three years. He had a bad limp, from a childhood knee infection, that had always made him feel shy with girls.

Diane—well, she was a very experienced little number. Oval face, jet-black hair tied in a cute roll behind nice ears, a provocative mouth, two black eyes that seemed to have a hidden flame behind them. She knew what she was doing. And she knew that Doug would come into a small fortune when his foster-father died. She was the patient, careful type, and very sure of herself.

The first inkling Frank had of what was going on was the day Doug had limped into Frank's office with a sheepish grin on his face. "I want you to be the first to know, Dad," he had said. "You're going to be a father-in-law. Congratulations."

Frank had taken that broadside calmly, with a pleased smile. But I was inside him—I knew what he was feeling. "Some woman's taking Doug away from you," I chuckled. "Hurts, Frank, doesn't it? You don't like the idea of Doug's thinking more highly or more often about anybody but you do you?"

That's not an unusual feeling for a parent, you know. Especially a foster parent. Adopted sons are always more jealously regarded than real sons, for obvious psychological reasons. Frank would be the first to deny it.

"My gosh, boy, that's fine, really fine!" Frank boomed, getting up and slapping Doug on the back. "Being a father-in-law is only one step removed from being a grandfather, and that's what I was cut out for. Who's making an honest man of you?"

"You know her," Doug smiled. "The girl who makes millions of women think they can look like her if they wear Smoothskin."

Frank's a pretty good actor, as a rule, but that caught him off guard and below the belt. "You mean . . . Diane Rod'll?"

Doug had frowned. "Now, wait a minute, Dad. I didn't expect that tone of voice from you. Just because she's a model—"

"But, Doug, isn't it possible that you've just let yourself be carried away? I know how it is—a beautiful girl like that, and maybe she—"

"Dad!" There was a grim note of defiance in the boy's voice. "Diane is the most decent, most wonderful and sweetest girl in the world. I love her and we're going to be married."

I laughed in Frank's ear. "Think quickly, old man! You're losing him."

"She's got him sewed up tightly. Won't do any good to pull a disinheritance stunt — Diane's too smart. She knows what the boy means to you, and she'll hang on, waiting you out. Better start fighting dirty, Frank. . . ."

"Doug," Frank said grimly, "there are lots of reasons why you ought to think this over. For one, did you ever stop to think why Diane Rodell, with her looks, might want to marry a young kid who's lame in one foot?"

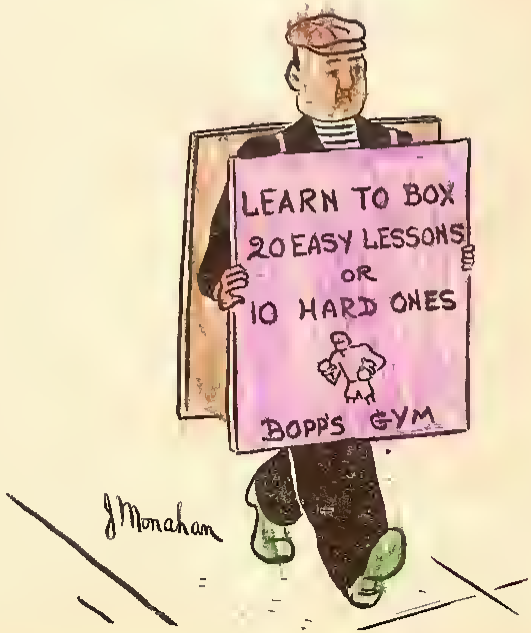
I don't think Frank will ever forget the look the boy threw him. It cut through him sharper than any surgeon's scalpel. Silently and bitterly, he cursed me for driving him to it.

"I think I've heard enough on the subject, Dad," Doug said slowly. "I don't think there's anything you could say about Diane which would interest me. Not after that!"

I let Frank stew in misery for several hours after that kick in the heart. I wanted him to be ripe and ready for my suggestion. This was my supreme chance, and I didn't want to bungle it. That's when I first whispered the enticing thought to him, "Why not save the boy by murdering Diane Rodell?"

But Frank was sure he could find other, less drastic ways. I retired to silence to let him try, knowing each failure would magnify the seed of my suggestion to more glowing proportions.

Frank's first effort was through Harry Feeney, whom he asked for



a set of the compromising pictures He told Harry the whole story, explained why nothing less than undeniable photos would convince Doug what manner of woman Diane Rodell really was.

"Hell, I'm sorry, Frank I burned the damn things—and of course she has the negatives in some damn bank vault"

"Then you've got to tell Doug yourself," Frank said firmly, running white fingers through his soft, silvery hair. "There's no other way, Harry—she's got me in a spot"

Harry Feeney looked at him hard. He swallowed, his fat face flushed and uneasy. "I can't, Frank," he said in a low voice.

"What do you mean, you can't?"

"Diane's way ahead of you She phoned me yesterday A little hint that if Doug found out about that night, or the photos, my wife would get a parcel of the photos by registered mail And, Frank, you know what would happen to me if Agnes ever saw those damn things!"

Frank turned on him savagely "Good God, man!" he exploded. "Don't you have enough money of your own, by this time?"

Harry winced "I've had rotten luck on the horses, Frank," he whined "If Agnes threw me out, I wouldn't have a penny"

Later, while Frank was brooding in his office, his door locked to avoid being disturbed, I tried again. "Murder's the easiest way, Frank," I coaxed him. "You know Doug won't believe you if you try to tell him the truth about Diane Harry won't back you up, and even if he did, the kid would just think you put him up to it There's only one way out of it, Frank—only one way!"

He shook his head stubbornly There had to be another way, he felt Maybe if he could see her and threaten her

He rejected that himself, without waiting for me Maybe—maybe he could buy her off. She was in this for the money that went with Doug, later on Maybe she'd settle for cash, now

Frank waited for me to try to talk him out of it But I didn't It was a possibility, I had to admit Since it had occurred to Frank, I knew he wouldn't be ready to listen to real reason until he'd tried that last resort Being what I am, of course, I hoped he'd fail

Then he'd listen to me

It was only a short walk from the Hampton Club to the fashionable Madison Arms, where Diane lived. As a matter of fact, you could almost throw the proverbial stone from the window of the garden lounge and smash glass in the rear of the Madison Arms

Frank had first phoned Diane, asking her to break any date she might have had with Doug for the night, as he wanted to see her alone She had been expecting the call. "Certainly, Mr. Winelass," she had replied coolly. "I'm sure we have a great deal of interest to discuss with each other Tonight will be fine"

The whole apartment had a jasmine smell, Diane's identification Frank eyed a closet facing the bedroom, visible from the spacious living room He wondered cynically if any more males with cameras were behind it. Diane observed the glance and her provocative lips curled She motioned Frank into a comfortable wing chair

"I don't have to tell you why I'm here," Frank said casually. "Suppose we avoid the preliminaries and discuss price"

"All right," Diane said amiably, lighting a long cigarette "What's your half of Smoothskin worth on the open market?"

"Sixty thousand Shall I write you a cheque?" Frank peeled off his hand-stitched gloves and reached into his breast pocket

Diane's graceful fingers went to the sleek bun of her shiny hair. "Let's not lie to one another, honey boy," she drawled "I have my own sources of checking Your half of Smoothskin would pay off at £150 000. So would your partner's—except they belong to his wife, not him You can write a cheque for that amount"

Frank's eyes narrowed, the silver in them shining out like frozen rods of light "Suppose I did," he said "Would that buy the negatives in your vault? I'd have to have some guarantee, you know, that you wouldn't change your mind about giving Doug up"

"You'd have my word," she said sweetly "It's the way I do business, as Harry Feeney can tell you. Is it a deal?"

"No," Frank said getting up He turned at the door. "Ever stop to reflect that I could get a much cheaper settlement—for the mere price of a bullet?"

She laughed mockingly "Ever stop to reflect that you go to the gallows for murder? I rather think you have, honey boy!"

The most decent, most wonderful and sweetest girl in the world If Frank had had any doubts before, I knew, they were completely dissolved in the acid laughter ringing in his ears as he closed the door. Diane had obligingly made the problem more graphic, more pressing, and my solution more inevitable I had been smart to let Frank explore all exits, to find them all blind alleys

Now, alone in his bedroom, I took over with a vengeance "All right, Frank, you've tried everything," I whispered to him "Your conscience is clear, because there's no other way. Now, you're a clever man—a little matter like murder should be comparatively easy. And with some skilful thinking, maybe that murder can do a lot of good things for you One murder—many benefits"

He was listening, I knew. Listening hard as he lay across the bed, staring up at the shadows on the ceiling.

"A little careful planning, Frank,

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and I think we can make Diane's murder open Doug's eyes about her at the same time. Perhaps even embitter him toward all women—so that you'd never have to worry about losing him again. You'd like that, Frank, wouldn't you? Of course! And maybe—maybe we can plan is so that Harry Feeney, your incompetent partner, pays for it. That would be nice. You wouldn't have to despise him any more, Frank—and feel sorry for yourself for being saddled with that millstone around your neck."

Frank said one word aloud. "How?" he whispered.

I succeeded in keeping him awake most of the night, unfolding the clever little scheme that occurred to me, bit by bit. When dawn glimmered under the drawn blinds, his bland face was drawn and dotted with perspiration.

From now until it was done, Frank Winclass would be an accomplished actor assaying the world's most tempting role.

The role of murderer.

"The first thing you'd better do," I told him the next morning, "is to undo some of the harm you've done by antagonizing the boy. You don't want Doug sore at you, do you? Besides, it's important that nobody suspect you of any motives for murder."

Frank agreed. Calling in Doug, he put on a beautiful act of being embarrassed and sincerely regretful. "I—I'd appreciate it if you could forget what I said yesterday, Doug," he said quietly, toying with a calender on his desk. "I was just being an old fool, and I—well, I guess I was a bit touchy about having been left in the dark about it so long."

The boy was pathetically eager to make up. His reasons were obvious to anyone but Frank, who would never listen to any cynical views of mine on the subject. Frank wanted to believe that the boy worshipped him, loved him with a son's love for a good father. It couldn't be the money and business Frank would leave him—oh, no!

"Sure, Dad," Doug said. "Sure I understand. I would have told you sooner, only—only I wasn't sure that Diane would say yes. You see, I wasn't sure about my leg, either . ."

Frank coughed. He put his hands on his foster son's shoulders and looked squarely into his eyes. "I'm glad for you, Doug," he said simply. "Really glad. Best thing that could have happened. When's it going to be?"

"Three months," Doug grinned. "Think Diane could bear up if you went away on business for two weeks during that time?" Frank asked jovially. "Or would she suspect you of some last-minute wild oats?"

Doug laughed easily. "Diane's not the distrustful type, Dad. Where and when do I go—and how soon can I get back?"

"I'd like to have you represent us at the National Underwear Manufacturers convention, Doug. Opens the 27th—you'd better figure on leaving tomorrow. Think you'll be in shape, after a night on the town with Diane?"

"Sure!" the boy said, grinning. "Say, Dad, why don't you do the night spots with us this evening? I want you to get to know Diane better—and the sooner you do, the better!"

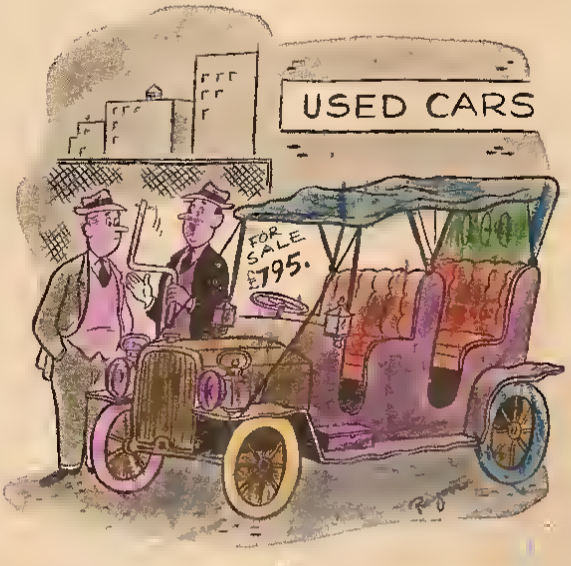
"Thanks, son, but I can't tonight—promised to meet a visiting fireman at the club. We'll do it first thing, when you return."

Step number one—as easy as that. "See?" I told Frank triumphantly. "It's all going to go like clockwork, if you keep cool and follow our plan. Now you've won back Doug's confidence at the same time you've arranged to get him out of the way for two weeks. That gives you a free hand, and also removes him completely from any possible suspicion. You've also ascertained that Diane won't be home tonight—which makes it a cinch for step number two."

Step number two had a twin purpose. First, to test out what I had suggested to Frank as a beautiful alibi. Secondly, to provide a cut-and-dried motive for murder in the case of The Crown vs Harry Feeney. A motive which necessitated Frank's getting into Diane Rodell's apartment in the Madison Arms, beforehand.

At 9:02, when Frank entered the garden lounge of the Hampton Club, Colonel Harvey Dover was in his customary red leather chair beneath the portrait of His Majesty the King his face concealed by a copy of the "Times." Frank sat down a short distance from him, facing tall, open windows. These looked out on a brief sketch of greenery and beyond that, the wide back yard separating the rears of two blocks of buildings. When the Hampton Club had first been built, before the turn of the century, all that had been park land.

Colonel Dover's chair was turned so that he faced diagonally away from Frank, who idly thumbed through a magazine. I made Frank wait about ten minutes, during which the colonel turned only one page of his newspaper. Then Frank suddenly cleared his throat resonantly, destroying the aged hush of the room.



"And you don't see cranks like that nowadays, either."

The colonel's head, eyes popping behind the pince-nez, turned irately. His white beard trembled with anger as he glared at Frank coldly. Then he snapped his head back and gave his "Times" a sharp, disapproving rattle more squelching than any "Harumph!"

"Perfect, Frank, old boy!" I coached him. "Now be perfectly quiet for a few minutes. Don't get the old codger on edge."

After five more minutes I whispered tensely, "Now!" 9:20. On the button.

Very quietly, his steps muffled by the thick carpet, Frank rose and slipped out the open windows next to his chair. He stepped carefully over the garden rail, lowering two feet into the garden. He passed swiftly through the line of trees and into the yard.

Keeping close to one line of buildings, it took him exactly three more minutes to reach the rear of the Madison Arms. Entering through the cellar, he found the staircase and climbed ten flights without encountering anyone. The stairs were at the far end of the building, distantly removed from the elevator shaft.

He emerged, as he knew he would from the observations I had made for him during his previous visit, next to a corridor window. The window faced on a fire-escape, which ran also before a corner window of Diane Rodell's apartment. Frank gained the fire-escape quickly and tried her window. It had been unlocked, I had been careful to observe during our first visit. It still was.

Inside the apartment, Frank checked his watch. Nine-thirty sharp.

"Fine!" I whispered to him. "Ten minutes to get there, five at most to take care of Diane and the incriminating evidence, ten more to get back. Twenty-five minutes for murder—while the colonel turns another two pages of the 'Times'!"

Diane's portable was uncovered on her writing table. Frank sat down before it and began to remove his gloves. "Careful, Frank!" I warned him. "You're going to have to type with your gloves on. Keep your wits about you, old man!"

Using Diane's stationery, Frank knocked out a short note, hunt-and-find method. Then he typed an envelope. Transferring both to his pocket, he was almost overpowered by the jasmine scent.

He grimaced. Even on her stationery!

It was 9:40 when he left the apartment, via the front door.

He made his way serenely but rapidly down the staircase, out the cellar door, along the yard through the foliage, and quietly up the balcony. He passed through the glass doors at exactly 9:50 and resumed his seat noiselessly.

"Beautiful!" I exulted. "Now wait a few minutes until you get your breath. Easy, Frank. Why, you're trembling! Come, come, man, this is no time to let down—you've done splendidly!" He made an effort to relax behind a magazine. In a moment or two I whispered, "All right, Frank—let him have it!"

Frank burst into a perfect aria of throat-clearing. Colonel Dover almost jumped out of his seat. Turning around wrathfully he exploded, "Damn it, sir, be quiet! Must you sit there clearing your infernal throat every two minutes?"

Elated, Frank mumbled an indistinct apology and slid down behind his magazine. In all probability, when the time came, he would never need the colonel's testimony. But it was comforting to know it would be there if he did require it. The retired banker made an impatient, aggrieved noise and turned back to his reading, snapping the "Times" into position. Two other ancients in the room looked up vaguely.

That night in Frank's bedroom I lent him the persuasive moral support he badly needed, despite his

relief at the smooth way things had worked out so far.

"Why, it's foolproof," I assured him warmly. "The only thing that could possibly trip you now is nerves—and I know you won't let that happen. Relax and get some sleep. You've done a marvellous night's work, and the rest is routine."

Frank probably blamed me for filling his dreams that night with long, blue arms that came out of the sky from every direction, grabbing at his shoulders. It wasn't me. But a personal Satan is used to being blamed for all the torments of the human soul.

Doug came into Frank's office at ten o'clock the next morning to report he was leaving at noon. His eyes looked bloodshot and sleepless, and he seemed vaguely unhappy. He discussed the convention with Frank for half an hour, then rose to leave. Frank eyed him thoughtfully.

"Nothing wrong, is there, Doug—Was Diane a good sport about your going away for two weeks?"

"Oh, sure," the boy said hastily. "Sure, she understands."

Frank smiled expansively. "Fine. But take a tip from an old dog, son—arrange to have flowers delivered every day while you're gone. And you can send me the bill."

"Gee, Dad, thanks! You're—you're swell."

I couldn't resist a cynical chuckle when Doug had left. "What kind of flowers?" I whispered. "Lilies, Frank?"

He grinned smugly.

* * *

Frank waited two days before posting the letter he had written in Diane Rodell's apartment on her typewriter and stationery. I made him walk past the Madison Arms, to drop it in a letter-box as close as possible. Everything had to be just right.

It was. The next morning Frank waited tensely at his desk ignoring the mail. I had to remind him to open it. I knew his mind was with Harry Feeney in the next office. Harry, opening a jasmine-scented envelope.

The door suddenly opened and Harry bolted in, locking it behind him. His piggish mouth was open, and he was breathing heavily. Speechless, he held out a letter to Frank with trembling fingers. Frank glanced at him with properly modulated surprise and took the letter. He pretended to read it—as though he didn't know every word it contained.

"Harry honey boy," it read. "I'm afraid the time has come—I need a little extra cash. Five thousand? Chicken feed to a big boy like you. You can bring it to my apartment tonight, at 9.45 sharp. All in cash, please, and nothing larger than twenties. Be sure you come alone, honey. And don't phone any excuses—I might get mad. You know who sees what then. . . Diane."

Harry Feeney found his voice. "My God, Frank!" he moaned. "What am I gonna do? I couldn't raise five hundred, let alone what she's asking! Frank, could you—could you see your way clear to lending me the money? You'll get it back, I swear—every penny."

"Sure," Frank said quietly. "When Agnes dies. I know she owns all the stock in her own name but, great heavens, man, don't you have any cash of your own? What do you do with the salary you draw?"

Harry flapped his hands helplessly. "I'm in hock up to my neck to the bookies. Agnes doesn't know that, either—she hates the horses. Frank, please! I'll even get Agnes to sign over some of the stock to you, somehow."

Frank stood up and gazed out the window. "Harry, this is blackmail! She can't get away with this! Getting us to sign that ten-year contract was one thing. But this . . ."

"Oh, no, no, Frank, please—no cops! Diane's no fool—she knows damn well I can't chance Agnes seeing those pictures. What good will it do me to stick her in gaol for blackmail . . . if Agnes throws me out on my ear, stoneybroke, and owing bookies all that dough?"

"All right, all right," Frank said testily. "For the love of Mike, stop snivelling. I'll give you the money. But when you see her tonight, speak up like a man. Demand those negatives!"

"Sure! Sure! You bet I will, Frank!" Harry Feeney was overcome with relief and gratitude. Sweat stood out on his brow. "I'll never forget this favor, Frank—never!"

He saw Frank's expression and flushed. He went out quickly, closing the door softly behind him.

"Hook, line and sinker!" I exulted into Frank's ear. "Didn't I tell you? Now put that letter into the drawer—Exhibit A. And you'd better get down to the bank for Harry's money. It's a safer investment than Harry realises—you'll get it back when the police find it on him and learn whose it is."

I stopped him at the door. "Wait a minute! One more thing. We'd better be sure Diane stays home tonight. Give her a ring now. Better pretend you're Harry Feeney—and use your private dial."

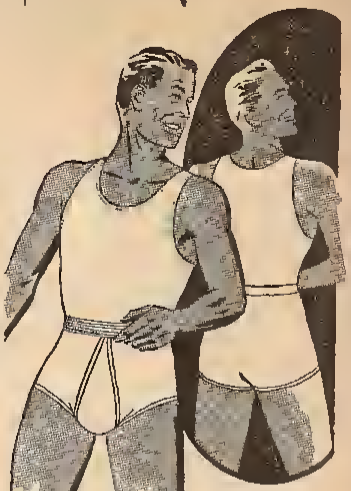
Frank went back to his desk and dialled Diane's number. A yawning voice answered. Frank pinched his nose, trying to imitate the nasal whine of Harry Feeney.

"Diane? This is Harry—Harry Feeney."

"Oh, you!" Unmistakable scorn. "Do you have to get a girl out of bed so early? What's on your mind, honey boy?"

"Diane, I've got to see you tonight—alone. It's about those photos. I'm prepared to pay you any price . . . anything, you understand? You can write your own ticket. I'll have the cash with me—

they go well together



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as much as you'll want But have those negatives!"

Well, now that sounds mighty interesting, Harry darling What time are you coming up, darling, early or late?"

I'll be there between nine and ten."

"I'll be waiting, honey boy!"

Frank smiled grimly

* * *

At 9 15, seated in front of the open window of the Hampton Club lounge, his chair facing out of the room Frank ventured a mild clearing of his throat It wasn't loud—just enough to annoy Colonel Dover into glaring around Recognising Frank, the colonel sighed deeply, a sigh rich in despair Shaking his aristocratic head gloomily, he returned to his eternal perusal of the "Times." The only other club member in the lounge sat dozing in a far corner, his head on his chest.

I made Frank wait a cautious five minutes During them he once again checked the slight bulge in his pocket It was there—the murder instrument One of Harry Feeney's hand-tailored, initialled scarves from Rinchley's. Harry conveniently kept five choices hanging on the clothes-tree in his office

Now, at 9 20, two were missing from the clothes-tree One was around Harry Feeney's neck as he made his way, somewhere in the city, toward the Madison Arms. The other scarf, the one in Frank's pocket, would soon be wrapped around Diane's neck Tightly.

Frank slipped out quietly through the windows.

In ten minutes he was standing in the hallway on the tenth floor of the Madison Arms There would be no need to enter through the fire-escape this time. Frank pressed the doorbell.

The door opened promptly. A puzzled, suspicious shadow fell across Diane Rodell's lovely, sultry face, "I thought Harry—"

"He sent me with the money," Frank said softly.

He entered, and she closed the door behind him

"How much money?" Diane said, eyeing him sceptically, "Harry said I could name my own price Are you trying to tell me you're prepared to lay out, in hard cash, right now, any sum I name?"

"If you've got the negatives," Frank said calmly

"I've got 'em, all right, honey boy. But you don't see them until I see the color of the money."

Frank tossed a bulky, brown manila wallet on the sofa "Count that," he said "And then I want those negatives."

Diane turned and reached for the wallet, fumbling at the string.

"Now!" I whispered fiercely to Frank. "Now!"

His hands moved as though shocked by electricity Out came the scarf—a handsome, mauve affair with silk fringes It looped over Diane's head from behind Her muffled gasp was almost inaudible—the slight gagging sound of someone beginning to be sick. Frank twisted the scarf with all his strength

"Harder!" I urged him "Harder! More! More!"

I could feel Frank's heart beating wildly. It seemed an eternity to him until I gave him permission to release his grip on the scarf Diane Rodell dropped to the floor limply, her tongue protruding, her eyes bulging horribly, her face vivid purple.

"Now quickly—the negatives!" I urged him "Think! Where would she keep them? The desk drawer? Bureau? Pocketbook?"

Frank stared about the room, his eyes dancing and alert He jerked open the drawer of the writing desk and probed it swiftly with a gloved hand Nothing He went into the bedroom and ran through all the drawers in her bureau, Then the vanity The negatives weren't in her pocketbook, either

"Fast, Frank—be fast!" I urged him "You've got to get out of here Feeney might show up early!"

On an impulse Frank knelt beside the strangled girl He put his hand inside the neckline of her dress His face was bright with savage triumph as he withdrew his hand In it was an envelope. In the envelope were negatives He held one up to the light, and smiled with deep satisfaction

"Quickly, Frank, quickly," I warned him

In front of the artificial fireplace he did a deliberately crude job of burning the negatives, quickly extinguishing part of the blazing film with his foot, so that the significant parts of two remained intact—enough to identify Harry Feeney and the motive for murder. His face wrinkled at the acrid smell of the burned negatives He turned back to the sofa, carefully replacing the book of matches in his pocket

On his way out, past the sofa, he picked up the manila wallet that had fallen out of Diane Rodell's hands The string was unfastened, and the contents—a thick wad of blank strips of paper—visible Frank smiled grimly and replaced the wallet in the inner pocket of his coat Then he opened the door and went out.

Not a soul saw him, all the way back through the carefully planned route, under the obliging cover of darkness He glanced at his watch in the light that came from the windows of the Hampton Club lounge Nine-forty-eight Only three minutes longer than he had planned He took a deep breath and quietly mounted the balcony

Keeping his head low, he slid noiselessly into the waiting, empty chair facing the window As he did a frightening thought shook his hands Suppose—suppose some other club member had taken his chair while he had gone?

"Fool!" I scoffed "It didn't happen—so why worry about it? In any event you'd just have gone home You won't need the alibi, anyhow Harry Feeney is as good as hanged right now!"

Since the alibi would be valid, as it turned out, of course Frank intended to take advantage of it He waited for a minute or two. Then he took a second deep breath Exhaling, he cleared his throat with a rattle that echoed through the room like the death throes of St George's dragon

"By the Almighty—this is too much!" Colonel Dover had leaped indignantly to his feet,

"Heartily sorry, Colonel," Frank said contritely "I did it unthinkingly I'll be careful in the future By the way, since I have, unfortunately, disturbed you may I ask you for the favor of the time? My watch says 9 20, but I know that must be wrong since I entered the club at 9 15, and it's certainly—"

"It is 9 52," the white-bearded man snapped icily, He returned to his seat and the "Times" with the air of a man who has put a miserable bounder in his place.

Frank remained in his seat browsing through magazines. The longer he remained—with Colonel Dover as a witness—the more airtight and unshakable his alibi, if he ever needed it

"There you are, Frank!" I whispered to him warmly "It's all done all perfect Diane Rodell is dead When Doug returns, he can read the whole sordid mess in the papers Doug is yours now, Frank. He'll never trust another woman. And he won't forget that you tried to warn him about Diane I'm not such a bad personal Satan, after all, am I"

A warm feeling pervaded Frank, as though he were relaxing in a hot bath after a tense day's work. His thoughts wandered irresistibly to the Madison Arms He tried to picture the scene—Harry ringing the doorbell, puzzled as Diane didn't come to the door Then he'd notice the door slightly ajar, as Frank had been careful to leave it.

Harry would enter curiously, slowly Then, in the living room, he'd see her body on the floor. He'd gasp, get panic-stricken, leave fingerprints all over the place. He wouldn't dare call the police He'd stumble out of there as fast as he could, not realising that the scarf around her neck had looked somehow familiar—until later, thinking back And he'd remember Diane's letter, which he'd left in Frank's office—which Frank would then assure him had been thrown away, but which would find its way to the police . . .

Whether Harry kept his wits about him long enough to notice the half-burned negatives in front of the fireplace was unimportant. If he found and destroyed them completely, there was still enough incriminating evidence to hang him If the negatives were left for the police, they would nail and bang him that much quicker.

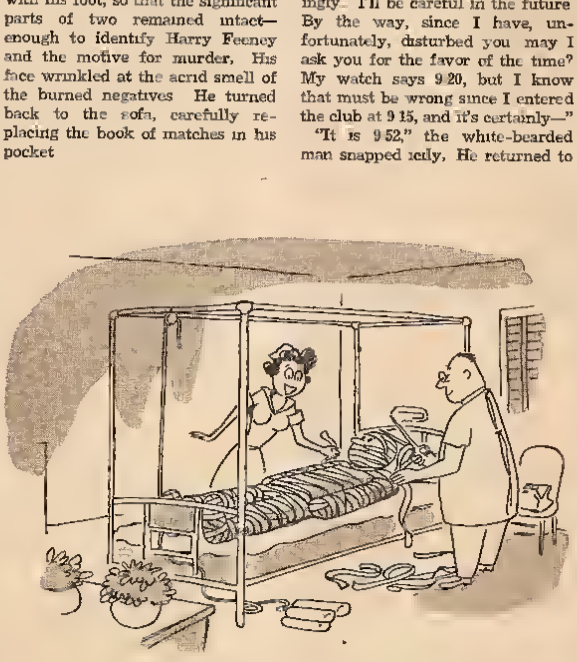
Frank sat musing idly for some time,

A hand was touching his arm

It was the desk clerk, leaning over him "There's a phone call for you, Mr Winelass" The voice was almost a whisper, but it was too much for Colonel Dover. With an angry snort the white-bearded man rose from his chair, threw his "Times" down in disgust and strode stiffly out of the lounge

"Thank you," Frank forced himself to reply through frozen lips. He followed the clerk into the foyer on shaking legs. Who would be phoning him here at the club? A hope seized him Of course! It would be Harry Harry, worried out of his mind, begging Frank to help him Frank glanced swiftly at his watch. Ten-fifteen. Harry would have been to the Madison Arms—and have fled

Running tense fingers through his silvery hair, Frank slid his



"Isn't it exciting, Mr. Green? Just like a butterfly about to emerge from the cocoon!"

massive hulk into the phone booth and lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

"Frank? Thank God I've located you!" It was Harry's voice, filled with anxiety and terror. "Listen—something terrible has happened! I'm in an awful pickle. You've got to help me!"

Frank smiled in relief. "Sure, Harry. What is it? Didn't the meeting with Diane go off all right?"

"That's just it! I haven't been able to get away from Agnes! I've tried to think of every excuse, but she's got me rooked into a confounded bridge party here at home, and won't let me get out! I've tried sneaking off when I've been dummy to phone Diane—but she doesn't answer the phone! Maybe she thinks I'm not coming! Maybe she's gone out to mail those photos to Agnes! Frank, you've got to get over to her place and stall her off! I'll get down there with the money after midnight, when these people go home."

A tingling fire raced through Frank's veins. Staring blankly, deaf to Harry's frantic chatter, he hung up the receiver mechanically.

He sat there, numbed, trying to think what this unexpected development would mean. The time element . . . Something about the time element. If Harry didn't get to Diane's until after midnight, and he had proof he hadn't been out of his house all evening, he couldn't possibly be convicted of her murder. The coroner would be able to set the time of the murder within at least an hour . . . .

The scarf, the negatives—the police would certainly want to question Harry. And if they let him go, they'd want to know how the scarf got to be wrapped around Diane's throat—who else had easy access to Harry Feeney's scarves. They'd—

"Steady, you fool!" I hissed at him. "Even if they can't pin it on Harry, they can't pin it on you, either! Remember your airtight alibi! Sit here and make phone calls to yourself for another half-hour. The clerk will see you, and remember. He'll be able to supplement the colonel's testimony, proving you were at the club all night from 9.15 to 10.45. And you ate at your usual restaurant before that for an hour, if you need to establish that. You've got nothing to worry about, Frank, except—yourself!"

* * *

Frank couldn't close his eyes, and the bedroom seemed like a dark prison. He got up, and lighted a cigarette.

He was still smoking, the carpet strewn with crushed butts, when morning came. Frank's handsome eyes were red and swollen. He went into the bathroom, thrust his head under the cold water faucet in the sink. He gasped, felt fresher.

Dressing quickly, he left the apartment house and walked around the corner to his garage. While he waited for his car to be driven out, he bought a copy of the morning paper from a passing newsboy. He focussed his strained eyes on the front page.

His heart actually ceased beating for a horrified instant.

There was a screaming headline: "Model Strangled by Jealous Scion." Beneath, the tabloid featured a full-page picture of a dazed man's face, between two tight-lipped policemen. The face was that of Doug Winelass.

The police had been summoned to Diane Rodell's apartment by a phone call from a youth who, in a dazed voice, had reported her murder. The police had found him beside the body, half out of his mind, two charred photo negatives in his hand. The boy was wearing gloves, so his fingerprints were found on nothing. But he hadn't even bothered denying he had strangled the girl.

The boy had responded dully, mechanically to questions. Yes, he had been in love with the girl. They were going to be married. He had suspected nothing . . . He was the son of Frank Winelass. His father believed he was on his way to attend a convention. But without telling his father, he had checked in at a hotel, planning to fly later and spend the time he would thus save with his fiancee.

His date for that night was scheduled for ten, at the girl's request, as she had something to do earlier, she had told him. He had found the door open, and walked in . . .

* * *

When the mechanic rolled up with the car and got out, Frank somehow managed to get behind the wheel without falling.

"It's too bad, too bad, Frank," I whispered. "One of those things. Nobody can help the boy now. He shouldn't have disobeyed you, Frank. If he had kept his promise, he'd be safely on his way."

There was a grim set to his lips when he stopped the car in front of the police station where Doug was being held.

"Tell him you'll get him the best lawyer money can buy," I urged.

Frank got out of the car and slowly mounted the steps. I knew then that he wasn't going in just to see Doug.

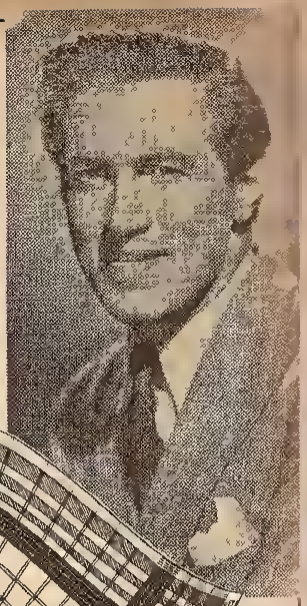
"Wait a minute!" I screamed at him. "Don't be a fool! The boy doesn't mean that much to you! All he ever meant to you was a mirror for your conceit, someone to worship Frank Winelass!"

But I knew he was going in to stay in.

Maybe I was wrong about his feelings for the boy. Maybe I didn't know so much about the real Frank Winelass as I pretended to him that I did. Maybe this was his way of testing his own doubts, to pay with his life to prove his personal Satan wrong—for once.

We'd both know for sure in that last moment of pure lucidity.

John McCallum



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Man to Man

Guide to Tennis . . .

No matter how highly you rate romance as a pastime, there comes a time in the life of every tennis player when he wants to get out of the "love" class. That is why MAN this month steps out into a new feature, an illustrated guide to tennis, in which the advice and tips of such an expert as Jack Crawford are presented with the illustrations by Hart Amos to make each step clear. With the onset soon of cooler weather the all-the-year-round game will be becoming more popular, and probably every amateur on the court will be pleased if he can step out to surprise his club members with a little extra zip in his game.

A word about Jack Crawford.

As you know Jack is undoubtedly the greatest copybook player Australia has produced. He won the Wimbledon singles in 1933, and represented Australia in the Davis Cup for many years. Perhaps the greatest tribute that could be paid to Jack is that in November last year he was included in the N.S.W. team at 41 years of age because no up-and-coming player was more worthy of selection. During the interstate series he drew as big audiences on the outside court as those on the centre court.

To Every Man . . .

There are people who wonder what sort of a story a fiction writer could tell if he was bound to tell the truth for once. It would be a very interesting experiment to collect truth stories from fiction writers. But how, as our office cynic asks, could you be sure they were true?

In the case of "When I Was Six Feet Four" (page 42) there is sufficient evidence that the yarn is true. And it is a pretty interesting sample of what a fiction writer turns in as fact. It happened in the younger years of the author, in the phase of his life when he was knocking about Australia before he had proved himself with his pen. Looking back on it, he nominates it as the most interesting time of his life—so you have it, as a first-rate real-life adventure told with the smoothness of a practised fiction pen. (The San Francisco Chronicle once nominated this writer as among the world's best living short story writers.)

Blood Cult . . .

Cargo Cultism might sound Dutch to you, but it isn't. It is the name of a mystic interest which exists among the natives of some of the islands near our coast, a curious frenzy of savage feeling with a background of jungle-dark superstition and all the enthusiasm of which these dark people are capable. The attempt of Buriga to stir up his group is a story told from close knowledge by Asher A. Joel, a Sydney journalist turned public relations consultant, who during the war was a public relations officer attached to General MacArthur's staff. As an Australian, Asher has been around; as a journalist he knows how to tell what he's seen; and as a writer for a man's magazine, he can turn on the things you like. You remember his recent story of Joe Adamow, the man who fell out of a plane? There are other yarns on the way.

Everywhere . . .

The Dossiers of the Deadlier Sex continue, with the help of Colin Holford's excellent paintings, to prove their point. Slowly they are covering the world, and, it seems, showing that whatever your address or language, your chances of meeting up with deep-rooted passion are roughly the same. MAN continues to get letters about the series—mainly from women who say that they don't think this sort of thing goes on in Australia. Some of these letters have been taken as a challenge: we'll see what we can find!

Knox . . .

As a jockey Andy Knox is well known; when Bill Delany recently asked him, in conversation, what was his biggest sporting moment, Andy replied in terms of page 16 this issue. And an interesting story it makes.

Looking Back . . .

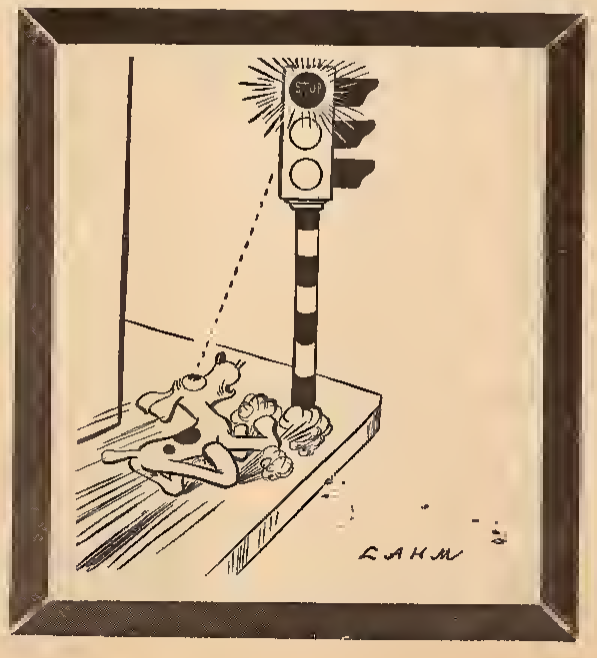
Page 51, bringing you a record to remember, fulfils the thoughts our sporting man Bill Delany had on the subject. There are some great yarns hidden in the record books—stories of the great performances put up and forgotten. In the series, which will revive a number of these records, there is likely to be interest aplenty.

Future . . .

Next issue (March) brings you a fine budget of reading, and one that is jam-packed with excellent fiction and features. R. Wilkes Hunter's story, "Saraband in Rio," is an outstanding piece; E. V. Timms, with the gusto born of a knowledge of the dead heart, writes "The Rock of Kismet," a fine story of drama and death in the desert; and "Beyond the Green Door," by Day Keene, is possibly one of the most gripping stories MAN has ever presented—a completely unusual spine-tingling yarn which will hold you from the first word to last. Francis K. Allan writes your "Who-dunnit," a tasty little piece known as "Death of the Party."

Feature contents will include a cricketing survey by Maurice Tate, a controversial piece of forthright and authoritative opinion, "Long Odds Against England"; an Australasiana queer story, "The White Maori Chief," relates the curious near-to-death adventure of a man who was lucky to live; "Soldiers of Fortune of the Air" is a factual story in which Kenneth Malvyn tells of some modern adventurers and their quest for thrills.

Another interesting feature is "How Shannon Fares in the U.S.A.," a specially sent piece relating the latest about the famous racehorse in his new surroundings.



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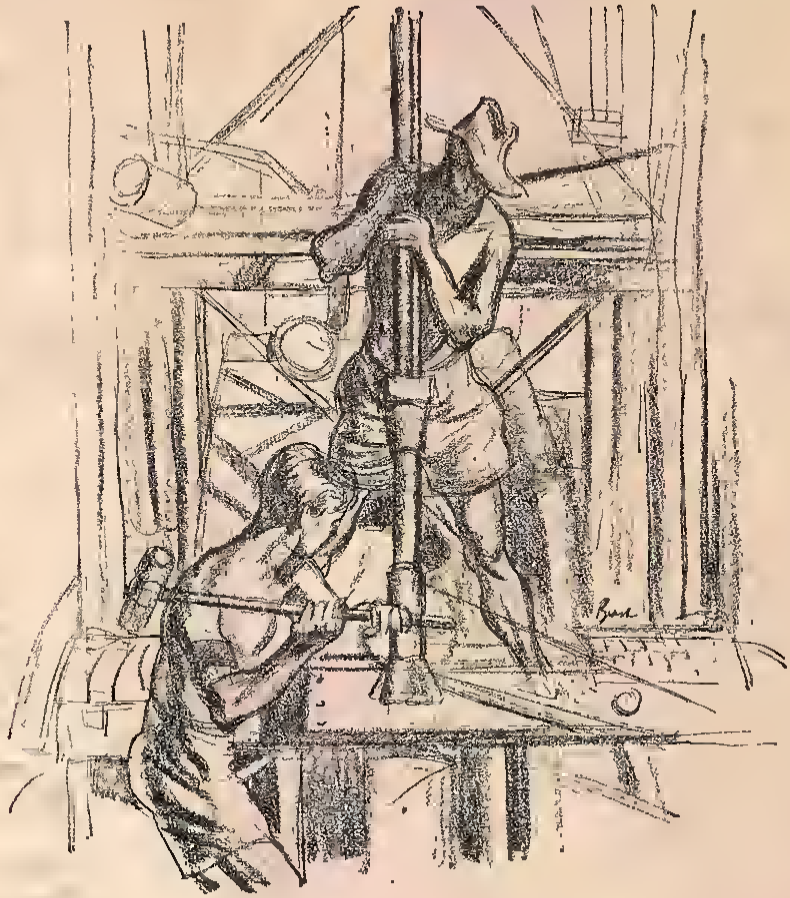

THE SEARCH FOR OIL—PROSPECTING IN QUEENSLAND

—with a scene interpreted by Charles Bush.

Near Rolleston, in Central Queensland, Charles Bush visited an oil drilling team at work in Shell's unceasing search for oil in Australia. With his characteristic flair for the dramatic, Bush chose for his painting the vital heart of the unit . . . the assembly of the drilling bit and the men who operate it. The heat, hard work, tension and excitement of oil prospecting in the outback are implicit in every line of this fine action picture, typical of the work of one of Australia's most interesting young painters.

The scene is typical, too, of the determined, untiring efforts of Shell to locate oil in Australia. In 1939, Shell began the search in Southern Queensland, and expects to spend up to £1,000,000 on exploration in this area. When deep drilling begins, twelve months' work should indicate whether or not further work in the area is justified.

The above scene in full colour by Charles Bush will be published as occasion offers by Shell.

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